

MANNERS.

Panage

TRANSLATED

K

FROM THE FRENCH

Respice exemplar vitæ morumque.

HOR. ad Pis.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. PAYNE and J. BOUQUET
in Pater-noster-row.

M.DCC.XLIX.

2 R 2

T H E

C O N T E N T S.

D	Edication	Page i.
	Preface	Page iv.
	<i>Preliminary Discourse concerning Virtue.</i> What is commonly meant by a Man of Honour. Difference between the Man of Honour, and the virtuous Man. What is understood by Manners. Our Manners not to be formed on the Example of particular Persons. Ill Consequences of Imitation in this respect. Virtue defined. Whether it is in the Power of Men, or of God himself, to create or destroy any Virtue. What that Law is which is the most invariable of all. The Idea of Virtue natural to Mankind, and incapable of being effaced. Different Kinds of Laws. What those Laws are which tend to promote Virtue, and which are contrary to it. Enquiry, whether these last can destroy the Seeds of Virtue in a good Mind. Division of this Work into three Parts	Page i

P A R T I.

Of Piety. Whether it belongs to Philosophy. Definition of Philosophy. Existence and Perfections of the Deity. False Notions concerning the Deity. Division of the first Part p. 17

CHAP. I. *Of the Love of God.* No Love disinterested. Whether G O D loves Mankind. Comparison of divine Love with that which is called profane. The common Characters of both. Deceptions which cause a false Persuasion that we love God. The Proof of this Love consists in doing what he commands, and not in doing more than he has commanded. It is a great Mistake to think, that God requires

C O N T E N T S.

us to shew our Love to him, by hating ourselves. Piety may be sincere and lasting, tho' first occasioned by a Disgust toward the World. The Change from Vice to Virtue. God is himself Virtue personalized. To love Virtue is to love God

p. 20

CHAP. II. *Of the Gratitude which we owe to God.*

It is necessarily attended with Love. Different Characters under which God may be considered, in order to excite our Gratitude

p. 31

SECT. I. *God compared to a Mother.* He is more truly so, than a Woman is by conceiving and giving Birth to her Child

p. 32

SECT. II. *God considered as a Father.* He answers this Character better than any human Parent

p. 33

SECT. III. *God considered as an Instructor.* He is more truly so than our immediate Teachers, since it is from him that all Men originally derive their Knowledge and Abilities

p. 35

SECT. IV. *God considered as a Benefactor.* Whether his Claim to this Title can be disputed. Under what Pretexts some Men ungratefully refuse to acknowledge his Benefits. 1. Whether the pretended Disorders in the natural World are inconsistent with divine Providence. 2. What are the probable Reasons of God's subjecting us to bodily Wants. Whether the unequal Distribution of Riches and Honours, is a real Imperfection. 3. Whether the Passions are vicious in their own Nature, or, only, when abused. Of what Advantage they may be to us. Whether it would be better, if Men had an absolute Command over their Passions

p. 36

SECT. V. *God considered as our Friend.* We are not, on this Account, exempted from paying him Homage and Veneration

p. 54

CHAP.

C O N T E N T S.

CHAP. III. *Of the Homage which we owe to God.*

On what our Obligation to pay this Homage is founded. How much greater Veneration we owe to God than to any earthly Superior p. 55

SECT. I. *Of internal Worship.* What Kind of Worship is honourable to God. What was the primitive Worship of Mankind. From whence we may date its Declension p. 56

SECT. II. *Of external Worship.* It's first Establishment. The Original of it pure and innocent. By what Means it degenerated into Superstition. Different Modes of Worship. Ill Effects of this Diversity. 1. Whether external Worship is useful, and on what Accounts. 2. Whether any one Form of it is preferable to all others. Whether there may not be several Forms alike acceptable to God. Whether there are any which he absolutely condemns. Whether a Person, in entire Solitude, would be obliged to any external Worship. The Deference due to the Religion of the Country we inhabit p. 58

P A R T II.

Of Wisdom. The Duties of Man, with respect to himself, arising from Love. Self-love, rightly understood, far from being a Vice, is a Duty. It has two Objects, the Body and the Soul. Apology for Self-love. The Evils, of which it is said to be the Cause, not a sufficient Reason for rejecting it. The Body ought to be subordinate to the Soul, and the Soul to God. Wherein Wisdom consists. The Means of Happiness. Division of this Part of the Work p. 66

CHAP. I. *Of Prudence.* Its Definition. It regulates our Thoughts, Affections, Words, and Actions. It is not considered here as regulating our speculative Opinions, because this has not a necessary Connection with Morals. Division of this Chapter p. 70

C O N T E N T S.

ARTICLE I. *Of Circumspection.* Whether Prudence ought, or is able, to eradicate Affection. Affections purely mental, Affections excited by Sense, and those arising from Objects wholly external, are the Seeds of Pride, of corporeal Appetites, Avarice, and Ambition p. 71

SECT. I. *Of Pride.* Its Source. A just Self-estimation difficult, but not impossible. How it is to be attained. We are not to contemplate only the bright Side of our own Character, nor judge of another's Merit by his Reputation in the World p. 73

SECT. II. *Of corporeal Appetites.* They are the Gift of Nature, and must, therefore, be satisfied; not destroyed, but restrained only within due Bounds. Temperate Pleasure is not forbidden to Mankind, but is necessary to their well-being; even the sensual Gratifications are not incompatible with the most consummate Virtue p. 78

SECT. III. *Of Avarice and Ambition.* 1. The Love of Riches criminal only by its Excess. Not always Avarice. The Portrait of an avaricious Man. 2. Ambition, of two Kinds. The first Species of Ambition. Description of its Effects. The second Species. A Comparison of this with the former p. 80

ARTICLE II. *Of Circumspection in Words.* Its Use. It becomes easy, when inordinate Affections are once suppressed. The Division of this Head into four Sections p. 87

SECT. I. *Of Detraction.* What Detraction is in the strictest Sense of the Word. Less common since Cards have been the only Amusement of polite Company. Varies according to the Genius and Character of the Detractor p. 88

SECT. II. *Of Raillery.* Raillery less criminal than Detraction, but generally more offensive. Sometimes

CONTENTS.

Sometimes innocent. What Persons ought never to be Objects of Raillery ; and when permitted, how it should be conducted so as not to give Offence

p 91

SECT. III. *Of Indiscretion.* Indiscretion no less unjust than imprudent. It is a Fault to reveal a Secret, altho' there has been no formal Promise to keep it. It is best to keep our own Secrets. To be the Confidant of an indiscreet Person is a troublesome Office. We should never on any Account betray the Secret of another. We ought to hide it, as much as possible, even from ourselves ; at least, we should behave as if we were ignorant of it

p. 94.

SECT. IV. *Of Conversation.* Modesty ought always to be preserved in Conversation, especially in a mixt Company of both Sexes. Every Subject may, however, be treated, if there be a proper Choice of Expression. Greater Caution should be used in this Choice before Maids than Wives. Where a proper Decorum of Words may be learned

p. 100

ARTICLE III. *Of Circumspection in Actions, or Decorum.* What Actions are here considered. Why this Circumspection is necessary. In what consists the Art of Decorum

p. 102

SECT. I. *Of good Examples.* The Necessity of good Examples. Their Use and Efficacy greater, in Proportion to the Rank and Influence of the Persons by whom they are given

p. 104

SECT. II. *Of public Decency.* What it is to violate public Decency. Whether Modesty is a Virtue of human Invention. Why Nature has implanted this Principle. Difference between Modesty and Chastity

p. 106

CHAP. II. *Of Fortitude.* What Fortitude is. When and to what Purposes it is necessary. Division of this Chapter

p. 108

ARTICLE

C O N T E N T S.

ARTICLE I. *Of Patience.* There are four Kinds of Evil, in which Patience is necessary, and for what Reason p. 109

SECT. I. *Of natural Evils.* Whether natural Evils are many. Which are the most sensibly felt. Motives to Patience under these Evils. Submission to the Will of God, who, as the Creator of all Things, rendered these Evils incidental to human Nature p. 110

SECT. II. *Of Punishments.* Punishments are necessary Consequences of our Follies and Vices. Every Vice has its peculiar Punishment connected with it, which is not intended to revenge but to correct the Fault p. 117

SECT. III. *Of Persecutions.* Virtuous Persons are subject to Calamity. Persecuted under false Pretences. With what Firmness they ought to sustain these Persecutions. With what Indifference they ought to regard the Prosperity of the Wicked p. 121

SECT. IV. *Of Contradiction.* We should render our own Tempers flexible, and bear with those of others. The great Diversity of Tempers, even among worthy Persons. Of those Subjects which most frequently irritate the Temper. We should patiently bear with those, who are most defective in Understanding and Abilities p. 125

ARTICLE II. *Of Courage.* Definition of Courage. The Division of this Article under two Heads p. 131

SECT. I. *Of Greatness of Soul.* It inclines us to the Pursuit of Beauty. In what that Beauty consists. The Contempt of perishable Possessions, the Source of Virtue. Emulation, the Source of intellectual Acquisitions. Idleness hurtful both to Body and Soul. Emulation distinct from Envy and Ambition p. 132

SECT.

C O N T E N T S.

SECT. II. *Of Heroism.* Heroism defined. 1. Constancy distinct from Obstinacy. 2. Intrepidity distinct from Brutality. 3. Commendation of Valour. The Portrait of Valour, as a Contrast to that of savage Fierceness. The calamitous Effects of War. Characteristics, by which true Valour is distinguished from false. Enquiry, whether the Gratification of Revenge, particularly by Duelling, be the Effect of Courage or Cowardice p. 140

CHAP. III. *Of Justice.* What Species of Justice is here treated of. Division of this Chapter p. 154

ARTICLE I. *Of Commutative Justice.* Division of this Article under two general Heads p. 155

SECT. I. *Of Sincerity.* It is prescribed by the Law of Nature. It admits neither of Exception nor Alteration, tho' for the Preservation of Life. The Inutility and ill Consequences of Oaths. No Kind of Lie is excusable. Calumny the worst of all. How it may be avoided. Advantages accruing from Sincerity to public Communities

p. 155

SECT. II. *Of Integrity or Fair-dealing.* It needs no Definition. Is never violated but from Views of Interest. Proved by Example. Frauds which are thought allowable, because almost universally practised. That Robbery is a Crime, is doubted by none. Willfully to neglect, or, refuse to pay just Debts, is Robbery. Different Kinds of Debts; some innocent, others criminal p. 161

ARTICLE II. *Of Distributive Justice.* Why necessary. It is the Appendage of sovereign Princes. The Administration of it intrusted to Magistrates. Its Characteristics. Attended with unjust and exorbitant Expence. Dilatory Conduct in a Judge inexcusable. Solicitations, an Insult on the Magistrate. Appeals prolong the judicial Process, without producing any good Effect. Absurd and trifling

C O N T E N T S.

trifling Formalities introduced into Proceedings at Law. The Incapacity of the greater Part of Judges. The Opinion of the Minority to be preferred before that of the Majority. Whether a Judge can innocently favour his Friend p. 170

CHAP. IV. *Of Temperance.* Definition of Temperance. Its Branches. Division of this Chapter p. 184

ARTICLE I. *Of Chastity.* Continence and Chastity distinct from each other. None obliged to Continence, but those only who are unmarried; and Marriage is forbidden to none. Mutual Consent alone constitutes Marriage. Enquiry whether Divorce is lawful. Inconveniencies that arise from the Prohibition of it. Concubinage forbidden by positive Laws, and even by the Law of Nature, when it does not participate of the Nature of Marriage by its Continuance. Within what Degrees of Consanguinity the Laws of Nature include Incest. Adultery forbidden by the Law of Nature p. 185

ARTICLE II. *Of Sobriety.* Nothing more fit to inspire a Love of Sobriety, than a View of the shameful Disorders which are produced by Intemperance. The Obligation to Sobriety founded upon that which the Law of Nature has imposed for the Preservation of Life. Digression on Suicide. Another on the excessive Desire of Riches, and the Dissipation of them by Prodigality p. 196

P A R T III.

Of Social Love. Love alone can render us faithful to our Duty. Different Degrees of Union among Men. Different Degrees of Affection, how caused. p. 211

CHAP. I. *Of Love.* Different Kinds of Love distinct from each other, exemplified in the four following Articles p. 213

ARTICLE

C O N T E N T S.

ARTICLE I. *Of Love, properly so called.* The Affection of Love described. Its Characteristics. The Delight which attends it. The Desire of Enjoyment is not Love. Inconveniencies of a Union which is not founded on Virtue. Description of sensual Love. Love, in a virtuous Mind, is a Virtue itself p. 213

ARTICLE II. *Of Conjugal Love.* It is easy to distinguish the true from the false. What is the most common Cause of Indifference between the Husband and Wife. From what Motives Love has been excluded from the Marriage-state. The Sources from whence Divisions arise between the Husband and Wife. Jealousy the principal. Jealousy may be without Love. The Way to secure and strengthen the conjugal Union p. 225

ARTICLE III. *Of Paternal Love.* Instinct sufficient to inspire this Sentiment. Obligations of the Mother to provide for the bodily Wants of her Children; and of the Father, to employ himself, in Person, to cultivate their Minds. A Parallel between Fathers and Kings p. 239

ARTICLE IV. *Of Filial Love.* The Nature of filial Affection. The Want of it in Children frequently owing to the Parents themselves. The Duties of Children to a Father. False Tender-ness of some Parents. A Parallel drawn between Children and Subjects p. 255

CHAP. II. *Of Friendship.* Friendship must be founded on Virtue. It is distinct from the Engagements entered into from a Conformity of Taste for Pleasure, from the Ties of Blood, or even from Gratitude. A Definition of Friendship. On the Choice of Friends. Effects resulting from Confidence and Benevolence, Sentiments naturally resulting from Friendship. On the Indulgence due to Friends. On the Breach of
2 of

C O N T E N T S.

of Friendship : and the Necessity of good Offices
for its Support p. 264

CHAP. III. *Of Humanity.* A Definition of Hu-
manity. Different Classes of Affection, of
which This is both the most general and the most
weak ; yet, nevertheless, on this depend all
other social Affections. It is this also which pre-
vents the Hatred of our Enemies. Division of
this Chapter p. 273

ARTICLE I. *Of Goodness.* In what Goodness con-
sists. What that Treatment is which no one
ought to meet with. Whether there are any
Men whom we are permitted to hate. A Di-
gression on a Law which relates to the Goods of
a deceased Foreigner. On the excessive Severity
of the Laws of civil Governments against Ma-
lefactors. A Motive to excite us to the Exercise
of Humanity. Good Offices, bestowed on our
Fellow-creatures, are not Favours but Debts

p. 276

ARTICLE II. *Of Politeness.* A Definition of Po-
liteness. Portraits of Men who are unpolished.
The Article of Politeness divided into three
Heads

p. 282

SECT. I. *Of Civility.* Its Definition. Civility
absolutely essential, tho' the Manner of ex-
pressing it be indifferent ; but subject, neverthe-
theless, to the Laws of Custom. That we ought
to feel in the Heart those obliging Sentiments
which we express

p. 287

SECT. II. *Of Complaisance.* Its Definition. How
amiable it renders those who possess it

p. 290

SECT III. *Of Respect.* What is to be understood
by this Term. Some Examples, in order to give
a more distinct Notion of it

p. 292

T O

Mrs. M. A. T*****

M A D A M,

IT is not to a great Man, a Prince, or a Minister of State, that I inscribe this Work ; but to you whose Rank is not superior to my own. But, though not distinguished by Birth or Fortune, you have a Superiority of a nobler kind, arising from your personal Merit, from your Understanding and Virtue. Considered in this Light, the lovely *Menoqui* appears far more worthy of my Respect and Veneration, than those vain Objects of popular Admiration, who have nothing but their Pomp and splendid Titles to recommend
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ii *D E D I C A T I O N.*

them. I have somewhere in this Book observed, that if Virtue were to become visible, we should see the Deity himself in all the Glory of his Majesty and Holiness. And I add here, that if in condescension to our Weakness she were to appear in a human Form, she would assume yours; at least she could not chuse any more fit to render herself amiable and engaging to Mankind. To whom then more properly than to you, Madam, can I address a Work consecrated to her Honour? And certainly a Discourse of this kind cannot but meet with a favourable Reception from one whose Manners and Character are so pure. Nay, I will venture to add, that the Author himself deserves some Regard from you. The Morality which prevails through this Book is strict and unexceptionable; and this Morality is truly mine, it is the genuine Expression of the Sentiments of my Heart. A Friend who is governed by such Principles may be safely encouraged; however strong his Passion for you may be, you need have no Apprehensions of being seduced by him.

I freely

I freely allow you all the Honour of your Virtue, but do not envy me the Exercise of mine. I know, Madam, your Prudence would sufficiently guard you against the Snares of a Lover; but be assured that my Virtue will never suffer me to lay any in your Way. You would do me a signal Injury in imagining that I am virtuous only because you are so; this would be to form a very wrong Judgment of that Affection and Respect with which I have the Honour to be, Madam,

Your most Humble

and most Obedient Servant,

P A N A G E S

PREFACE.

I Shall not begin with telling my Reader, as Authors commonly do, that one of my Friends had, by some Means or other, got a Copy of the following Work, and was just going to put it to the Press, when my good Fortune giving me timely notice of the Affair, I rather chose to publish it myself, than to have loose uncorrected Papers exposed to the View of the World ; because all this would be entirely false ; and besides, I think the Artifice is now grown too stale. The Truth is, my Genius is somewhat turned towards Moral Philosophy ; and as an Inclination to write Books, and to publish all our Thoughts whether good or bad, is the prevailing Distemper of the Age, the Infection has reached me, and I have set myself to moralize by Chapters. The Motive which determines me is indeed Self-love ; it would be vain to deny it ; but however another and a nobler is joined with it, which is the Love of Virtue. Burning with a sacred Zeal in her Cause, my
Desire

P R E F A C E.

Desire is to render all my Readers virtuous. I know well that I shall not succeed ; but were I sure of gaining only one in a thousand, however laborious the Occupation may be, my only Employment for the future, should be to write Books, and all upon the same Subject.

If the Reader considers the Title of the following Treatise, he will not expect more from me than I have promised. *Manners* are the Subject of it ; Religion is no further considered than as it is necessary to Morality ; and Natural Religion being sufficient for moral Purposes, I consider no other. I would have a Mahometan read me as well as a Christian ; I write for all Mankind.

Some perhaps might think it more modest, had I entitl'd this Work *Moral Essays* ; but this would have been imitating a Divine of the last Century. Now I must own I have no Inclination to interfere with any of those Gentlemen. The Title of *Moral Reflections* could by no Means be allowed ; it has been in too ill Repute for five and thirty Years past ; and I do not much chuse to expose myself to ecclesiastical Censure. I might also have called it *An Essay on Manners* ; but besides that the Booksellers Shops are already overstocked with *Essays*, it is in my Opinion an unpardonable Rudeness for a

Man to profess that he is making an *Essay* or Trial of his Genius at the Expence of the Public: Whoever enters the Lists publicly, ought, I think, to be sure of his Strength beforehand. I have therefore entitl'd it simply *Manners*; because I describe the Manners of Men both as they really are, and as they ought to be.

I think it my Duty to protest against any Key that may be invented to the Characters I have drawn, and any invidious Applications that may be made of them. To say that I had no particular Persons in View, would be a Falshood, and a useless one too, because I should not be believed. I have indeed drawn all my Pictures from Nature, otherwise I should have run a Risk of painting imaginary Beings; but I have not distinctly marked any of my Originals; their Names are an impenetrable Secret which I keep locked up in my own Breast. The Strokes of the vicious Characters are taken from vicious Men; but the Number of the Vicious is too great to justify the Application to any one in particular.

I have in many Places only described a Vice, and left the Picture to speak for itself, without descanting on its Deformity. If, according to *Virgil's* Description, I were to paint the enormous Chief of the *Cyclops*, would there be any
need

need to add, that *Polyphemus* is a hideous Monster? I have done the same with respect to the Virtues; I have often drawn their several Graces and Beauties, without loading the Representation with a tedious Panegyric.

When I lay down any moral Principle which is acknowledged even by the Vicious themselves, I do not formally set myself to confirm it by Arguments. What Occasion is there to prove, that Calumny, false Witness, and Treachery, are criminal?

I have in this Work addressed myself more to the Affections than to the Imagination; because the former was both easier to me, and more suitable to the Nature of Morality, which is a practical Science. It is of more Importance in the correcting depraved Minds, to affect the Heart, than to please the Fancy; for even to convince the Understanding is not the principal thing. It was this perhaps that gave Occasion to that *pious Saying* of the celebrated Mr. *Dacier* *, “It is unbecoming the Majesty of God
“to prove the Necessity, Justice or Truth of
“what he requires; he makes us love his Com-
“mandments, and this is more than proving
“them.” How could I wish that I too had the Power of making Virtue beloved! it would not then have a single Enemy upon Earth.

* Preface to *Plato*.

If any of my Readers were to tell me with Sincerity, that I have wrote a good Book, I should, no doubt, be pleased ; but I should be much more so, were he to add, “ You have
“ inspired me with the Love of Virtue.”



PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE

CONCERNING

V I R T U E.

TH E Character of a *Man of Honour* may be left to those who chuse to take up with it. The Purchase of it is too cheap to give any just Ground of Envy to a generous Mind. A confident and assuming Air, an easy Fortune, with the Vices in Fashion, are what constitute the *Man of Honour*. Virtue is entirely out of the Question.

Nor is the *Woman of Honour* much more estimable; all the Title that *Eglé* has to the Appellation, is her not having publicly proclaimed that she professes Gallantry and Intrigue.

And yet easy as it may seem to merit either of these Characters in the limited Sense which Custom has affixed to them, we may still find upon Examination that there are many who lay claim to them without any just Pretensions.

An unhappy Wretch, pressed by Want, stops a Passenger in the Street and robs him of his Purse;

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this is a Man void of *Honour* ; if you question it, the Gallows will determine the Controversy.

But the Man who has enriched himself by Plunder and Extortion, and by preying on the Necessities of his Country ; let him have a magnificent House, an Equipage and a Title ; though he triumphs in the public Distress, though his Fortune be raised on the Ruins of five hundred Families, still he is a *Man of Honour*, because he is rich, and has not met with the just Reward of his Crimes.

A young and beautiful Woman displays, perhaps beyond the Bounds of Decency, the Charms she has received from Nature, and farther heightens them by all the Elegance of Dress, by Paint, Patches and the like Methods ; but she is on foot, and without a Servant to attend her. This is a Woman of *no Honour*, she is even pointed at.

Near to her you may see another, drest in the same manner, but she rides in a Coach and six, and is therefore a Woman of unquestionable Reputation and Character.

All the *Men of Honour* together are less worth than one virtuous Man. The only Foundation of their Titles, is their Prosperity, Wealth and Interest in the World ; take from them these frail Supports, and their Honour which depends on them will undergo a like Revolution with their Fortune. The same Word in our Language signifies an unfortunate Man, and one destitute of Honour, we call each of them a *Wretch* ; and what else indeed is a Man of Honour, in the usual Sense of the Expression, when once the Charm of his Grandeur is vanished ?

But

But the virtuous Man derives his Dignity from his *Manners*, a sure Title, which is so far from being destroyed by Adversity, that it receives a new Lustre from it. The *Affyrian* Minister, the Enemy of the *Jewish* Nation, lost his Honour with his Life; but I esteem *Fouquet* in his Disgrace, and reverence *St. Lewis* though in Chains.

By *Manners* I mean a Conduct regulated by the Knowledge and Love of *Virtue*. I say the *Knowledge and Love*; for without the Knowledge of *Virtue* we shall have only the Manners of the Vulgar; and without the Love of it, only the Manners of the Great, or in other Words, none at all. We must be acquainted with *Virtue* before we can love it; and when we love it, we shall infallibly practise it.

But do not form your Idea of *Virtue* upon the Model of *Cleobulus*, *Philemon*, or any other particular Person whom you esteem virtuous. Example is a dangerous Guide, and never fails to mislead those who blindly follow it. It is with Example as with Advice; we can reap no Benefit from it, unless we are qualified to judge of its Value. Bad Examples are pernicious, by leading us to the Practice of Vice; but the Good are also sometimes hurtful by limiting us in the Practice of *Virtue*. For unless the Examples we propose to ourselves are every way perfect (and where shall we find such?) while we imitate them, nay, though we should in some respects excel them, our Attainments must be low and defective. For this Reason, doubtless, the

Author of Christianity did not direct his Disciples to imitate such an Apostle, Anchorite, King or Father of a Family; but his Command is, *Be perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect*. No one can attain to what is truly great by Imitation, unless the Pattern itself be inimitable.

Theophilus is a pious Man whose Desires and Affections tend only towards Heaven; but the Contempt he has for the Things of this World, extends to all Mankind who inhabit it; and excepting that small Circle of the Elect who visit him and receive his Instructions, he looks upon all Men as profane and worldly, as hated of God, and consequently to be hated by him. You think to become a Saint by imitating *Theophilus*; no, you would become hard-hearted, haughty and arrogant, incapable of Affection, Indulgence or Pity, a bad Father, a bad Husband, and which is still worse, incorrigible in your Faults, because you would cherish them as Virtues.

Cleanthes is a Man of Honour, as incapable of a mean Compliance as of a criminal Action. But his Temper is harsh and severe, he is always out of Humour with Mankind, always ready to think ill of others, unwilling to allow even the Good which he sees in them, and perhaps more displeased with the Prosperity of the Wicked than with their Crimes. What would be the Consequence of your imitating *Cleanthes*? You would be morose and unfociable, a useless Friend to Virtue, making it rather feared than loved by others, who would think
you

you were virtuous yourself only from a Spirit of Contradiction.

Damis is just the reverse; he is a Friend to all Mankind without Distinction; he never contradicted any body in his Life, but conforms to the Opinions of all he meets with, let them be ever so opposite to each other. He would be the most strenuous Assertor of Virtue, if he were to converse only with the Virtuous. He has not the Courage to be vicious, nor has he Resolution enough to blame those who are so. You cannot sure propose *Damis* as a Pattern for Imitation; for were you to resemble him, you would be only insipidly complaisant, with a weak Head and wavering Heart, ashamed by Turns of Vice and Virtue, as your Company happened to be good or bad.

Themira is often recommended as a compleat Pattern of Chastity, to those of the fair Sex who are exposed to Danger by entering into the World young, unexperienced, and open to the Impressions of Love. I do not mean to dispute her Right to this Character: Some chaste Women, doubtless there are; *Boileau* has reckoned up no less than three; and though the Number were to be diminished by two Thirds, *Themira* might perhaps remain the Phenix of her Sex. But let her be imitated only in this single Point; for she thinks that Chastity supplies the Place of every Virtue, and that because she has maintained her conjugal Fidelity, she has a right to indulge a capricious clamorous Humour, to tyrannize over her Children, harass her Servants, to ridicule, slander, and cheat at Cards.

Those

Those who follow her Example will indeed be Women of *Honour*, but certainly not Women of *Merit*. If any one had reason to be pleased with the Virtue of *Themira*, it would be her Husband; but how dearly does he pay for that Virtue!

We often meet with Examples of this kind, which strike at first View: Some good Feature in a Person's Character engages our Liking, and prejudices us in his Favour: Such a one, are we apt to say, is a virtuous Man. By no means. None deserve that Character from the Practice of a single Virtue, but from a sincere Regard to all. Hell is full of the *Partially-virtuous*, and whoever has not the true Touch-stone to distinguish the pure Metal from the base, is in Danger of increasing the Number. Now this Touch-stone is no other than the Knowledge of Virtue.

But what, it may be said, is *Virtue*? It is the faithful, steady Discharge of those Obligations which Reason dictates. And what is Reason itself but a Portion of the Divine Wisdom, with which the Creator has furnished our Minds, in order to direct us in our Duty?

It may be further asked, what is this Duty, whence does it result, and by what Law is it prescribed? I answer, the Law which prescribes it is the immutable Will of God, to which right Reason obliges us to conform ourselves; and in this Conformity Virtue consists. No Law which has commenced since the Creation, or which may ever cease to be in Force, can constitute Virtue; for before the Existence of such a Law, Mankind could
not

not be bound to observe it ; but they were certainly under an Obligation to be virtuous from the Beginning.

Princes may make Laws or repeal them, but they can neither make nor destroy Virtue : And how indeed should they be able to do what is impossible to the Deity himself, Virtue being as immutable in its Nature as the divine Will which is the Ground of it.

A Prince may command his Subjects to pay certain Taxes and Subsidies, may forbid them to export certain Commodities, or to introduce those of a foreign Country. The faithful Observance of these Laws makes obedient Subjects, but does it make virtuous Men ? And would any one seriously think himself possessed of a Virtue the more for having never dealt in painted Callico ? Or if the Prince should by his Authority abrogate these Laws, would any one say that he had abrogated Virtue ?

It is the same with all positive Laws ; they all had a Beginning, are all liable to Exceptions, may all be dispensed with, and even abolished. That Law alone which is engraven on our Hearts by the Hand of the Creator, is unchangeable, and of universal and eternal Obligation. “ But, say some, the human Mind is like a stormy Sea, incessantly agitated by the Violence of a thousand impetuous Passions, sometimes uniting their Force, and sometimes opposing each other. To engrave Laws on the Heart of Man, is to engrave them, not even on the lightest Sand, but on the most inconstant and fluctuating Wave. What Eyes
“ are

“are then piercing enough to discern those sacred Characters?”

Mere rhetorical Declamation! It is not the Weakness of our Sight, but our Negligence and Inattention, that hinders us from discerning them; or if they ever seem to be quite effaced, it is but for a Moment.

There are two distinct Regions in the human Heart; the one is an Island just raised above the Level of the Water; the other is the Water itself which surrounds it. On the Surface of the Island, which is white, hard and even, like a Table of the finest *Parian* Marble, are engraven the sacred Precepts of the Law of Nature. Near these Characters stands a Youth in a respectful Attitude, with his Eyes fixed on the Inscription which he reads again and again aloud. This is the Genius of the Island, and is called *The Love of Virtue*. The Water which encompasses the Island is indeed subject to frequent Ebbs and Flows; the gentlest Zephyr will put it in Agitation; then it grows turbid, it roars and swells, it overflows the Inscription, and the Characters are no longer seen, nor the Voice of the Genius heard. But the Storm soon ceases, a Calm succeeds, the Surface of the Island rises from the Deep fairer than ever, and the Genius resumes his Employment.

If you suppose Mankind obliged to practise the Law of Nature, you must also suppose them acquainted with it. What would you say of a tyrannical Prince who should require his Subjects to obey his Will, without taking any care to inform them
of

of it? The most arbitrary Monarchs never carried their Caprice so far as this. Is Justice then different from itself? does it vary so much in the Divine Being from what it is in Mankind? or shall we say, that God the tenderest of Parents, acts less equitably than a Tyrant?

“ But, say you, it is just in God thus to leave
“ Men in Darknes and Ignorance. Their own
“ Crimes have extinguished the Natural Light in
“ their Minds, and their Blindness is to be charged
“ only upon themselves.”

Very well; let us suppose them ever so deserving of this pretended Blindness; yet since it is inflicted on them, the Practice of their Duty is become impossible; but still the Obligation does not cease; and is it an infinitely just and merciful Being that continues to require of them what they do not even know they are obliged to perform? Suppose I have ordered my Servant to carry a Message; instead of obeying me, he has perhaps spent his Time in some boisterous Diversion, by which he has broke his Leg. This is a Fault, and I might justly resent it; but if I were to require him to go on other Errands before his Leg was set, what Character would you bestow upon me?

But I appeal to you yourself, who take so much Pains to prove Mankind absolutely destitute of all moral Discernment; you have doubtless more than once violated the Law of Nature in some Instance or other; and you must allow that your Conscience has reproached you for these Violations of it; which

is an evident Proof that you were not ignorant of its Precepts.

Though all Mankind without Exception were vicious, yet if the Vice of Hypocrisy were to be found amongst them, I should be still persuaded that Virtue was not unknown to them; for Hypocrites, though wicked themselves, are Witnesses in favour of the Divine Law which they transgress, by their dissembled conformity to it.

* “The Law,” says *Cicero*, “is not a human Invention, nor an arbitrary political Constitution; it is in its Nature eternal and of universal Obligation. The Violence which *Tarquin* offered to *Lucretia* was a Breach of this eternal Law; and though the *Romans* at that time might have no written Law which condemned such kind of Crimes, his Offence was not the less heinous. For this Law of Reason did not then begin when it was first committed to Writing. Its original is as ancient as the divine Mind; for the true primitive and supreme Law is no other than the
“unerring

* Hanc igitur video sapientissimorum fuisse sententiam, legem neque hominum ingeniis excogitatam, neque scitum aliquod esse populorum, sed, aeternum quiddam quod universum mundum regeret, imperandi prohibendique sapientia. — Nec si regnante Sexto Tarquinio nulla erat Romæ scripta lex de stupris, idcirco non contra illam legem sempiternam Sextus Tarquinius vim Lucretiae Tricipitini filiae intulit: erat enim ratio profecta a rerum natura; et ad recte faciendum impellens, & a delicto avocans; quae non tum denique incipit lex esse, cum scripta est, sed tum, cum orta est: orta autem est simul cum mente divina; quamobrem lex vera atque princeps, apta ad jubendum, & ad vetandum, ratio est recta summi Jovis. *De Leg. Lib. II.*

“ unerring Reason of the great *Jupiter*.” And in another Place he says, “ This Law is founded in Nature, it is universal, immutable, and eternal. It is subject to no Change from any Difference of Place or Time; it extends invariably to all Ages and Nations, like the sovereign Dominion of that Being who is the Author of it †.”

This then may pass for an incontestable Truth, that the Laws of Virtue are imprinted in strong Characters on our Minds. Violent Passions may indeed for a while conceal them from our View, but can never efface them, because they are indelible.

There is another Cause which sometimes hinders us from discerning them, and of which Men are generally less aware; and that is a Number of Laws of an inferior Rank, which we learn from our earliest Infancy; and being long accustomed to look on them with Veneration, we are apt to give them an equal Place in our Esteem, with that original Law which determines our essential Obligations.

Laws are of different kinds; some tend to *promote* Virtue, others are *foreign*, and others *contrary* to it.

In the first Class are those Laws of which I have been speaking, such as are originally implanted in

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† Est quidem verò lex recta ratio, naturae congruens, diffusa in omnes, constans, sempiterna——nec erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia posthac: sed et omnes gentes, & omni tempore, una lex, et sempiterna & immortalis continebit, unusque erit communis quasi magister, & imperator omnium deus ille, legis hujus inventor, disceptator, lator. *Fragm. Lib. de Rep. ap. Lactant. Lib. VI. Cap. viii.*

our Minds, are known to all Men, and adopted by almost all the Religions in the World. Let these be held sacred ; the greater Reverence you have for them, the more will you improve in Virtue.

Among the Laws of the second Class are those which in different Religions regulate the external Form of Divine Worship. Though these may have no direct Tendency to promote Virtue, neither on the other hand have they in general any bad Influence on it. But they may be abused ; and they unquestionably are so, when upon a Competition with the Laws of the first Class, the Preference is given to these. The Law of Nature is the eldest Law, and all Religions of later Date ought, as younger Sisters, to submit to it. It is Ignorance of this Maxim which produces so much false Devotion and Superstition in the World.

Orgon's only Companion was his Daughter *Philothea*. He was one Day seized with a fainting Fit ; his Daughter gave him some Salts to smell to, which afforded him no Relief. Mean while the Hour of divine Service being come, *Philothea* recommends her Father to the Care of Heaven and her Servant, snatches her Hood and her Prayer-Book and hurries to Church. The Service was particular, and lasted long. *Orgon* dies unassisted, and even unperceived. Had he been laid in a warm bed and proper Care been taken, the Accident would have been of no Consequence. *Orgon* might still have lived, if his Daughter had for once absented from Church. But *Philothea* thought that the Sound of the Bells was the Voice of God, and that

that it was an heroic Action to prefer the divine Commands to the tenderest Calls of Nature. Accordingly, upon her Return, she made a most generous surrender of her Father's Life to Heaven, and thought her Devotion the more meritorious, as she had sacrificed so much on its Account.

Laïs has all her Life prostituted her Charms to the highest Bidder ; she has still Beauty enough remaining to make new Conquests ; and you need not fear that she will neglect to improve that Advantage. She has indeed some Scruples about her Manner of Life, and intends some Time or other to make a decent Retreat ; but in the mean while for the Repose of her Conscience, she orders a Mass to be perform'd once a Week to the blessed Virgin.

But nothing throws such an Obscurity on the Ideas of Virtue originally impressed on our Minds, as those false religious Opinions, or political Laws, which are *contrary* to the Purity of the Law of Nature. Upon our Entrance into the World we find these Laws already established ; they are stamp'd with the venerable Seal of Religion, and of sovereign Authority. How then should any one imagine that what they command is criminal, or what they forbid is virtuous ?

A young *Spartan* who had been dextrous enough to commit a Theft without being taken in the Fact, was so far from thinking it criminal, that he applauded himself for his Ingenuity. Or if he had a private Intrigue with a married Woman, it was a Gallantry authorized by the Custom of his Country, and the Example of *Jupiter* himself.

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How many even civilized Nations have been Barbarians in Religion, and from a Principle of Devotion have offered human Sacrifices to the Deity? And if the Spirit of Fanaticism be not restrained, God, even the God of the Christians, will every Day see his Altars smoke with the Blood of the like Victims. May he have forgot the horrid Sacrifices of this kind which were offered to him by our Forefathers!

While any Crime is looked upon as an Offence against the civil Government, the Example is less dangerous; nor is it likely to be steadily persisted in, as the Offender seldom thinks himself innocent; but if it be countenanced by Law or universal Custom, then it gives a deep and fatal Wound to the Mind, not only robbing it of its Innocence, but which is infinitely worse, rendering it incapable of Repentance.

Vice gains but a slender Advantage when she only draws some Followers into her Party; but when she supplants Virtue and usurps her Name, her Triumph is compleat.

And what then, say you, becomes of these innate Principles of Morality, when thus buried under the Trophies of Vice? I answer, that like the Sun behind a Cloud, though obscured, they still give sufficient Light to direct those whose Sight is good. A general Perversion of Morality does indeed authorize the Vicious in their Crimes, but will never corrupt a Heart that is truly virtuous; and those who blinded by Passion, plunge headlong into the Torrent, would start back with Horror, if the Tumult in their Minds would suffer them
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but for a Moment to attend to the Voice of Reason within them.

I doubt not but some of the *Lacedemonians* abstained from Theft, tho' it was permitted by their Laws; and I know that at *Rome*, where as well as at *Sparta*, a lascivious *Jupiter* was worshipped, Adultery was esteemed criminal.

The good Man as well as the bad, complies with the Custom of his Country in every thing that is not contrary to Virtue, and a wise Man is even more careful to do this than a Fool; but an immoral Man goes farther, and would rejoice if Virtue itself were out of Fashion.

Irene was born of illustrious but unfortunate Parents: It was her Lot to spend her earliest Years in the Retirement of a Cloister, where the virtuous Dispositions which Nature had implanted in her Heart, being cultivated by skilful Hands, acquired daily Strength and Improvement. When the great Disposer of human Events saw that she was sufficiently furnished with settled Principles of Wisdom to resist the Snares of Example, of Honour and Pleasure, he raised her by an unexpected Turn of his Providence to a Rank still more eminent than that of her Ancestors, and placed her on the most shining Theatre that the World affords; how dangerous a Situation, were her Virtue less firmly established! But *Irene* is immoveable as a Rock; tho' surrounded with Flatterers, she remains humble; in the midst of Tumult and Hurry she lives retired; her Piety is not abated, though the Air she breathes is tainted with Irreligion; though adorn'd with the most magnificent and costly Dress, her
Countenance

Countenance still retains its native Modesty; and while Diffimulation, Falshood and Treachery prevail around her, her Lips are the Seat of Candor, Truth and Sincerity. So true is it, that the Torrent of Example has no Influence over a Heart which is virtuous from Principle.

But let the young *Gloë* be placed in the same Scene of Life; the Licentiousness which prevails there, far from alarming her, is most exactly suited to her Inclinations; the Behaviour of those around her is the same that she would chuse to practise; it would be a Pain to her to be more reserved. If you knew the Character of *Chloë* and the Principles she has imbibed, you would never apprehend any Danger to her from bad Examples. Her natural Love of Pleasure, which was strengthened by her Education, anticipated all the ill Effects of Example.

Upon the whole, if we are ignorant of our Duty, it is owing to the Corruption of our Morals, and the Violence of our Passions. Let us silence them for a Moment, and the Voice of Reason will certainly be heard. Let us comply with her kind Invitations, she waits only for our Consent to make us happy.

“What then is it she requires? What should we do?”

Love God, love your selves, love your Fellow Creatures; these are all your Obligations; from the first of them arises Piety, from the second Wisdom, and the third produces all the Social Virtues.

M A N N E R S.

M A N N E R S.

P A R T I.

Of P I E T Y.

SOME perhaps may think that Piety is a Subject which does not properly belong to Philosophy. This I shall readily grant, if it be supposed to consist in the Practice of any particular Form of external Worship ; but if we consider it according to my Idea of it, as a natural Sentiment of Love, Reverence and Gratitude towards God, why may not the Philosopher be allowed to treat of it ? Whatever does not exceed the Sphere of Reason and the Light of Nature, is surely within his Province.

There is something terrible to many People in the Word *Philosopher*, because there are very few who understand the true Meaning of it.

Among the *Greeks* and *Romans*, but especially the former, Philosophers were in some tolerable Repute, and were thought entitled to the public Esteem, on account of their superior Penetration and extensive Knowledge.

Among us this Word conveys a very different Idea. In the College-Language, Philosophers are

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a Set

a Set of Men distinguished by a long-sleeved Gown and a tasseled Cap, who instruct Youth in an Art of *Reasoning* which confounds *Reason* itself, and teach them to give an Air of Demonstration to the most uncertain Theories, and to render the plainest Truths perplexed and dubious.

But these are not the Philosophers that Men are afraid of; they are esteemed of so little Consequence, as not to be worth even the Trouble of censuring.

There is another sort of them not remarkable for any Singularity of Habit, who firmly believe those Truths which are certain, and are sure to suspend their Assent where Evidence is wanting.

If you ask the common People what they think of a Philosopher of this kind, they will tell you, he is a fantastical Humourist, who takes upon him to controul all our Actions, treats most of our Opinions with Contempt as idle Prejudices, believes neither Spirits nor Witches, and perhaps does not even believe a God.

But put the same Question to a Man of Sense; a Philosopher, he will answer, is one who examines before he believes, and thinks before he acts; and who, consequently, when he is determined, cannot fail of being firm in his Belief and steady in his Conduct.

It is certainly among Men of this Character, that true and rational Piety is to be found; and he who feels it must be allowed to be best qualified to describe it. Piety, then, is within the Jurisdiction of the Philosopher; and it is from Philosophy that

I bor-

I borrow what I shall here lay before my Reader on this Subject.

The Existence of God seems to me a Truth which many Arguments would only obscure, and which is never made a Question but in the Schools. If there are any who really doubt of it, their Case is to be pitied. This very Circumstance proves that their Understanding is disordered; and consequently all Reasoning would be lost upon them.

The Idea of the sovereign Perfections of God is as general and uniform in the Minds of Men as that of his Existence. We all agree that he is possessed of every Perfection of an intelligent Being, in an infinite Extent, and without the least Allay of any thing wrong or defective; and in a Word, that his Majesty, Wisdom, Goodness, Justice and Power are unlimited and perfect. This, I say, is generally acknowledged; but yet there are some dangerous Sophists who give us very strange Representations of the Deity.

The Wicked, it seems, in *David's* Time said in his Heart, *There is no God*; but he has now learned better; Atheism is not his Fault; he believes a God, but it is one much of the same kind with those of *Epicurus*; a Deity who thinks it too mean and laborious a Task to take any Account of the Affairs of this lower World; who is neither offended at the Crimes of Men, nor esteems himself honoured by their Worship; who unconcernedly leaves us to act a short insignificant Part upon the Stage of the World, and then be seen no more. This haughty Divinity who makes no Difference

between a reasonable Creature and a Brute, has neither Rewards for Virtue, nor Punishments for Vice; he looks upon us only as despicable Machines, all whose Intelligence and Activity consist in a well-contriv'd Mechanism; and like those Bubbles which are formed upon the Surface of the Water by a Shower of Rain, we just rise into Being, and in a Moment vanish for ever.

Such a Deity is indeed well enough suited to those who consider the Practice of Virtue as an uneasy Yoke; he takes no Offence at their Vices and Impiety, and having promised them nothing, expects no Returns of Duty from them.

But I think far otherwise of God. He whom I acknowledge is the Creator of the World; my Being is his Gift, and all the Advantages I enjoy either of Body, Mind, or Heart, are derived from him; he preserves me by his Care, and will provide for my Happiness. His Goodness demands my Love, his Benefits my Gratitude, and his Majesty Worship and Veneration.

C H A P. I.

Of the Love of God.

TH E R E is no such thing as disinterested Love. It was Ignorance of the Nature of Affection that introduced the Notion of loving a Person merely for his own sake. Love arises only from

from the Relation between two Objects, by which one contributes to the Happiness of the other. Let us leave the *Quietist* to love his God, even in the Moment when his unrelenting Justice dooms him to eternal Fire: Nature knows no such Refinement as this.

Those Perfections of God which have no Influence upon our Happiness, may excite our Admiration and Reverence, but can never raise our Love. It is not because he is great, wise, or Powerful that I love him, but because he is good, because he himself loves me, and gives me Proofs of it every Moment. If it were otherwise, what would all his Perfections signify to me? Though possessed of almighty Power, he would never exert it in my Behalf; his sovereign Greatness would only serve to render me more despicable in his Sight; and he would neglect all the Means of my Happiness, though perfectly acquainted with them. But on the contrary, if I am the Object of his Love, all his Attributes become dear to me; his Wisdom will then take all just Measures for my Happiness; his almighty Power will overcome every Obstacle to it; and his supreme Majesty renders his Love infinitely valuable.

“ But is it certain that God loves Mankind ? ”

Most certain: The innumerable Benefits which he showers down upon them are an incontestable Demonstration of it. But as this Argument will be considered hereafter, I shall confine myself here to other Proofs.

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To ask if God loves Mankind, is to ask if he is good; and if we doubt of this, we call even his Being in Question; for how can we conceive of a Deity who is not good? And can he be good, if he hates the Work of his own Hands, and delights in the Misery of his Creatures?

A good Prince loves his Subjects; a good Father loves his Children; we love even the Tree we have planted, the House we have built; and shall not God love his own Offspring? Where can such a Suspicion ever arise, except in the Minds of those who conceive of God as a barbarous and capricious Being, who cruelly sports with the Fate of Mankind, dooming them irrevocably to Hell, even before they are born, reserving to himself at most only one in a Million, who has no more deserved that Preference, than the rest have deserved their Destruction? Impious Blasphemers, who seek only to make me hate God, by teaching that he hates me!

“He owes nothing to Mankind.”

True: But he owes something to himself; he must indispensibly be just and good; his Perfections are not the Result of his own Choice; he is necessarily what he is; he is either the most perfect of all Beings, or he is nothing.

But I am farther convinced that he loves me, from the Love I bear to him. It is because he loves me that he has impressed upon my Heart this Sentiment, the most precious of all his Gifts. His Love as it ought to be a Motive to mine, is at the same time the Original of it.

May

May I be allowed to explain the Nature of divine Love, by a Description of that Love which Devotees call prophane. The Parallel in itself has nothing indecent. Love is a Vice only in vicious Hearts. Fire, though so pure a Substance, will yet emit tainted and noxious Vapours, if the Matter which feeds it be corrupted; and thus Love, if it grow in a vicious Mind, brings forth nothing but shameful Desires, and criminal Designs, and is followed only with Trouble, Care and Misery. But if it springs up in an uncorrupted Heart, and Virtue as well as Beauty be the Object of it, it is perfectly unblameable; God himself is so far from being offended, that he beholds it with Pleasure. He made amiable Objects, only that they might be loved. I chuse this kind of Love as a Model of Divine Love, because of all our Affections, this produces the strongest and most vehement Emotions in the Mind.

Now what is the Situation of one thoroughly possessed with this Passion? A powerful Impulse constantly determines all his Actions in Pursuit of the beloved Object; whatever separates him from it is painful to him; he dreads to offend it; is solicitous to know its Taste and Inclinations, in order to comply with and gratify them; he loves to hear it praised; speaks of it with Pleasure, and delights in whatever recalls the Idea of it to his Mind. The Art of Painting is said to owe its Original to Love; and the Worship of Relicks proceeds doubtless from the same Source; even a Hair of a Person we love is precious.

Let it not be thought that the Love of God is essentially different from that now described. Love itself is uniform, and whether exercised towards God or a Fellow-Creature, is still the same; the only Difference is in the Object and the End proposed. Thus the pious Man filled with ardent Love for God, is desirous to see him, to enjoy him, and be united to him; he meditates on him with Delight, speaks of him with Reverence; he diligently studies and carefully observes his Law; this is the Proof of his Love as well as the Effect of it. Whoever loves him will obey his Commands; and all who obey them certainly love him.

Cleon lives a retired Life; he has renounced the Society of Men; he prays at stated Hours, wears a coarse Habit, lives on Vegetables, eats little, imposes frequent Penances on himself, and sees no Women.

Is it the Love of God that animates *Cleon*? I much doubt it. I see no Virtues in him but such as proceed from Caprice. He does many things which are not commanded by the divine Law, but he omits many which it prescribes.

Let *Cleon* return to the Society of Mankind, love them, and be as useful to them as he can; let him endeavour to improve his Mind, instead of destroying his Body; let him pray with Fervour rather than by Rule; let him believe every thing lawful which God has not forbidden; let him recommend Virtue by his Example, and have the Courage to practise it in open Light; I shall then be more easily persuaded that his Love to God is genuine.

Mankind

Mankind were never able to preserve a just Moderation in their Principles and Conduct; but always run into Extremes. The Author of Christianity has declared to his Disciples, that he loves God who does what he commands: They have imagined it would be a Proof of still greater Love, to do more than he has commanded.

He requires Men to pray to him, to honour him, and give Thanks to him for his Benefits: They have thought that the Perfection of Man consists in abstaining from every other Employment. Hence all those pious Drones, who pretend to be devoted solely to the Worship of God, and who in Reality do nothing in Society but what is useless or criminal.

He condemns an inordinate Fondness for Riches; from this they have concluded that it is a Virtue to have nothing of their own. Hence we are eternally pestered with a Swarm of religious Beggars; true Wasps, who support themselves in Idleness, by preying upon the Substance of the industrious Bees.

He forbids Adultery and all other Violations of Chastity; this Prohibition has led them to imagine that a perpetual Continency would be extremely pleasing to him. They have not ventured indeed to call Marriage a Crime; but, which is much the same, they have made Virginity a Virtue, forgetting, I suppose, that their Master cursed a Fig-tree, merely because it resembled a Virgin.

He blames Effeminacy and Sensuality; and what Effect has this produced upon them? Seized with

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Madness

Madness and Fury, they arm themselves with Whips, Scourges and sharp Weapons, and with unnatural Hands wound and tear their Bodies like the Priests of *Baal* before *Elijah*. Frantic Wretches ! what could you do more, had you chosen for your God that malevolent Spirit whom you call the Devil.

A Soldier who has received an Order from his Commander, is no more at Liberty to add to it, than to omit any Circumstance of it ; which ever way he offends, the Fault may be equally dangerous, and is equally deserving of Punishment.

It is so far from being true that we must hate ourselves in order to love God, that on the contrary, Self-hatred is inconsistent with the Love of God. Can it be our Duty to entertain Sentiments opposite to his ? He loves us ; and let us not expect to obtain his Favour, by hating what he loves. He commands us to love our Fellow-creatures as ourselves. This Command cannot surely imply that we ought to hate ourselves.

Let the Flesh be kept in Subjection to the Spirit, but let it not be destroyed. Live chaste, but do not deny yourself lawful Gratifications. Beware of the Love of Riches, but neglect not to provide for your Necessities. Lift up your Heart frequently in Devotion to God, but let your Hand also be stretched out to relieve the poor when he implores your Help.

This Notion, that we cannot have a true Love for God, without counter-acting all our natural Desires, even those that are most innocent, so generally

nerally prevails, that we never think of extolling the Piety of a Man who makes as many Meals as others, eats indifferently Flesh or Fish, who dresses decently, and lies on a Down Bed, who loves his Wife tenderly, and takes Pleasure in giving her Proofs of his Affections; with whatever Virtues he may be endowed, or whatever good Actions he performs.

At *Rome* they frequently canonize Popes, Hermits, Founders of religious Orders, and even nameless Skeletons, when nothing better offers; but we shall hardly find an Instance of their having enrolled among the Saints a good Father of a Family, unless perhaps a King, or at least one whose Descendants have been Kings.

Some Enthusiasts imagine, that if we truly love God, we must love nothing else; that he is a jealous Being, and is displeased when a Husband has a tender Regard for his Wife, or a Lover for his Mistress. The Representation they give of him, is not unlike that of a Man so whimsical and peevish as to take offence at his Wife's Fondness for a Canary-bird.

So false and mistaken are our Notions concerning Divine love, that we are apt to consider it as an Affection of too exalted a Nature for the Generality of Mankind, and as wholly confined to Persons of extraordinary Virtue and Sanctity; and to assert that a *Turk* is capable of loving God, would pass among Christians for little less than Blasphemy.

Aristus at thirty Years of Age had a large Acquaintance in the polite World; he was the fa-

vourite of all who knew him, and the Life of all the numerous Parties of Pleasure in which he was engaged. But now he is sixty, his Taste is altered; he no longer spends his Time in Company and gay Amusements; the Church is the only Place he frequents, where he is best pleased when the Service is longest; he prays incessantly and fervently, and reflects with Sorrow that so many Years of his Life have been spent in a giddy Pursuit of Pleasure, while his Duty to God has been neglected. And, no Wonder, say some; the poor Man's Intellects begin to fail; it is seldom otherwise with old Men; when their Reason is upon the Decline, they commonly turn religious. I should think so too, if at the same time *Aristus's* ordinary Conduct betrayed any Weakness of Understanding; but if his natural good Sense still remains, I must conclude that this Change is owing to his Love of Virtue, which is grown stronger as Age has rendered his Passions more calm and moderate: now the Love of Virtue is necessarily attended with Piety. I do not make the Piety of *Aristus* to consist merely in his frequenting our Churches (for were he a Mahometan, he would frequent the Mosques; were he a Protestant, he would worship in Protestant Churches; if he were of the Religion of *Job* or *Enoch*, he would worship in all Places alike) but in the sincere Devotion of his Heart, and in his performing all those outward Actions which are the true Proofs and Effects of it.

When a Woman who is forsaken by her Admirers, engages in a religious Course of Life, she
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is commonly censured as a Hypocrite, who mocks God instead of honouring him. But why so? Being thus forsaken, she conceives a Dislike to the World; yet her tender Affections still remain, and must be fixed upon some Object; and Heaven is the Object she chuses. She is told besides, that the Love of God is a more noble Affection than the Love of Creatures: This is a Sentiment which flatters her Vanity; and being convinced of the Emptiness of the World, her Love of God perhaps at first springs from Pride. But provided the Heart be sincerely attached to Virtue, it is of little Importance what first gave rise to the good Disposition.

Valeria had a Gallant of a distinguished Rank, a Circumstance which suited her ambitious Temper. But he proves inconstant, and transfers his Addresses to another. She cannot surely after this think of entertaining a Lover of inferior Quality! No, this would give her Pride too deep a Wound; her Resolution is to renounce Love and Gallantry for ever. This Change begins indeed from Vexation and ill Humour; but what then? it is a Change from Vice to Virtue. Having once trod the dangerous Path, she will, now she has left it, be more sensible of the fatal Consequences of pursuing it? and though her first Return to Virtue is from Constraint, she will persevere in it from Inclination. Cease once from the Commission of Vice, and in Time you will infallibly abhor it.

The most ill-favoured Countenance gives us no Pain when we have it continually before our Eyes; but if we look on it after many Years Absence, it then

it then appears in all its Deformity. Thus Vice never pleases at first sight ; Use only can reconcile us to the View of it. When a Man enters upon a vicious Course, it is with trembling Steps ; like one who dreading the Coldness of the Water in which he would bathe himself, at first only dips in his Foot, his Leg next follows, and advancing by Degrees, he at last boldly plunges his whole Body into the Stream. A Man must be long inured to Vice before he becomes thoroughly abandoned, and have been guilty of many lesser Crimes before he can in any fundamental Point sacrifice his Honour and Integrity.

Should such a one hereafter be so happy as to see and repent of his Folly, and determine upon a contrary Course, he will proceed in it at first with Difficulty ; he will find the Path steep and rugged, compared with that smooth and easy Descent which led him before to his Destruction : But notwithstanding all the Pains it may cost him, let him resolutely persist ; he who walks with Reluctance still goes on ; and what is a Fatigue to one of a weak and tender Habit of Body, becomes an agreeable Exercise when by Use his Constitution is grown more firm and robust. At length his Eyes will be thoroughly opened to see Vice in its true Shape and proper Colours, and then he will immediately hate it ; for it is only under a Mask that Vice appears agreeable ; while Virtue, on the contrary, is most engaging when unveiled. The better we are acquainted with her, the more must we love her : If she were to appear in a visible Form, we should
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fall down and adore her ; and so would she appear if God were to render himself visible to mortal Eyes ; for he is the only Being in whom Virtue resides in all its Purity. And indeed I much doubt whether any real Difference can be assigned between God and Virtue ; a farther Proof that the Love of God and the Love of Virtue are the same. No one, I believe, will deny that we ought to love Virtue ; how then can it be doubted whether we ought to love God ? But there is no Occasion to multiply Arguments ; Truths of this kind command our Assent as soon as proposed. Let us now proceed to the Article of Gratitude.

C H A P. II.

Of the Gratitude which we owe to God.

WITH regard to Mankind, Love and Gratitude are two distinct Sentiments ; we may love a Person without having received any Favours from him ; we may receive Favours from him without loving him ; and though our Obligations to him be ever so great, our not loving him is no necessary Proof that we are ungrateful.

But if we consider these Sentiments, as having God for their Object, they cannot be separated, because he is both an amiable and a beneficent Being. The former I have already demonstrated ; the latter is now to be proved.

In order to this, consider the various Obligations you are under to your Fellow Creatures. You are indebted

32 *Of the Gratitude which we owe to God.*

debted to your Mother for your Birth, to your Father for his Care of you, to your Instructors for having furnished your Mind with useful Knowledge, to your Benefactors for their generous Assistance, to your Friends for their Affection ; but God alone sustains all these Characters of Mother, Father, Instructor, Benefactor and Friend ; and those to whom you give these Titles are, properly speaking, no more than the Instruments of his Bounty to you. For a Proof of this, let us consider him under each of these relations,

S E C T. I.

God compared to a Mother.

SILVIA being just grown up, is addressed by a Lover, whose Youth, Person, Fortune and polite Accomplishments make an instant Impression upon her Heart ; and though her tender Years and Virgin Modesty, render her at first timorous and irresolute, yet at length she finds herself unable to resist so many Perfections, and her Inclination determines her Consent. She marries, and soon becomes a Mother. And now what has she done hitherto for the Child which she has brought forth ? The whole is the Work of God. When he laid the Foundations of the Heavens and the Earth, he had this Infant in View ; and even then had he settled the long Train of Events which were to terminate in his Birth. Nay, he did more ; he himself created him when he moulded that Clay out of which the first Man was formed. The Time
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is now come for the opening of this Bud ; the Body of *Silvia* is the Receptacle he has chosen for it ; and he has himself taken Care to cherish and unfold it.

Let this Child hereafter honour his Mother ; it is his Duty : for she has suffered, if not for his Sake, at least by his Means, all the Inconveniencies of Pregnancy, and the Pains of Delivery. But let him carry his grateful Acknowledgments still higher, and not imitate those superstitious Idolaters, who seeing the Earth yearly covered with Corn, Fruits, and Pastures, stupidly worshipped the blind Instrument of the Goodness of the sovereign Lord, but forgot to bless the Almighty Hand to which it owes its Fruitfulness.

S E C T. II.

God considered as a Father.

GOD is also the *Father* of all Mankind more truly than any Man is the Father of his own Children.

I need not take any Notice of the Share which a Father has in the Birth of his Son, because I do not see that any Gratitude is due to him on that Account. His own Satisfaction was the Object he had in View ; and if this is to be looked upon as a Favour, he should also be thanked for the good Meals he has made, for the Wine he has drank, for the Minuets he has danced, and in a word, for all the Pleasures he has taken.

The Relation of a Father does not of itself give a Man any Claim to the Affection of his Children ;

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this is due to him only so far as he discharges faithfully those Duties which Nature has connected with that Relation.

Is any Gratitude due to a Father from those unhappy Victims whom he cruelly dooms to the melancholy Confinement of a Cloister, only to swell the Fortune of an elder Brother?

Can any Sentiments of filial Love arise in the Hearts of Children towards a stern and rigorous Tyrant, whose Looks and Words are all furious and passionate, who instructs them only by Menaces, and corrects them like an Executioner!

What a Father is *Florimond*! He lives like a Stranger in his own House; he goes in and out, drinks, games, and takes his Pleasure. His Children in the mean time grow up to Maturity; happy indeed if they follow Virtue of their own accord, if they acquire any useful Accomplishments, or provide for themselves a Settlement in the World; he, for his Part, gives himself no Trouble about them. They are indebted to him for their Birth, and he has given them his Name, but he has never thought of them since; he just knows them by Sight, and that is all.

But since it is God that we are here comparing to a Father, let us at least take an Instance from the most excellent and tender of Parents, that the Disproportion may appear less enormous. May I be allowed to propose my own Father as an Example.

My Father was of the Middle Rank, but his Fortune was below his Rank; yet such was his tender Care and prudent Œconomy, that I have never
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had Reason to envy the Lot of those who are born in the greatest Affluence. Being temperately fed, decently cloathed, instructed in the Sciences by the ablest Masters, and formed to Virtue more by his Example than his Admonitions, had I wished for another Father, and could my Wish have been answered, I must have been a Loser by the Exchange.

My Father carefully provided for my Subsistence, my Education and my Improvement in Virtue; these are strong Motives to Gratitude. He did for me all that was in his Power; but it was from God that he received that Power. Still must we ascend to that Original Source of all Good.

While my Father was watchful for my Preservation, it was God that preserved me; when he employed himself in instructing me, it was God that opened my Understanding; and when he discoursed to me of the Charms of Virtue, it was God that inspired me with the Love of it.

S E C T. III.

God considered as an Instructor.

LET us now examine whether those Masters who instruct us and direct our Conduct, can with any Justice be compared with that eternal Truth which is the Fountain of all Knowledge. Though we should suppose them more knowing than they are, more certain of the Maxims they teach, more free from Prejudice, and less swayed by Interest and Passion; yet how limited is their

Knowledge, if it be reduced to those Principles only which are evident and certain ! and no other Principles deserve the Name of Knowledge. Now these God has given in common to all Men ; every one has them in Possession, and may by Reflection make them present to his Mind. On this Account some Philosophers have thought that all our Knowledge is obtained by Memory.

The Number of Truths (at least such as are really useful) is not so great as is commonly imagined ; and in general, it is only Indolence or Prejudice that conceals them from us ; or if there are some of a more abstruse kind, and which are to be found only by intense Study and Application, the Discovery of them is not therefore to be ultimately attributed either to our Teachers, or to our own Industry. These Treasures are indeed more deeply hidden by our Creator, but they as truly proceed from him as others, since it is by searching into our own Minds that we discover them, and our Minds are his Workmanship. The Labourer digs the Mine, the Philosopher directs him in his Work ; but neither of them furnish the Gold which it contains.

S E C T. IV.

God considered as a Benefactor.

IF any one should absolutely deny the Title of Benefactor to the Deity, I write not for him, nor do I think my self obliged to dispute with him. The Light he enjoys, the Air he breathes, every thing

thing which contributes to his Preservation or Pleasure, the Heavens, the Earth, and universal Nature, all conspiring to promote his Happiness, bear Witness against him, and sufficiently confute him. His very Powers of Thought, of Speech and Action, are the meer Gift of God ; and but for that Providence which he blasphemes, he would never have existed nor the Earth have been burdened with such a Monster of Ingratitude.

We agree indeed in general, that our Existence is the Gift of God ; yet we seem to take Pleasure in depreciating this Gift, in order to exempt ourselves from those grateful Acknowledgments that are due for it. Man is a querulous Creature ; in a dry Season he would have it rain ; when it rains, he wishes for fair Weather. Notwithstanding his Ignorance of what is truly good for him, he is as peremptory in his Wishes, and as loud in his Complaints, as if he knew in every Case what would most conduce to his Happiness. He exists, and is furnished with every necessary Support of Life, so long as it pleases Heaven to continue it. Nevertheless, ungrateful to his Maker, he thinks it much to give Thanks for a Life which he accounts a worthless and burdensome Gift, he forgets all that God has done in his Behalf, and is more uneasy for what he wants, than thankful for what he enjoys. His principal Objections against Providence are taken from the *Disorders* which happen in the *natural World*, from the *Wants and Appetites of the Body*, and the *irregular Passions of the Mind*.

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Let us examine these Objections distinctly, and endeavour to justify the Ways of the Almighty.

“ A City is destroyed by an Innundation ; a Caravan is buried in the Sands ; wild Beasts, Earthquakes, Famine, Pestilence, and a thousand dreadful Evils assail and destroy us.”

What is there in all these Events that should make you less grateful to Providence ? Are you less loaded with his Favours, because *Lima* is swallowed up ? Have the Flames of *Ætna* or *Vesuvius* reached you ? Or if they had, Death is the worst you could suffer from these or any other pretended Disorders in the World.

Is *Death* then an Evil in itself ? It is only the Passage from this Life to the other ; and the Determination of your Lot in that future Life for Happiness or Misery, is in your own Power.

Never judge of God from Events ; but rather form your Judgment of Events from the Idea you have of God. In Affairs directed by Men, Disorders happen only from the want of Power, Integrity or Wisdom in those who have the Management of them. But no Perfection is wanting in God ; and since he is the Governor of the World, how is it possible that any real Disorders can happen in it ? Here are too seeming Inconsistencies to be reconciled, the Perfections of God with the apparent Imperfection of his Works. Now it is evident that God is infinitely powerful, wise and good ; but it is not evident, on the other hand, that what appears to be Evil really is so, since God may have Ends in View which are above our Comprehension ;

sion ; determining therefore the uncertain from what is certain, I conclude that all is well and wisely ordered.

As to the Wants of the Body, so far from affording any just Objection against the Goodness of God, they appear to me a strong Proof of his paternal Regard for us. By these we are called off from the Toil and Fatigue of Business, which but for such powerful Avocations, we might pursue with an Assiduity and Intenseness that would prove destructive to us. And, which still more excites my Admiration, it is these seeming Inconveniencies that give the highest Relish to the Pleasures of Life. We then eat and drink with peculiar Delight, when our Appetites of Hunger and Thirst are most keen and urgent.

The Artificer rises in the Morning and begins his Work ; his only Incentive, in general, is the Prospect of Gain, which he pursues with such Eagerness, that were not this Desire overpowered by the stronger Demands of Nature, it would allow him no Intermission. But Hunger constrains him at least three Times a Day to desist from his laborious Employment. He obeys the powerful Call ; and his Fatigue having sharpened his Appetite, he gratifies it with a Degree of Pleasure unknown to the Luxury and Indolence of the Great. He then cheerfully returns to his Work ; and by Sweat and Labour prepares himself for another Repast as delicious as the former.

Who can enough extol thy Blessings, balmy Sleep, thou powerful Restorer of our exhausted Strength,

Strength, whose peaceful Charm suspends all our Cares, banishes our Sorrows, and relieves our sharpest Pains ! Surely the *Nectar* of the Gods had no Virtues comparable to thine ; nor was the boasted *Nepenthe* of *Homer* any other than a soporiferous Juice. How blissful is the Situation of those happy Lovers, who faint and sinking under insupportable Pleasure, are sustained by thy friendly Arm, and feel the fierce and tumultuous Transport subside in a soft and voluptuous Languor, which is rather a Change than a Diminution of Delight ?

Or is the invincible Propensity of one Sex towards the other, to be reckoned an Unhappiness ? I know indeed there are some Men to whom this Desire is a Torment. But whence does that arise ? only from their own Imagination, from a ridiculous Persuasion that there is a Virtue in resisting their natural Appetites, and that it is unworthy of a Man to contribute to the Propagation of his Species. But is the Providence of God to be arraigned for this ? Must their fantastical Prejudices be placed to his Account ? Let them abate their Arrogance, and consider themselves as on a Level with other Men ; and without aspiring after a pretended and chimerical Perfection, let them follow the Dictates of Nature, and satisfy her Demands ; this is the only rational Way to free themselves from the Importunity of them.

A Man of Sense, far from regarding the Strength of his Passion, the Opposition he meets with, and the Difficulties he is to overcome, as real Misfortunes, and Causes of Complaint, considers them on
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the contrary, as designed to enliven his Sensations and heighten the Taste of Pleasure. We should have but little Satisfaction in the Enjoyment of any Object, were it not for the Ardency of our Desires, and the Obstacles we meet with in the Pursuit of it.

Will the unequal Distribution of Riches be urged as an Objection against Providence? the exorbitant Wealth of some, and the extreme Poverty of others?

This Argument is built upon a false Principle; and if the Foundation be taken away, the Superstructure must fall of course. The Objection supposes that Riches are the only, or at least the chief Good of human Life. But if it appears, on the contrary, that of all the Gifts which the Divine Bounty confers upon Mankind, Riches are the least valuable, and that the Want of them, however important they may seem, may be abundantly compensated by other Advantages; can we justly repine at Providence though they should be denied to us?

To show the comparative Worthlessness of these uncertain Possessions, which are foreign to us in every Sense, as they belong immediately neither to the Body nor the Mind, let us only compare them with some Advantages of the Animal Life, such as perfect Health, a compleat and regular Form of Body, a just Contexture and free Use of our various Organs: there is not one of these Advantages, which we should not even singly prefer to Riches, were we put to our Choice; much more should we give them the Preference when all united. But if

we bring into the Account the more precious Gifts of Virtue, Honour, Genius, Knowledge and Abilities ; what despicable Trifles are Riches, when compared to the least of these Endowments ? especially if we consider farther, that the abovementioned Advantages both of Body and Mind, may be made the certain Means of acquiring Riches ; whereas Riches themselves will neither supply any natural Defect in the Body, nor cure the Vices and Disorders of the Mind.

In the same manner may we answer the Objection taken from the Difference of Rank and Degree among Mankind, the exalted Station of some, and the mean and abject Condition of others.

Let *Honours* be considered in the same Light with Riches ; compare them with any natural Advantages of Body, or Perfections of Mind, and you will soon perceive of how little Value they are. Let your ambitious Desires rise to the highest Pitch, (nothing so easy as wishing ;) aspire at once to the Rank of a Sovereign, and imagine your Wishes gratified, what would be the Gain ? A King, if he faithfully discharges the Duties of his Station, has of all Men the greatest Weight of Care to sustain ; and if he neglects them, he is of all Men the most deservedly odious.

When either Honour or Wealth fall to the Lot of the Unworthy, instead of exalting, they debase their Possessors in the Eyes of Mankind, by rendering their Faults more conspicuous.

Hypsistus and *Pollio* are Proofs of this. The latter loved Gaming, good Cheer and Women ; but was

at the same time desirous of Advancement in the World. His Ambition, though it did not destroy his other Passions, rendered him wary and reserved in the Indulgence of them, and so made him not a good Man, but a Hypocrite. He knew that in the World, corrupted as it is, Vice must go in Disguise; and though Immorality may be sometimes excused, yet barefaced, impudent Wickedness is detested. He therefore was circumspect in all his Words, private in his Vices, and cautious in his whole Conduct. He personated the Man of Probity as well as he was able, in the Presence of his Superiors, and took care they should discover no more of his Vice and Meanness, than what was necessary to serve their own Purposes. *Pollio*, by thus taking the strait Road to Wealth and Preferment, became immensely rich; then weary of the uneasy Restraint which he had before imposed on himself, he threw aside the Mask, and gave loose to all his Passions; Feasting, Gaming, Intriguing, became his whole Business and Delight, and his licentious Appetites were indulged with the utmost Luxury and Extravagance.

Hypsistus took a different Road to Preferment. His Birth was not eminent, nor did his Capacity seem to promise him any great Success in the World. But the Fair Sex, who are to be sure endowed with a greater Degree of Sagacity than Men, discovered in him a Merit of a particular kind, which he improved to so good Purpose, that by Means of it he raised himself to the highest Honours. The Talent however to which he owed his Advancement,

not being one of those which reflect a Lustre on a high Station, his Character appeared despicable; and he endeavoured in vain to render himself insensible of the Meanness of it, by the arrogant and haughty Airs he assumed in public.

There are innumerable Persons of ordinary Rank and Fortune, who are more indebted to Providence than *Hypsistus* and *Pollis*. In the Middle Station of Life that true Happiness is often found to which the Rich and Great are Strangers. The Air which is breathed in Plains is suited to the greatest Part of Mankind; but that on high Places makes the Head giddy, and disorders the whole Frame.

Nature, that indulgent Parent, notwithstanding our incessant Complaints, has not distributed her Favours to Mankind with so much Partiality as at first Sight we are ready to imagine. The most intense and exquisite Pleasures are common to all: those which are peculiar to the Great, have little Solidity in them, depend chiefly on Fancy, and have many Allays of Pain, from which the Pleasures of simple Nature are entirely free. All the Comforts of Life are derived from her; and it is from the Irregularity of our Imaginations and the Corruption of our Morals that most of our Misfortunes proceed.

3. Another Objection alledged against Providence, by the unjust and ungrateful Censurers of it, is the Influence of the Passions on the human Mind. The Condition of Man, they think, is much to be lamented, because there frequently arise in his Mind, sudden and violent Emotions which, he is
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not able to controul : they very freely enlarge upon the fatal Effects of the Passions, but seem totally to forget the infinite Advantages which result from them. As well might the Fire, the Water, and the Air be our Abhorrence, because in different ways they may be the Instruments of our Destruction.

We ought to consider the Passions as they are in themselves, and not judge of them by their imagined Effects ; or if the Effects are to be considered, let us at least take into the Account the good as well as the bad.

It is usual with moral Writers to declaim with great Severity against the Passions, and to be very lavish of their Encomiums upon Reason. I shall not scruple to assert, on the contrary, that our Passions are entirely innocent, and that our Reason alone is culpable.

Our Passions are excited only by the Impressions which Objects make upon us, and the Apprehensions we thence form of them, as pleasing or disagreeable : Now these depend not on our Will, and cannot therefore be criminal.

We are not ourselves the Authors of our Passions. They begin to exert themselves in our earliest Infancy, even before we are capable of Reflection. They must therefore be the Gift of Nature, or rather the Gift of God, for in true philosophical Language, God and Nature are the same. And we cannot surely think that our merciful Creator would bestow upon us such Gifts as are in themselves pernicious and destructive.

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Nay, I will farther add, that our Passions are not only innocent in themselves, but they are good, useful and necessary.

It is just and natural that a reasonable Creature should desire its own Felicity, and endeavour to obtain it: Now two things are necessary to Happiness, Freedom from Pain, and Enjoyment of Pleasure; and these are the Objects of all our Passions. They all tend either to remove what is inconsistent with our Happiness, or to secure the Possession of something capable of increasing it.

Every Inclination which rises in our Minds from the Fear of Pain or the Desire of Pleasure, is innocent, and agreeable to our natural Instinct. But this Instinct is involuntary and blind in its Motions; nor is there any need that it should be otherwise, since it is not designed to be its own Conductor. Its Tendency indeed is always to the obtaining of Good, and the avoiding of Evil; but as it cannot of itself judge concerning Good and Evil, it requires to be directed to proper Objects; and it is the Office of Reason to make the right Choice and Distinction. It belongs to this superior Power to regulate every lower Impulse and Inclination, to give them a just Direction, and restrain them within due Bounds. In this it often fails; and then our Passions are exclaimed against for a Fault which ought to be charged only upon our Reason.

Love, for Instance, is a Passion so useful and necessary, that without it the Human Race would soon be extinct. Both Sexes are improved and refined by their Inclination to each other. From this

Source

Source springs the sweetest Friendship and Union, the most endearing Relations of Life, and all the lovely social Affections. Such is the Fruit of Love when under the Direction of right Reason; but when it is governed by a depraved Judgment, its Consequence may be, and often is, Treachery, Perjury, Adultery, Incest, Murder, and every horrid Mischief that a blind Fury can produce.

The Union of the Sexes is the End of Love; this Union is perfectly agreeable to the Design of Nature; it must therefore be innocent; and the Affection itself is not to be suppressed. If your Heart be naturally tender, endeavour not to render it insensible; but let your Tenderneſs be fixed upon ſuch Objects as will not obſtruct you in a virtuous Courſe, or rather, love only ſuch as will aſſiſt you in it. Your tender Affections will not be the leſs gratified for making ſuch a Choice; nay, you can never enjoy true Satisfaction from Love that is not thus directed. There can be no Friendship without Virtue. The Union of two Lovers without virtuous Diſpoſitions, is not Love; it is an odious Aſſociation, by which they become Partners in Vice, and Accomplices in each other's Crimes.

Agatho had an Inclination to *Cephifa*. He is a Man of Family, full of Conceit and Affectation, with a haughty Mien and a tripping Gait. When he is to look at an Object which is not ſtrait before him, his Head, as if ill fixed on its Joint, Turns with Difficulty half the Way towards it; his languishing Eye with Regret performs the reſt. Proud of his Birth and Equipage, he deſpiſes all

useful Accomplishments; and can excuse the Acquisition of them only in those, who being placed in a lower Sphere, cannot by any other Means raise themselves from their Obscurity. The Idea of God is painful to him, for he likes not to think of a Being superior to himself; he has an Aversion to the social Virtues, because they require him to show Deference and Respect to others; nor has he any greater Love for Equity, because this would fix Bounds to his extravagant Claims. Thus is he impious, oppressive and rapacious; false and perfidious in his Promises and Engagements; incapable of Tenderness, Compassion, or Gratitude. He is not one of those who are hurried into Vice by the Force of unruly Passions; but the Coxcomb thinks that he has Merit enough already, and that it is not worth his while to be virtuous.

Cephisa is vain and imperious; a Croud of Lovers are at her Feet, and there she suffers them to remain as so many Trophies in honour of her Charms. One only can be rewarded, but all must adore her. She commands as a Sovereign, they obey like Slaves; and the better to secure her despotic Sway, her Orders are always the most unreasonable and capricious. The most servile and abject of her Train expect to carry the Prize; but they are deceived; for though she demands an unlimited Respect, she despises those who pay it. She has no Discernment of true Merit; Conceit, Arrogance and Presumption are with her the Marks of superior Talents; she knows no other Dignity than what is derived from a Title; she is unable to distinguish

tinguish Wit from the Affectation of it, and judges of Love only by Compliments and Flattery ; she is, in a Word, destitute of Religion and all Principles of Morality, and without any settled Taste or Character. How nearly does she resemble *Agatho* ? On him she accordingly fixes her Choice. Is Love the Bond of such a Union ? No ; it is only the Persuasion they have that neither has Merit enough to render the Want of it conspicuous in the other.

But it is not sufficient that our Passion be directed to a worthier Object than either *Cephisa* or *Agatho* ; let it be ever so well grounded and innocent in itself, it must in many Instances be carefully restrained and moderated.

If ever any Object was worthy of the tenderest Passion, it is surely the lovely *Menoqui*. It did not require long Time or Observation to discover that she had Charms sufficient to justify the warmest Admiration. A Heart equally discerning and less cautious than mine, would have been instantly vanquished. Every thing conspired against me ; her beautiful Features, her majestic Mien, the numberless Graces of her whole Person, the Sense and Spirit which shone in her Eyes, the exquisite Delicacy of her Conversation. I withstood, however, all these united Charms ; but I could not resist the Force of a thousand other Perfections still more engaging and valuable, which every Day displayed themselves more and more, and continually increased my Wonder and Esteem ; a Heart susceptible of Friendship, generous, noble and benevolent, frank

and ingenuous, without the least Indiscretion ; her Temper sprightly and chearful, but ever confined within the strictest Bounds of Prudence ; noble and elevated Sentiments without Pride or Ostentation ; an extensive Capacity and refined Taste joined with unaffected Modesty ; Virtue without Formality, and Piety without Superstition.

Such an Assemblage of Charms, I thought sufficient to authorize the Passion they had excited ; and though I can never expect any Returns from her who is the Object of it, she being unalterably engaged to another, yet did it not appear to me criminal, but only unfortunate ; and I freely allowed it a Place in my Breast, on Condition it should not disturb my Repose. And though *Menoqui* be most dear to me, yet were my Passion to grow unruly ; should it attempt to pass the Bounds which I have prescribed to it, or break out into licentious Desires, I would not expose myself to the Danger of offending her by any rash Discovery of Sentiments so unworthy, nor wait to receive my Punishment from her ; for though the guilty Desire were concealed from every one, I should never forgive it to myself ; and I would instantly quit her Presence for ever, and by voluntarily depriving myself of so great a Happiness, would endeavour, at least, to deserve her Esteem. The Love I bear her causes in me no Remorse ; it would indeed, were it to lead me to attempt her Virtue, but it is too pure ever to produce so criminal an Effect.

Thus it is with the other Passions ; they are all good and useful in themselves, and continue to be

so while they are directed to proper Objects, and are under due Regulation. The ill Consequences which are charged upon them, only happen when they are misplaced or immoderate.

Hatred, is not criminal in itself; there are Objects which deserve to be hated. But take care to hate only such; and never let your Hatred go so far as Malice or Revenge. Regulate in the same manner your Indignation and Contempt.

Fear all real Evils; without fearing them, you can hardly avoid them; but if they are unavoidable, learn to bear them with Resolution. Moderate Fear is Prudence; excessive Fear is Cowardice.

Anger is an Emotion which excites the Mind to violent Efforts, of which, tho' they are sometimes necessary, it is incapable in its ordinary undisturbed State. This Passion is useful to a good Father, a patient Master, and indulgent Superior, who without such an Incitement would pardon many Faults, which ought to be punished. But it is of no use to a Minister of State, a Governor of a Province, or an Inquisitor; this sort of People can do mischief enough in cold Blood. *Anger*, when indulged without just Occasion, is a ridiculous Extravagance; when it rises too high, it is Madness.

The Necessities of human Life first gave Birth to the Arts and Sciences; but it is to *Curiosity* alone they owe their Increase and Improvement; innocent amiable Passion, which next to Love, has most contributed to soften, to polish and civilize Mankind! Happy had it been for the World if no Passions more destructive than this had ever prevailed.

Witness ye unhappy Victims sacrificed to that airy Phantom *Glory* in the Fields of *Fontenoy*, *Rocoux*, *Lawfeldt* and *Exiles* ! Your precious Blood would not have been so profusely and wantonly shed, were Men inspired with other Principles than useful Curiosity and the Love of Knowledge. And yet this Passion, so fruitful of good Effects, when not restrained by Prudence to proper Objects, becomes Indiscretion ; and when it exceeds the Power and Extent of human Reason, it produces absurd Systems of Philosophy, and enthusiastic Doctrines in Religion.

From this Enumeration it appears, that the Passions are not evil in their own Nature, but only become so when they are abused. However, not to cavil about Words, if by *Passions* any one chuses to mean only vicious or immoderate Affectons, I freely condemn them ; let them be mortified and subdued as much as possible. But if we consider them in their Original, as innocent Emotions proceeding from a natural Instinct, they are the Work of God, and should therefore be held sacred ; it is a Degree of Impiety to endeavour to destroy them ; our Duty is only to regulate and guide them.

“ But, it may be said, is this always in our
 “ Power ? Is not Reason itself sometimes overborn
 “ by the Violence of the Passions, and rendered in-
 “ capable of controuling them ? And may it not
 “ be justly imputed to the Deity that we are liable
 “ to such Imperfection, since he could certainly
 “ have given us a more absolute Command over
 “ our Passions ?”

Without

Without doubt : all this I readily allow. It too often happens that Reason refuses its Aid when it is most necessary ; and for Want being guided by its Light, our Passions frequently become hurtful. But are we on this Account less obliged to acknowledge the Goodness of God ? Our Passions are no farther hurtful than our own Choice makes them ; and our Reason is to blame if they are suffered to gain the Ascendant. But without enquiring whence it proceeds, that our Passions, originally so good and useful, frequently degenerate into Faults and Imperfections, let us take the Matter at the worst, and examine whether even these Imperfections themselves may not be reconciled with the Divine Goodness to his Creatures.

When we were speaking concerning the Wants of the Body, we observed that they were the Source of all our bodily Pleasures. Why may not the Passions be of the same Use in the Mind ? They unquestionably are so with respect to a good Man who labours to subdue in himself every vicious Affection. The Mathematician rejoices when he has solved a difficult and abstruse Problem ; but how much greater is the Pleasure which must fill the Heart of a virtuous Man when victorious over an obstinate unruly Passion, after a long and resolute Struggle ; he can say to himself, I am now become better, more like to God, and more acceptable to him.

“ But, it may be further asked, if Man were entirely exempted from such Conflicts, would not his Obligation to Heaven be greater ? ”

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I know not that, nor is it my Business to enquire into it; but this however I know, that his Merit would be less. What! shall we be always seeking Excuses for Ingratitude? Would you blame an Artificer for making a Clock which marks only the Minutes, because he might have made one to mark the Seconds? God, no doubt, could have made us more perfect than we are, and equal to those celestial Spirits which are represented to us as surrounding his Throne; but when he created us, he intended only to create *Men*. Had he made you Angels, ungrateful unnatural Hearts who repay his Benefits only with discontented Murmurs, you would then, like those Dæmons who are said to be plunged into the Abyss, have complained that you were not Gods.

No longer then affront your Benefactor; but confess that Goodness of which he gives you such continual Proofs; and if the Consideration of his sovereign Excellencies be not sufficient to engage you to love him on his own Account, let the numberless Benefits he has bestowed on you, at least excite your Gratitude.

S E C T. V.

God considered as our Friend.

THE whole of Friendship consists in loving the Person on whom we have placed our Affection, in desiring his Welfare and endeavouring to promote it. And as the Love of God to us, and the Benefits we receive from him, have been made sufficiently

sufficiently evident in this and the preceding Chapter, it is needless to use any further Arguments to prove that he is our Friend. This Proposition is a necessary Consequence of the former. But though the Deity may be justly considered under this tender and engaging Character, such a View of him ought not to lessen in us that profound Reverence which is due to his infinite Majesty. As he is more gracious and condescending than earthly Princes, he is the Friend of his Subjects, and is willing that the Friendship should be mutual : but they must not on this Account forget that he is their Sovereign, and as such entitled to their Homage and Veneration.

C H A P. III.

Of the Homage which we owe to God.

THE absolute Greatness of God is not, strictly speaking, the Ground of that Homage which we owe him ; this is founded in the Relation which subsists between him and us, he being our Sovereign, and we his Servants and Vassals. We owe no Homage to the *Turkish* Sultan, though one of the greatest Monarchs upon Earth, because we are not his Subjects. God alone is the Sovereign of the whole World ; and the Authority with which the Kings of the Earth are invested, is at best no more than a Shadow of his universal Dominion.

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They hold their Power (originally at least) from their People ; the Power of God is derived from none but himself. He called the World into being by his Word : this is the Foundation of his Sovereignty. Earthly Princes may publish Edicts for the Regulation of their several States ; but they are obliged to entrust the Execution of them to inferior Officers, to whom they delegate a Power for that Purpose : but God by a mere act of his Will, can in a Moment change the whole Face of Nature. The Power of Kings reaches only to external Actions ; the Power of God extends to the Inclinations of the Heart. And in Proportion as his Authority over us is more absolute and extensive than that of any other Sovereign, our Veneration for him should be greater, and our Homage more profound.

This Homage so justly due from us to God, is what we call *Worship* or *Religion* ; and this is commonly distinguished into *internal* and *external* : the former is of necessary Obligation ; the other is rather a Matter of Decency and Convenience.

S E C T. I.

Of internal Worship.

INternal Worship is seated in the Mind, and is the only kind of Worship by which God can be honoured. It is founded on a just Sense of his infinite Perfections, his sovereign Authority over us, and our innumerable Obligations to him. A Heart filled with such Sentiments, will naturally express them by the warmest Admiration and Love, and

and the strongest Professions of Gratitude and Submission. This is the Language of the Heart, these are its Hymns, its Prayers, and its Sacrifices ; this is the Worship of which it is capable, and which alone is suitable to the Perfections of the Deity. This also is the Worship which the Author of Christianity intended to restore when he abolished the *Jewish* Ceremonies, as appears from the excellent Answer he made to a *Samaritan* Woman who enquired concerning the proper Place for performing divine Worship. “ The Hour cometh, says he, when the true Worshipers shall worship in Spirit and in Truth.” Such was the Worship which was practised in the first Ages of the World, and among those Men so famed in the *Jewish* Records, whom we call Patriarchs. They had no Temples nor Chapels, no stated Hours for Devotion, no established Forms of Prayer, no Rites nor Ceremonies, no Prostrations nor Kneelings : the Devotion of the Heart depends not on Time, Place, or Posture. The whole Earth was their Temple, and the Vault of Heaven was the Roof of it. When they beheld any surprizing Effect of Almighty Power, or had received any signal Benefit or Succour from the Providence of God, they considered this as an immediate Call either to adore his Greatness, or to give Thanks for his Bounty. When they had Leisure for Retirement from the necessary Cares and Business of Life, they employed the Hours of Solitude in meditating upon God, they conversed with him freely, and offered up their Praises and Thanksgivings with all the

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sincerest

sincerest Expressions of Reverence and Love ; and having never thought of fixing Bounds to the Infinite Being, or of confining his Presence within consecrated Walls, they considered him as every where present. Whether they were standing, sitting, or lying down, whether their Heads were covered or uncovered, they expected to be heard, nor were they disappointed in their Expectations.

This pure and spiritual Worship did not long remain uncorrupted ; external Forms and Ceremonies were soon added to it, and from that Time it began to decline.

S E C T. II.

Of External Worship.

IN the first Ages of the World, Mankind being being justly convinced that every thing which they enjoyed belonged to God as the Creator and Sovereign of the Universe, devoted one Part of their Possessions to him as an Acknowledgment of his Property in the whole : hence Sacrifices, Libations and Offerings took their Rise.

At first these religious Exercises were performed in the open Air, there being then neither Cities nor Houses. Afterwards it was found necessary to perform them in Caverns or in slight Buildings raised for that Purpose, on account of the Inclemency of the Weather ; and this was the Original of Temples.

In the Beginning, every one presented his own Offering and Sacrifice. In Process of Time particular

cular Men were appointed for that Office : this was the first Institution of Priests. Such an Order of Men being once established, Religion, or rather the Apparatus of external Worship, improved very fast under their Influence : they imagined that it would be more perfect by being more splendid, and that they might render it more acceptable to God by loading with Ceremonies. They therefore invented Games, Dances, Processions, legal Impurities and unnecessary Expiations. Thus Religion in all Nations degenerated into mere Pageantry and Show ; the unthinking Vulgar mistook the Shadow for the Substance, and the Spirit of it was every where lost, except among a few of the more wise and contemplative.

The original Design of external Worship seems to have been pure and innocent. We are naturally desirous of communicating our Sentiments, and the more so when we are persuaded that they are just and rational. It was, doubtless, with this Intention that the first external and public Acts of Religion were performed. It was imagined that some significant Ceremonies would be useful in exciting the same Sentiments which they were designed to express. But the Consequence was very different ; the Symbols were taken for the Thing itself ; Religion was supposed to consist entirely in the offering of Sacrifices and the burning of Incense ; and Piety was weakened and destroyed by those very Means which were contrived to promote and improve it.

As the Light of Reason prescribed no fixed Rule with regard to the ceremonial Part of Religion, Mankind did not long agree in their Notions about it. It belongs only to the pure Religion of Nature to be uniform and invariable; every other is fluctuating and uncertain, susceptible of various Forms, and liable to continual Change. Thus each Nation fixed upon a different Mode of Worship. And from hence another Disorder arose equally contrary to the Purity of the Law of Nature, and to the Happiness of Society. The different Sects which were produced by this Difference in Worship looked upon each other with Contempt and Aversion; and those especially which affected the most rigorous Exactness were most free to reproach and condemn all others, and scrupled not to assert, that whoever refused to comply with that Form of Worship which they had established was the Object of God's Displeasure, and would hereafter feel the dreadful Effects of his Vengeance. From this Source has proceeded that irreconcilable Hatred, that cruel and inveterate Malice, which, though it has produced so much Blood and Slaughter, is not yet extinguished. All Efforts to restore Peace and Humanity in Religion are vain; and though the Precepts of Christianity are of all others the most mild and benevolent in themselves, yet there is no persuading Men to love the Damned; nor will they have any great Tenderness for the Lives of those whom they look upon as devoted to eternal Destruction.

Let

Let us not however judge of Things by the ill Use which may be made of them (for what is there which Men do not abuse?) but without regarding the ill Consequences which may attend the Practice of external Worship, let us examine, 1. Whether a Worship of this kind is in itself useful; and, 2. Supposing it to be useful, whether any one particular Form of it is essentially preferable to another.

1. If Piety be a Virtue, it is for the Good of Mankind that it should universally prevail. The first of these two Propositions I take for granted; and the second is a necessary Consequence of it. Now nothing more effectually tends to promote Virtue than good Examples; these have a much greater Force than Precepts: it must therefore be useful for every one to have before him some engaging Examples of Piety. But these Examples can be seen only in the outward Acts of Religion. I can reap no Advantage from the most exalted Piety of another, unless he gives me some sensible Proof and Expression of his inward Sentiments. I do not mean that he should observe any formal Rules or stated Hours for this Purpose; such a Conduct might proceed from Constraint, or from some political Views, and the Proof would not be sufficiently clear and evident. All I require of him is, to give me in any manner he thinks proper, some plain and unsuspected Marks of his Regard for Truth, his Resignation to Providence and his Love to God, and to worship, praise and honour him in Public: This is all that Reason demands; and when I am Witness to such Expressions of Piety, I feel the Force
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of the Example, and am fired with a holy Emulation, which the finest Lectures of Morality could not have produced.

2. Is there among the various Signs which have been instituted for religious Purposes, any which are in themselves more pleasing to God than others? If there are, let them be shown. But till our Divines can give me Satisfaction in this Point, I shall content myself with what Reason suggests; and the following Solution of this Question seems to me most rational.

Internal Worship is simple and uniform; and as it is a Duty of universal Obligation, it must of Necessity be known to all Men. In this therefore there is no Choice or Distinction to be made. Love, Reverence, Gratitude and Submission to God must be always the same, and can admit of no Variation; but there are an infinite Number of arbitrary Signs by which these Sentiments may be expressed. All those Signs which are instituted for this End are innocent, and if any Distinction is to be made, those should be preferred which are naturally most clear and intelligible; but this is not of absolute Necessity, because general Consent is sufficient to render any Signs plain and expressive. A Serpent in a circular Form, with his Tail turning back into his Mouth, was among the *Egyptians* a clear Symbol of Eternity, because they had agreed to express it by that Figure. In some Nations a Circle was an Emblem of the Deity; among the *Jews* he was represented by a Triangle. The *Canaanites* purified themselves by Fire, the *Jews* by Water.

Water. But of what Importance is it whether the Deity be represented by a round or triangular Figure, provided the Intention be to express that he is the most perfect of all Beings? Of what Consequence is it whether we express Purity by Water or Fire, if we are convinced that without Purity of Heart we can never be acceptable to God? What signifies it whether we sacrifice to the Deity an Ox or an Elephant, a Sheep or a Goat, a Blackbird or a Swan, whether we offer Animals or only Herbs, provided we acknowledge him as the Giver of every thing we enjoy? or what signifies it whether we pray with our Eyes lifted up to Heaven or fixed upon the Earth, whether we are standing or lying, sitting or kneeling, if the Heart be in a proper Posture, and possessed with a becoming Reverence and Humility?

The Necessity of paying some external Homage to God, proves nothing in Behalf of any particular Form of Worship. And perhaps the Deity is not more displeased with the different Modes of Worship which belong to the various Religions in the World, than he is offended that in the *Romish* Church some religious Orders perform their Services at a different Hour and in a different Manner from others.

If there be any kind of Worship which is displeasing to God, it must be such a one as is founded upon Principles which are contrary to natural Religion. He doubtless abhorred the abominable Expiations of those blind Idolaters, who to appease his Wrath, offered human Sacrifices, and pretended

to atone for their own Crimes by shedding the Blood of the Innocent. To neglect the public Worship of God, is a dangerous and criminal Omission; but to make use of it only in Subserviency to our Vices, is a Degree of Guilt that wants a Name.

It is by Length of Time that so many different Modes of Worship have been introduced, and Custom and Education have perpetuated that Diversity. Were we to suppose a Number of Men newly created, and consequently free from all Impressions either from the Example or the Instructions of others, to assemble together from every Part of the World, in order to debate concerning the Homage which Mankind owe to the Deity; that Unity of Religion which is so desirable, would soon be restored. Their Judgment being not depraved by blind Prejudice, but guided by pure uncorrupted Reason, they would either reject all the Forms of Religion which now prevail, or if there be any one which deserves to be established upon the Ruins of all the rest, they would unanimously chuse that. If there were any kind of Worship which God required of Men preferable to all others, he would surely have made them acquainted with it; or must we think that he would wait for the Decisions of our Priests and Doctors in order to give us just Ideas of Religion?

If there were but one Man upon the Earth, he would not be obliged to any external Worship; for that was not instituted out of Regard to God, but to unite all the Members of a Society by the
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open Profession of one and the same Religion. This Unity has been unhappily broken, by the Multitude of different Religions which have been introduced into the World. In this State of Things, the Duty of a wise Man, is to attend, principally, to that inward Worship, which is not susceptible of Alteration or Variety. And as to the established Religion of his Country, if it be consistent with the Religion of Nature, he ought to consider himself, as under the strongest Obligation, neither openly to renounce it, nor to raise any Disturbance about it. A *Turk* may be excused for being a Mahometan, but it would be unpardonable in a Christian to embrace that Religion. It is worse than Fanaticism, to alarm the Consciences of Men, about Things in which the Honour of God is not concerned.

It is not enough that we perform our Duty to the Supreme Being, by inward Devotion ; there are also Duties which we owe to our fellow Creatures, of which we shall speak in the last Part of this Work ; and a Respect for the established Religion of our Country, is one of those Duties. But, before we consider the Duties we owe to others, it is proper to begin with those which we owe to ourselves.

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MANNERS

MANNERS.

PART the SECOND.

Of WISDOM.

LET us now consider Man in his private Capacity, not as a social, but a solitary Being; let us, for a while, suppose him divested of all his Relations to external Objects, and enquire, what are his Obligations to himself, in this abstracted View of his Existence.

We have hitherto considered him, as subordinate to his Creator, and we have deduced his Submission to the divine Commands, from that pure and ardent Affection, which he owes to the great and good Author of his Being. We are now to consider his Obligations to himself, and we shall, in like manner, deduce the Punctuality, with which he fulfils this second Class of Duties, from that Love of Self which is required of him by the Laws of Nature.

When a Devotee undertakes to moralize, which very often happens, if Self-Love is his Topic, his Lecture is long. Because Religion has prohibited
Pride,

Pride, Arrogance, Sensuality, and Effeminacy, which are also prohibited by Reason, the Wise and Good, according to this severe Censor, must forget their Virtues; the deepest Philosopher must rank himself with the most stupid and illiterate; and it is the Duty of every Man to despise and hate himself, with irreconcilable Enmity and Contempt; consequently, to suppress every Desire, controul every Inclination, and mortify all his Appetites, however innocent: and such is the Effect of these groundless Clamours, that Self Love is almost universally placed among the Vices; and it is a daring Attempt, to appear publicly in its Defence. Few, indeed, have had Courage to rank themselves on the Side of the Oppressed; but let us make one magnanimous Effort, to retrieve that Honour, which has, perhaps, been given up without Contest, and betrayed by Ignorance to Superstition.

Let us, however, in the first Place, explain the Term. If by Self-Love, Arrogance, Pride, and Vanity, be meant, I abandon it to the Fury of those who pursue, and rank myself in the Front of its Enemies. But if, by this Expression, is understood that ardent Affection, which pure Nature has inspired in the Breast of every Man for himself, I affirm it innocent, lawful, and even an indispensable Duty.

We are compounded of a Body and a Soul: the Body is subject to Accidents which injure or destroy it; the Soul is perceptible of Ideas which distress and afflict it, of Affections which degrade, dishonour, and pollute it. For the Preservation of

the Body, God has endued it with Instinct, which incessantly watches for its Safety, guards it against every thing hurtful, and reminds it of its Necessities: and, to preserve the Soul, from whatever might bereave it of its Happiness or Innocence, the Light of Reason is carried before it, which guides it to Truth, who points out that which is truly good, and indicates the Means by which it is to be attained.

Nothing then, on our Part, can be more conformable to the divine Institution, than to be attentive to the well-being, as well of our Bodies, as our Souls; and to be attentive to their well-being, is most effectually to love them.

That we should do to others, as we would that others should do to us, is a Precept of the Law of Nature; and, as it certainly could not be the Intention of the Legislator, that we should treat others with Unkindness or Cruelty; neither could it be intended, that we should thus treat ourselves. It is also a Precept of this Law, that we should love our Neighbours as ourselves; the Love of Self, therefore, is presupposed, and enjoined by Implication.

I will not deny that Self-Love has ill Effects, that it renders us blind to our own Imperfections, and sometimes too indulgent to our Faults: but conjugal and paternal Love are not exempt from peculiar Weaknesses; and must they, for this Reason, be renounced?

Love yourself with Prudence and Moderation; range, in their proper Rank and Order, the Love of the Body and of the Soul, Instinct and Reason; and

and fear not, that either, under this Regulation, should suggest to you ought, that will offend the Deity or bring Punishment on yourselves. Let Reason command. It is the Province of Instinct to obey. Let the Love of the Soul have the Precedency: the Soul is more excellent than the Body; this, is but a Fabric of Clay, that a celestial Being: reduce the Body to Obedience, if it impedes or counteracts the Soul; and subdue the Soul itself to Obedience, whenever it forgets the Duty that it owes to the divine Author of its Existence. The Body ought to be obedient to the Soul, and the Soul to God; the Happiness of both depends upon this Subordination, and in maintaining it, therefore, consists Wisdom: for Wisdom is no other, than a Choice of the fittest Means to render us happy.

So long as we have Body, to despise the Gratification of its Senses, as not essential to Happiness, is presumptuously to affect a false Spirituality; and not to seek and prize the Pleasures which are independent of Sense, is to grovel a Brute among Brutes.

The Subordination of the Soul to God, and the Body to the Soul, being once established, the great Mean of Happiness is to render our Manners conformable to the divine Law, which is the only Rule; for God has commanded nothing which has not a direct Tendency to our highest Felicity: and in order to this Conformity,

1. Gain a clear Knowledge of what he commands, and what he forbids.

2. Arm yourself with Courage to obey him, whatever Obstacles are to be surmounted.

3. Prefer

3. Prefer the *honest* to the *gainful*.

4. Bridle your Desires.

Let us, therefore, proceed, in the Order thus pointed out by our Subject itself, and treat distinctly of Prudence, Fortitude, Justice and Temperance.

C H A P. I.

Of Prudence.

PRUDENCE is the Art of chusing. He is prudent, who, among many Objects, can distinguish that which deserves the Preference. Prudence has two Offices, to inform the Understanding, and regulate the Will. It determines both, on Maxims of Speculation and Practice.

She keeps the Mind upon its Guard against Prejudice and Precipitation. Under the Guidance of this sage *Minerva*, the Degree of Assent, which it gives to any Proposition, is always proportioned to the Degree of its Certainty; those, which are evidently true, are stedfastly believed, and all others are ranked among Probabilities; with regard to some of which, the Mind remains wholly undetermined: but as to those who are of the marvelous kind, it rather inclines to Doubt and Disbelief, from a Suspicion of some Fraud or Illusion.

The Laws of Prudence are, however, somewhat less rigid, with respect to practical Doctrines. Demonstration is not expected, before the Assent is given; but there must be at least probable Motives, to produce a rational Determination. To desire Objects, which are probably inconsistent with our
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Happiness on the whole, would be a dangerous Imprudence; to desire those, which are contrary to good Morals, would be criminal; and whatever is criminal, cannot fail to produce Misery, because there is in Heaven an impartial Judge, by whom every Deviation from Virtue is, sooner or later, adequately punished.

That Species of Prudence, which regards Propositions merely speculative, does not belong to my Subject; this is claimed by the Metaphysicians, and to them I resign it. The Prudence, which I am to treat of here, is that which regulates our Affections, Words, and Actions; and I shall divide it into three general Heads.

I.

Of Circumspection.

AFFECTION is no more voluntary than Thought, and generally rises irresistably, without the Concurrence of the Will; and it is not to be eradicated by the most consummate Prudence; nor is there any Reason to attempt it, since that which is not voluntary, is not criminal. But Affections, however innocent, are always dangerous, if they incline us to Objects, which are forbidden by the Divine Law. It may be justly feared, that, by perpetually recurring, they will gain too great an Influence in the Soul, and at length wholly possess it; that, either seduced by flattering Hopes, or overborn by clamorous Importunity, it will be rendered unattentive, or insensible, to the Admonitions of Reason.

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The Affections, over which it is necessary to keep a watchful Eye, either spring up in the Mind without the Concurrence of the Body, are excited by the Senses, or raised by Objects which are wholly external. In the first Class, I place Vanity and Presumption, which shoot up into Pride; in the second, all sensual Appetites, which are the Seeds of Intemperance; and in the third, all Desires that are fixed on Objects, which receive their whole Value from our Prejudices: such are those excited by Riches and Honours, and which, at length, when they have taken Root, produce Avarice and Ambition; for all these Desires, by constant Reiteration, become Habits, and those Habits we call Passions.

The Passions themselves, even when they have an illicit Tendency, are not criminal without the Consent of the Will; because the reiterated Desires, from which they result, are blameless, when the Heart, which forms them, disavows them the Moment they are produced: but it is to be feared, that, by continued Efforts, they will prevail against the Mind, weaken it by Degrees, and, at length, reduce it to a State of absolute Subjection.

By watching over your Desires, therefore, exert your utmost Ability to prevent the Progress of irregular Passions; keep a jealous Eye even on those which appear to be innocent, because they will cease to be so, when they become immoderate.

There are Passions, which ought to be absolutely suppressed, and others, which need only be restrained. Let us, therefore, distinguish the Passions.

which are guilty by reason of their Object, from those which are only vicious by their Excess; and, to proceed in order, let us begin with those, which have their Origin in the Soul itself, Pride or Vanity.

S E C T. I.

Of Pride.

PRIDE proceeds from a too advantageous Idea formed of our own Merit; to remedy this Evil, therefore, it is necessary to estimate ourselves with Exactness and Impartiality: but how difficult is it, to weigh with Exactness, when Self is in the Balance!

He, whose Revenue amounts to Four hundred Pounds *per Ann.* is richer, by one Fourth, than he who possesses but Three hundred: This Calculation is easy and certain. *Rousseau* himself might have said, "I write better Verses than *La Motte*;" and if this Calculation was not so easy, it was at least possible. There was once an Instance of a Poet, who confessed the Superiority of a Rival, and complimented him upon it. *Rotrou* was this uncommon Example of Modesty, so little imitated since, when he saw his Bayes wither at the Success of the great *Corneille*. Read his own Confession, in which there is no Equivocation;

Yes, I will speak to please thee, and to pay
The Tribute due to thy unequal'd Lay.

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Judge

Judge of thy Merit by this Verse *Corneille*,
Thy Rival owns it, tho' his Pride rebel.

And the Testimony of a Poet, capable of confessing himself inferior to another, cannot be suspected, if, compared with a Genius of a lower Class, he judged himself to be his Superior, or at least his Equal.

This single Instance is sufficient to prove, that it is not impossible, however uncommon, to make a just Estimation of our own Abilities: but, in order to this, besides exerting a great Degree of Sincerity, it is necessary to make the Estimation by Comparifon; for *Rotrou*, modest as he was, would not have imagined himself a Poet of the Middle Class, if he had lived ten Years before *Corneille*: let us, therefore, take the same Method, to subdue our Pride.

You think yourself, vain and arrogant *Reauverse*! a great Orator, a fine Speaker, a Thunderbolt of Eloquence: look out for your Equal; there is certainly a Competitor to be found, that will put your Abilities to the Proof. Alas! you have been but too sensible of this Truth, when, under the specious Pretence of obtaining Justice for your Client, you have assailed an Opponent, whose Name alone has eclipsed your Merit, with all the Petulance of Jealousy and Envy. But let us suppose, for once, that the Advantage was on your Side; perhaps twenty other Rivals may now wait to engage you, by the least of which you would be baffled and defeated. If the Fear of a future Equal does not restrain your Arrogance, let us endeavour to find one in Times past;

for I would fain cure you. Recall a few Years, bring back the Time, in which your Profession was in the Meridian of its Glory; the Palm did not then grow for such as you: but I will indulge your Vanity to the utmost, and suppose, that *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, *Patru*, *Le Maitre*, and *Le Normant*, are nothing, when compared to you: Heaven reserved for you the Art of Elocution;---but you cannot write---confess it, and be humble.

If, after challenging every Rival, in that Particular in which he is supposed to excel, the Champion comes out of the Lists, crowned with new Laurels; many Methods yet remain of combating his Vanity.

It would, perhaps, be in vain to remind the Proud, that, having received of Heaven the Talents by which they shine, they have no Right to appropriate the Glory to themselves: methinks I hear them answer, that, since God rewards our Merits, they must be our own; and, for the same Reason, so are our Talents, at least so far as we have improved them. Be it so, we shall not insist on this Argument; there are others still which may be successfully used against Pride and Presumption.

Zeuxis is an excellent Painter, and, compared with all his Rivals, would be adjudged their Superior; one Point is then determined, but there are a thousand others to be considered and compared, before *Zeuxis* can be rated at the exact Total of his Worth: his Understanding will be found dark and uncultivated, his Nature brutal, his Humour capricious,

his Character selfish, sordid and perfidious, and his Manners altogether vicious and irregular.

To counterbalance *Zeuxis*, whose sole Merit consists in drawing a fine Picture, let the wise *Podalirius* be put into the Scale; a good Father, a good Citizen, a tender and active Friend, a fine Genius, but diffident and modest; the Author of ingenious but anonymous Productions, a Friend to the polite Arts, and an universal Critic. And is the Merit of Painting alone so great, as that *Zeuxis*, the Painter, should turn the Scale against *Podalirius*!

It is a most flagrant Injustice, for a Man to give a Sanction to his Arrogance, by singling out that Branch of his Character, from which alone he derives any Worth; while he fraudulently leaves out of the Comparison twenty Defects, which render him inferior to the Persons, with whom he is put in Competition, besides an hundred Vices from which they are wholly free.

My whole Estate is some Houses, for which I receive annually one hundred and fifty Pounds. *Lycas* has some Houses too, but they produce him no more than fifty Pounds. *Lycas*, however, has an hundred Acres of Wood, five hundred Acres of arable Land, a Corn Mill, and a Toll, besides a Share in some Mines, and the Tythes of a valuable Impropriation. Am I richer than *Lycas*?

A very false and chimerical Method is taken to ascertain a Man's Merit, when it is estimated by popular Applause; this is to prefer the Trumpet to the Flute, only because it is louder.

Callimachus,

Callimachus, for Example, is the reigning Poet ; he writes Verse elegantly, and his Philosophy is not contemptible : but Nature, as if exhausted in the Production of his Head, has endowed his Heart with neither Honour nor Probity.

Jenade, on the contrary, without mounting to gather Laurels on the Top of *Pindus*, makes some Progress towards Immortality ; his Approaches, indeed, are slower, and by another Way : instead of composing Verses, a kind of Production that attracts the Regard of the Public, and the printing of which makes the Author known to a Nation in a Day, *Jenade* cures Diseases ; he leaves *Callimachus* to run after *Euripides* and *Pindar*, while he carefully traces the Footsteps of *Hippocrates* : instead of amusing the Leisure of an idle Reader, he gives Health to the Sick : by a particular Taste, he has chosen a Profession, in which he can be useful to his Fellow-Citizens ; and the Success of his Practice abundantly gratifies the Benevolence of his Heart.

Callimachus, who frequents the Court, or who at least is admitted into the Company of Courtiers, imagines, perhaps, that he would be degraded by being put in Competition with *Jenade* ; but, on the contrary, I think it would be doing Injustice to Merit, not to give *Jenade* the Preference.

Uraniscope, the Astronomer, seeing a modern *Archimedes* grow old under the Consideration of an abstract Problem, looked upon him with Pity ; and, paying a Compliment to his own Abilities, said to himself, ‘ Alas ! perhaps this poor blundering Do-
tard

tard does not know what is the present Elevation of *Aldebaran*.

That smoke-dried Alchymist, who, mistaking the Love of Gold and Silver for Wisdom, appropriates, exclusively to himself, the Character of a Philosopher; proud of a Title, which his own Vanity has conferred upon him, looks down, with a fancied Superiority, on all Men, whose Closets are not furnished with Crucibles.

Shall I descend to mention those sordid Souls, who, having no other Resource to flatter their Vanity, value themselves on the Splendor of their Equipage, and the Weight of their Purse? I would not even acquit those, who, preserving their Humility in the midst of Affluence, think, by this Temper, to merit Esteem. It is still making too much Account of Riches, to assume Merit for not valuing ourselves upon them; for a Man cannot sure be accounted wise, of whom it can only be said, that he is not ridiculous.

S E C T. II.

Of Corporeal Appetites.

BY Corporeal Appetites, I mean those Desires, which are excited in us by the Necessities of the Body; such as the Desire of Meat, Drink, and Sleep, when the Body is pressed by Hunger, Thirst, or Weariness. I have already observed, that these Desires are innocent, that they are Intimations, which Nature gives us, for the Preservation of our Body; and I add here, as a necessary Consequence,

quence, that, instead of being suppressed, they ought to be satisfied. To abstain from whatever right Reason has forbidden, is Virtue ; but I see no Virtue in Abstinence from that which is lawful. These Desires, however, must be satisfied with Temperance. Whatever is given to the Body, more than its Necessities require, tends to its Destruction ; the most voluptuous Enjoyments, if they are excessive, lose their Nature and degenerate into Punishments ; the Anguish of which is rendered more pungent, by the Regret of having inflicted them on ourselves.

It cannot be expected, that I should determine, precisely, the Quantity of Food or Rest convenient for the Body ; this must be regulated by the Want itself that asks a Supply. To continue in a State of Inaction, when our wonted Strength is restored by Rest, is Laziness ; and to eat, after Hunger is appeased, Gluttony.

The first Attention, in the Choice of Meat and Drink, should be, to abstain from those Species of both, that are prejudicial to Health. The unclean Meats, which *Moses* prohibited, were all less easily digested. But, as to those that are wholesome, our Taste may be consulted, and nothing forbids that our Palates should determine the Choice.

The same may be said of all the Appetites of the Body : shun Excess, it is equally fatal and criminal : but, restrained within the Bounds, prescribed by our Wants, Honour does not require, that we should renounce Pleasure. Pleasure itself may be called a Want ; it is a kind of Repose and Respite, in which a Man takes Breath, and gains new Strength to sustain

sustain new Sufferings. Sensual Enjoyments are neither dangerous nor enervating, except when, by Habit, they have degenerated into Wants: they can never corrupt him, who can forego them without Regret. Heroes, I mean those who have Magnanimity sufficient to be virtuous, for I never honour with this Title the Destroyers of Mankind; Heroes in Virtue are not Anchorites, who have renounced Pleasure, but Men who can abstain from it, when their own Honour, or the Public Good, makes Abstinence a Duty.

S E C T. III.

Of Avarice and Ambition.

THE Love of Riches, in common with almost all the other Passions, becomes criminal only by its Excess; corrected by a prudent Moderation, it is an innocent Affection. Gold and Silver being, by general Consent, the Key of Commerce, and the Instrument by which all our Wants are supplied; it is no more criminal to desire it, than to desire the things themselves which are procured by these Metals: but as too much Food loads the Stomach with Superfluities destructive of Health, abundant Riches cause a kind of Repletion yet more dangerous in its Consequences, because it commonly brings on a Depravation of Manners.

Inordinate Love of Riches is always a Vice, but is not always Avarice: an avaritious Man is he, who, perverting the Use of Money, intended only to procure the Necessaries of Life, chuses rather to deny

deny himself those Necessaries, than to diminish, or than not to encrease his Hoard, and suffer it to lie useless.

If an Example of this Vice be desired, it may be found in *Chrysolatris*: consider his whole Person, he is covered, from Head to Foot, with dirty Raggs bungled together, but bungled together with his own Hands; enter his Apartment, every thing there corresponds with the tattered Figure of his Person; his Bed, his Chairs, and his Hangings, are curious Monuments of the Fashions of Antiquity. Upon these, as well as upon his Habit, he is careful to keep a thick Covering of Grease and Nastiness, which at length sinks in, and becomes of one Substance with the Stuff. Cleanliness, says he, was intended only for Spendthrifts. Observe him well, he is about to sit down at Table; it is an inviolable Custom at his House, before Grace is said, to bolt the Doors; next to thieves, Parasites are the greatest Terror to him; he fears not Borrowers, for he has long known how to prevent their Application: on a worm-eaten Board, placed on a rickety Joint-Stool, appear some Morfels of boiled Meat, made hot a second Time, and drowned in Broth, as transparent as Water, the Bottom of a stale Loaf of brown Bread, an earthen Mug, and nothing more.

But who is it that knocks at the Door, before he has finished his Meal? it is a Nephew, his Heir, who makes his Court to him with great Affiduity, as it is supposed, to secure the Inheritance of his Substance. What, Nephew, cries the Wretch, the
L Moment

Moment he appears in Sight, is there no other time to importune me but at Dinner? I love to eat alone, it is my Humour, and I shall not change it for you. But what are you prying about for? Do you come to rob me? It goes against me to say this to you; but your Hands and your Looks alarm me. Come, come, let me advise you, spare yourself the Trouble of making me so many Visits. I know you think that I am rich; it is the Folly of all Heirs; but take my Word, I tell you once for all, that I am not; I am undone; I have nothing, I may say, nothing left.

But before we quit *Chrysolatris*, let us see how near he is to the Truth. The Evening closes, the Hour is at hand in which he goes to pay his Homage to his God, to count his Money, to caress it, and hide it again in the Bottom of his strong Box.--- He has finished the Tale.---What does he mutter now?---it is the Sum Total of his Money,---‘Thirty-one Thousand two Hundred and Fifty Pounds, two Shillings, and four Pence,’---and adds, locking his Chest,---‘What a deal of Trouble in scraping together a decent Competence!’

I shall not here mention those wild unthinking Prodigals, for whom the largest Revenues are always insufficient; Wretches! whom Opulence impoverishes, and who precipitate their Ruin in Proportion to their Acquisitions; their Desires and their Expences always exceeding their Fortune, however immense: for of these I shall have Occasion to speak hereafter.

There

There are Minds insatiable after other Acquisitions than Riches; these are the Ambitious. The Object of their Passion is much more fantastical, but then they believe it to be more noble.

There are two kinds of Ambition; the first excites, in the Person whom it possesses, a Desire of rising to an elevated Station, represents this Desire to him as the Passion of great Minds, and obviates whatever Scruples might stop his Career. With him, all Means are good, that tend to accomplish his Design: let him have no Obstacle to surmount but the Remonstrances of Conscience, and his Success is infallible; for these he well knows how to silence. The Motives from which he acts, appear with such dazzling Lustre to his Eyes, that he firmly believes they will atone for the Crimes which they produce. Whoever can be shaken by the Horrors of Guilt, or diverted from their Purpose by Remorse, are at most but half ambitious, nor is it on these that Fortune lavishes Dignities and Honour.

An honest Man may possibly serve his Country; but however great his Abilities, it is rare that his Country serves him: he has all the Zeal that enables him to serve his Prince with Honour; but he has not the Meanness to fawn at the Feet of his Favourite, which is, notwithstanding, the most essential Qualification, without which he will never obtain the Rewards due to his Merit.

It is this Ambition that forms inhuman Conquerors; this renders them Enemies to all the neighbouring States, this urges them to break the Law of Nations, and violate the Faith of Treaties;

by this they become the Scourge of Foreign Countries, and the Tyrants of their own.

This also makes servile Magistrates, Wretches who have sold themselves to the Vices of the Great; too weak to give them salutary Counsel, yet unjust enough to pronounce, implicitly, the Sentence dictated by arbitrary Power, and to oppress the People whom they ought to protect.

It is still the same Vice which inflames, with the Thirst of Opulence and Power, the Breasts of Ecclesiastics of every Denomination; which so often pollutes the Mouths, devoted to celebrate the Majesty of Heaven, with servile Adulation; transforms the Fathers of the Church into the Sycophants of a Court, and teaches them to aspire to capricious Greatness, and the debasing Liveries of a foreign Prince.

Astonishing Paradox, yet a Truth! for the most aspiring Ambition, and the most abject Meanness, are generally found in the same Breast. The Ambitious Man, eager to be great, without knowing in what true Greatness consists, stoops that he may rise; and, like the Serpent, springs upward, by pressing the Earth with his Belly.

Orgastes is brutish and fierce, voluptuous, vain and wicked, ignorant but positive, an absolute Stranger both to Justice and Law; but his Caprice supplies his Deficiency in both, he suffers the grossest Affronts patiently, but avenges himself by insulting the wretched.

A Place becomes vacant, a Place that brings an Odium on its Possessor, as the Power which it
confers

confers, can only be exercised in distressing his Fellow Citizens ; it is given to *Orgastes*, a Man born to fill it. It is now necessary to assume an imperious Tone, he is ferocious and haughty : it is requisite to punish, he is severe and inflexible ; he is to decide in a military manner, and what Form of Proceeding can be so well adapted to the Whimsies of a capricious Judge ?

You would, doubtless, be astonished, if, with all this Fitness for the Employment to which he is preferred, *Orgastes* should be removed from his Post. Who can better answer the Views of his Constituents ? Does he not do all the Mischief which is expected of him ? and does he not do it with Steadiness, with a Relish, without Reluctance, and without Remorse ? Who then can merit more to be continued in his Place, or to be removed only for a higher Dignity.

It is a Rule with those, who hold the Reins of Government, to reward the evil Actions, which are done at their Command, more than the good ; and this seems to be but just and reasonable : for, as Honour is more valuable than Life, he that tramples it under-foot in the Service of a great Man, has done more for his Master, than a Hero, who sheds his Blood in his Defence : this only risques his Body, but the other sacrifices his Soul.

Why was *Polydamas* made a Knight ? because he courteously condescended to commit a Murder : perhaps his Conscience, alarmed at the Enormity of his Crime, many Times arrested his Hand, when it was raised for the Blow ; but Conscience is at length

length subdued, and he triumphs over all Compunction. Has he received too great a Reward for so dear a Conquest? Would you have scrupled to have accepted the same, for preserving the Life of a Fellow Citizen? yet how much less the Claim of such a Service? You are already sufficiently rewarded, in the inexpressible Pleasure attending the Consciousness of the Action, and doubtless you would be glad to have an Opportunity of repeating it every Day. Do not then envy the Lot of *Polydamas*, you have gained, much more than he, and you hazarded nothing, in Comparison of what he has lost.

The other kind of Ambition is less criminal, but more puerile and ridiculous. This does not presumptuously aspire to the Rank of the Great, but is content to affect their Manners, and imitate them in a lower Sphere as exactly as possible.

The Vulgar are so fully persuaded, that Vanity and Arrogance are Essentials in the Dignity of the Great, that when a Man, who is just risen out of Obscurity, takes upon him to conceal his Origin, he thinks he cannot succeed better, than in making himself known in the World by his Foppery and Affectation. And, indeed, this might be an effectual Method of imposing upon Mankind, if he imitated his Original with more Exactness.

Chryses, touched with this Frenzy, assumes the disdainful Look, the forbidding Air, the haughty Tone, and the contemptuous Sneer: he receives Petitions, but, without reading them, he answers, *I will consider of it.* He has Authors, Priests, and Players, at his Table, whom he engages in wrangling Disputes,

Disputes; then rallies them, and, if they are out of Countenance, maliciously sneers at them: in his Discourse, his Walk, his Gestures and Attitudes, he is as much a Fop as a *French* Marquis, but with less Ease; all his Follies are studied, and appear to be the Effect of Art. Besides, he does not strike his Servants; he pays his debts punctually, and audits his Steward's Accounts; he has computed the Value of his Estates himself; his Expences are limited by his Revenue, and he neither mortgages nor sells the Inheritance, which he intends shall descend to his Children: so true it is, that the Plebeian will always be discovered thro' affected Nobility; for the real Man of Quality never descends to these minute Particulars of a Cit's Oeconomy.

A R T I C L E II.

Of Circumspection in Words.

THE Government of the Tongue is a Science little known, but highly necessary, and of great Use. A considerable Proficiency is already made in this Art, when the Soul is brought under proper Discipline, and the Thoughts, Desires, and Affections, are regulated; for the Tongue is no more than the Interpreter of the Mind. That which remains to be done, is little, in Comparison of what has been already effected: the work, however, is not completed; for there are Thoughts, Desires, and Affections, which, altho' innocent, while concealed in the Breast, are yet indecent and culpable, when divulged by the Tongue.

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I may

I may have heard the Gallantries of *Phædima*, without violating my Conscience ; but, if I relate them, I become guilty.

I am permitted to perceive, that *Atys* is a fulsome Coxcomb ; but I cease to be innocent, if I indulge myself, in rallying his Follies, with too much Severity.

Polydore has voluntarily trusted me with his Secret ; I have not drawn it from him, either by cunning, or Importunity ; my Honour is, as yet, unblemished : but it would be forfeited, if I should betray him.

I may be innocently acquainted, with all the Familiarities that pass between Husband and Wife, or between Lovers that live together on the same Terms : I may understand the Chart of Love, better than the Map of the World ; but, if I should express myself on this Subject, in Terms too clear, especially before the Sex, whose Delicacy is soonest alarmed ; I should transgress against Virtue, Modesty, and good Manners.

S E C T. I.

Of Detraction.

TO derogate from the Reputation of a person, either by reporting some particular Crime, of which they have been guilty, or by discovering their secret Vices, is an Action in itself indifferent. It is not only lawful, but expedient, when it is productive of any Good, either to the Person accused, or to those, before whom the Accusation is brought. It is but just, to inform a Father of the Extravagancies

gancies of a libertine Son ; an Abby or Prior, of the Irregularities of a vagabond Monk ; the Prince, of the treasonable Machinations of a seditious Subject ; and the Public, of the Villainy which a dangerous Hypocrite conceals under a specious Appearance : especially, after attempting, in vain, to reform the Offender, by friendly Admonition and Reproof. And this is not properly Detraction.

By Detraction, is generally meant, a malicious Invective against an absent Person, uttered, merely, to depreciate and vilify him. This Term may be properly extended to defamatory Libels : a Species of Detraction, which is the more criminal, as the Impression, which they make upon the Mind, is more deep and permanent ! and, in all well regulated Communities, it is made a Crime, cognizable by the Magistrate, and punished with exemplary Severity.

There is less Detraction, in polite Circles, now, than heretofore ; because there is more Gaming. Cards have saved more Reputations, than could have been preserved by a Legion of Missionaries, sent out, merely, to preach against Detraction. But polite Companies do not always play ; consequently, sometimes, they detract.

Detraction is, perhaps, the common Vice of all Mankind ; but each Individual gives it a Turn, peculiar to his Character.

Ergastes, the Misanthrope, detracts with great Freedom and Plainness. As soon as a Person is named in his Hearing, he enumerates, with the most scrupulous Exactness, all his Faults, and is equally careful to suppress whatever might be said to his

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Advantage ;

Advantage ; always taking the deformed Side of the Original, of which he is pleased to exhibit a Picture.

Hermione, the Coquet, is not altogether so unmerciful : to her sprightly Imagination, a Crowd of Objects is present at once, of whom her indulgent Spleen makes but a slight Sketch, the Outlines of a Picture. In this Manner, she will copy twenty Originals in a Quarter of an Hour ; bestowing on each but a single Word, a light Touch of malicious Wantonness. How great a Mistress in Detraction is *Hermione* !

The pious *Dorothea* is yet more reserved ; she knows that it is a Sin to speak Evil of her Neighbours, at least without an absolute Necessity ; and, indeed, she seldom does it : on the contrary, she desires to speak well of all the World. If she has Occasion to mention a Person that is absent, she begins by a Detail of their good Qualities ; and when she comes to the dark Side of their Character, she stops short : here the Tenderness of her Conscience prevails ; she plainly appears to suppress some Strokes, which would be disadvantageous to the Picture ; but these can only be supplied by Conjecture.

Helena happens to be the Subject of her Conversation. This Lady, says she, has great Beauty and Wit ; she was educated too, in virtuous Principles ; but---here she stops. A Person, less cautious, perhaps, would have bluntly added, ‘ But, she has profited little by it.’ *Dorothea* stops at her *but*. They ask an Explication ; they sollicit it ; she is impenetrable.

impenetrable. 'No, says she, 'tis nothing.—have I not told you, that she has Beauty and Wit?'

S E C T. II.

Of Raillery.

RAILLERY is less a Breach of natural Equity, and the common Rights of Mankind, than Detraction; because the Person, whom it attacks, being present, has generally an Opportunity to defend himself. But, if it is less criminal, it is often more offensive: because it aims two Blows at the same Time, one against Reputation, and the other against Self-love; it, at once, degrades the Person, and puts him out of Countenance.

The malicious Turn which it takes, seldom fails to add to the Vexation that is felt, at being charged with a Fault, a Miscarriage, or an Infirmary; the mortifying Regret, of not having instantly retorted the Sarcasm, by a severer Jest. Persons would, generally, chuse to be traduced when absent, than rallied to their Face.

Raillery, however, is not always an Outrage; consequently, not always a Crime: there are innocent Railleries, which a fine Genius, of the last Age, compared to a Flash of Lightning, that dazzles without burning.

If Wit was always under the Direction of Prudence, whoever rallies would be circumspect; for it is not Fools that are here in Danger of offending. But Wit, and especially that which is of the sarcastic Kind, is so far from being prudent and cautious, that it is generally rash and inconsiderate, in pro-

portion as it is sprightly and inventive. It gives so much Pain to sacrifice a Jest, that when once it is conceived, rather than the Vanity of shining in Company should not be gratified, by giving it Utterance, a Friend is forfeited, a Benefactor disgusted, and a Patron irrecoverably lost.

I do not, however, absolutely forbid Raillery; this would be to render Conversation lifeless, and to afford Vice and Folly a perpetual Assylum. Raillery, like Salt, gives an agreeable Relish, when the Quantity is moderate; but is pungent and distasteful, when too much. Rally then, if your Humour inclines you, but rally with Prudence.

Spare those, whose Age or Character sets them above you: it is a detestable Impudence, to rally the hoary Head of a Father, a Master, or a Magistrate.

Be also tender of your Inferiors, especially those whom you have no Right to reprove. Your Superiority impresses them with a timid Respect, and leaves them without Defence: this is to attack with an unfair Advantage; it is presenting a Pistol to a Man naked and unarmed.

But with respect to those, over whom you have any Authority, whose Manners you ought to influence and correct, Raillery is often an efficacious Means of bending them to the Yoke of Virtue and Decorum. Persons abstain from Actions, for which they blush, with more Caution, than from those, of which they dread the Consequences. The Presumption of Youth often renders them insensible to Fear; but Self-love, stung by a keen Irony, feels all the Pungency

Pungency of its Venom; and, if they cannot retort the Punishment, they will prevent it by correcting the Fault.

But it is chiefly among Equals that Raillery is permitted; it is then an innocent Sport of Wit, an ingenious Combat, in which Victory, by continually changing Sides, affords an agreeable Amusement, if the Strength of the Combatants is nearly equal: for he is a Coward who rallies a Person, to whom Nature has denied the Gift of Repartee.

But, even among Equals, Raillery ought to be rare, genteel, and moderate.

A Man of Sense, who understands Raillery, will, notwithstanding, be tired of perpetual Pleasantries; he will begin to be jealous, and to suspect, that he is really the Object of Contempt, and that there is a Design to render him ridiculous: this disquieting Thought deprives him of his Entertainment, and he continues the Contest only to make good his Retreat; if he is pushed, his Defeat is inevitable. But let this never be done; for in Combats of Wit, especially among Friends, we should be afraid of obtaining too complete a Victory.

Raillery, to be delicate, must be levelled only at trivial Defects, or those, at least, which pass for such: no Charge must be brought, which, if proved, will render a Man contemptible or infamous; nor must Self-love be too deeply wounded.

Rally *Memnon* upon his awkward Bashfulness, when he is about to dance a Minuet, and, far from being offended, he will join in the Laugh; for *Memnon* is a Man of Sense, and, consequently, does
not

not make Dancing, with Correctness and Ease, a Point of Honour.

Rally *Lucinda* upon the Length of Time, which she employs at her Toilet, and her Heart will secretly exult with Self-adulation; conscious, that the Time was not lost, which she employed to heighten the Charms of Nature, with the Ornaments of Art.

To rally the prophane *Alcander*, upon his Irreligion, is to flatter him; for he glories in the Character.

But never rally an Author, on an unsuccessful Publication; do not name Cowardice, before *Casnovus* the Coward; and spare Cuckoldom, in the Presence of the contented *Eugametes*.

But, however trivial the Subject, let it be lightly touched; for to punish minute Imperfections, with the utmost Poignancy of Satire, is a Species of Injustice. The Laughers, indeed, will be your Abettors; they enjoy the Malignity of your Wit, but they will fear you in Secret; and, though you may excite Laughter, you will gain no Friends.

S E C T. III.

Of Indiscretion*.

INDISCRETION in Discourse, is a Fault, in which Injustice and Imprudence are united: to reveal the Secret of another, is to dispose of that which is not your own Property, and to betray your Trust; an Injury, which is the more crimi-

* The French Word, *Indiscretion*, has a peculiar Relation to the betraying a Secret, and cannot be literally translated.

nal, as it is irreparable. If you dissipate a Sum committed to your keeping, as a Trustee, it is possible that you may, one Day, be able to make Restitution; but a Secret, once revealed, can never be brought back into that friendly Darkness, which veil'd it from the public Eye.

Whether Silence has, or has not, been promised, the Obligation to Secrecy is the same, if the Nature of the Circumstance, communicated, requires it; to hear it out, is to engage not to discover it.

To recommend Discretion to a Confidant, who is prudent and circumspect, is an unnecessary Precaution; he knows how to be silent, without particular Instruction: and, to recommend it to a Fool, is also superfluous, for his Promise is no Security: if he had not promised, he would have thought himself under no Obligation to Silence; and if, by Accident, he keeps the Secret, it is because his Memory has failed him, or an Opportunity to reveal it has not offered: but if, unfortunately, he has promised to be discreet, neither Memory nor Opportunity can be wanting. After his Promise is given, he weighs and examines it, which he neglected to do before; he begins to think he has gone too far, and wishes to recal his Word. How heavy a Burthen is a Secret to a Fool! He is in no Danger of forgetting, what has been confided to his Memory; for is it possible that he should, without thinking of it, carry about so unsupportable a Weight? He imagines, that every one sees the intolerable Oppression of his Mind, that the inmost Recesses of his Breast are discovered, and the Secret

read

read on his Heart. To prevent the Vexation of having it found out, in spite of his Attempts to hide it, he resolves to betray his Trust, having first informed his new Confidant, that what he is about to discover, is of the utmost Importance.

If my Word may be taken, it is the safest Way to keep your Secret yourself: but, if it lies heavy upon you, and you cannot rest till it is communicated, with what Reason can you complain, that another, by the same Means, frees himself from the like Perplexity?

Aphrosyne takes me aside, with a mysterious Air, and whispers me, “You know, *says she*, the Nobleman, whose Visits here are so frequent—well, he makes me a Lady To-morrow, the Marriage Articles are already drawn, but I charge you dont mention it; for he is so odd a Man, that I know he would immediately break off the Match, if he should hear that I had spoken of it.”

The Moment after she has left me, twenty other Confidants gather round me in a Crowd, to tell me what I know as well as they: *Aphrosyne* presently discovers, that it is the common News of the Day; and I am, however wrongfully, confounded with a Set of Blabs and Tatlers. I would almost as willingly be a Receiver of stolen Goods, as the Depository of a Babler’s Secret.

Be, however, constantly on your Guard; for, although you are indeed an only Confidant, you may find yourself in Danger from the cunning Curiosity of those, who, pretending to share the Confidence of your Friend, may draw from you a cer-
tain

tain Knowledge, which before they only suspected : this is a common Stratagem, a Snare, which, tho' laid every Day, is, every Day, successful.

But though it should be true, that what is confided to you, is also entrusted to others, it is no Reason why you should betray the Secret. You are still bound to keep it, with inviolable Fidelity ; and even to conceal your Knowledge of it, from those, with whom it has been deposited by the Principal : for, it is possible, that your appearing to be ignorant to these very Persons, may be a Circumstance of great Importance.

But you say, the Secret has been revealed already by another : and what Inference would you draw from thence ? does the Infidelity of another authorise you to be unfaithful ? you have accepted a Trust, and none, but the Person who reposed it, can discharge you from it ; he alone, who has communicated the Secret to you, has a Right to dispense with your Obligation to Silence.

Even a Breach of Friendship cannot annul this Obligation ; a Man is not acquitted of his Debts, by quarreling with his Creditor. What a detestible Prefidy is it, to employ those Arms against a Man, as an Enemy, which he entrusted with us, as a Friend ! And though the tender Ties of Friendship are broken, are you therefore absolved from those of Justice and Honour ?

It is to no Purpose to alledge, that, by betraying your Secret, the ungrateful Wretch, whom you detest, has merited your Hatred ; and that, therefore, to disclose his, is but to retaliate the Injury.

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How

How preposterous is the Revenge, which you meditate ! to punish Treachery, you would, yourself, become a Traitor !

The Secret of others should be lodged, if I may be allowed the Expression, in some concealed Recess of the Memory, where the Mind never enters. We must, if possible, hide it, even from ourselves, lest we should be tempted to apply it to some sinister Purpose. To use this Knowledge, either to the Prejudice of the Person who communicated it, or to our own private Advantage, would be to trade with a Sum, of which we are not the Proprietors ; a Breach of Trust, which the Desire of Revenge, in itself criminal, surely can never justify !

You know *Aspondeus* possesses a lucrative Post, and, perhaps, you imagine, that he obtained it by his Address and Capacity ; it was, nevertheless, the Price of Treachery. His Friend *Philoctetes* solicited for this Place, upon its becoming vacant ; certain Measures had been intimated to him, by which he would be sure to disappoint his Competitors ; elevated, at the near Approach of his good Fortune, he communicates the Secret to *Aspondeus*, that he might participate in his Pleasure. The next Morning, *Aspondeus* was in Possession of the Post. I will use, said he, to *Philoctetes*, who, in spite of Circumstances, yet doubted of his Perfidy ; I will readily use all the Interest, which I shall gain by my new Rank, to serve you ; but do not take it amiss, this Place was just the Thing I wanted, and I have procured it for myself ; would not you have done

the same? No, Traitor! replied *Philoctetes*, if you had made me your Confidant.

But how much greater is the Enormity, to pervert the Benefits, which have been heaped upon us, to the Ruin of our Benefactor? There are Favours which ought always to be concealed, and that Gratitude, which makes it a Duty to publish others, obliges us yet more strongly to conceal these. But those, which ought to be published, are kept secret by Ingratitude; and those, which ought to be concealed, are published by Vanity.

Corylas is an agreeable young Fellow, formed to live well with the Ladies. If you would know the Particulars of his Amours, you need only introduce the Subject; for he makes no Secret of his Conquests. I will not affirm that he does not exaggerate the Number; he does, however, but exaggerate, and the Public acknowledges the Truth of many, upon incontestible Evidence. Among these, he has mentioned *Nerina*; and *Nerina*, in a few Months, will produce a living Witness of his Veracity. He has boasted of Favours from *Clitia*, and these are so well known, that no other Lover will solicit them: he has traduced *Amynta*, and the lovely Victim of his Falshood now laments that Weakness, in the Gloom of a Cloyster, of which her Tears are a Proof: he has gloried in the Ruin of *Leonora*, and the Resentment of the Husband, convinced of his Behaviour, does but too well attest the Triumph of the Lover.

S E C T. IV.

*Of Conversation *.*

MY Design is not wholly to exclude Subjects of Gallantry from Conversation, but to point out the Manner in which they are to be treated.

Although a greater Liberty of Expression may be used in Companies, which consist but of one Sex; yet Obscenity is always odious and detestible, to Persons of good Sense and sound Morals.

To express ourselves on Subjects, by which Modesty may be alarmed, there are two Languages wholly opposite; that of Physicians, old Women, and the Vulgar, is gross, broad and disgusting; the other consists of chosen Words, mysterious Circumlocution, and enigmatical Turns, which, if they do not adorn the Subject, at least cover its Nakedness; and this is the Language spoken by polite Gentlemen to Ladies, which, though it has the Appearance of Obscurity, is, however, sufficiently perspicuous. It is fit the Ladies should be conversed with on this Subject, in Expressions which only glance at a Meaning, and the Quickness of their Apprehension, and Delicacy of their Ear, would be equally injured by more direct Terms; their Imagination, as a modern Writer expresses it, loves to walk in the Shade.

The fair Sex may be divided into two Classes; Maids, or, at least, single Ladies, who pass for

* The different Manners of the two Nations, made it necessary for the Translator to deviate, a little, from the Original, in this Section.

such ; and those who are, or have been, married : to the latter any Subject may be mentioned, if the Expression is polite and chaste ; but the former are supposed to be wholly ignorant of a great Variety of Circumstances, with which married Ladies are known to be well acquainted ; and it would, certainly, be a Breach of good Manners, in every Sense of the Word, to converse with them in any Terms, on Subjects which it does not become them to understand. The Conversation cannot, therefore, be kept at too great Distance from such Subjects, in their Presence.

It is the inviolable Maxim, and the Characteristic of a fine Gentleman, never to let an Expression escape him, which may give Pain to a modest Ear, or raise a Blush in a Lady's Cheek : In the polite World, a Cynic is a Monster.

But it may be asked, what are those licentious Expressions, by which Female Modesty is offended ? what must be substituted in their stead ? and when, after long Application and laborious Study, I shall have attained this Knowledge, who can assure me, that the same Word, which produces no Emotion in *Aspasia*, will not cover *Emilia* with a Blush ?

To gain a perfect Knowledge of a Language, it is necessary to study it in the Country where it is spoken ; and in that Country we also must speak it, if we desire to be understood. The pure and polite Language, which I now recommend, purged of all gross Expressions, impertinent Minutiæ, and indecent double Meanings, is spoken only in good Company ; there it is to be learnt, and there it is
to

to be used : but it is necessary that I should explain what I mean by good Company.

Subtract, first, the brutish and unpolished, all who are destitute of good Manners, Delicacy, and Taste ; the Pricisian, the Bigot, the Pedant, and the Fop ; and the Remainder will be good Company,---a Society of worthy Persons, free and good humoured, by whom Virtue, Decency, and good Breeding, are held sacred ! Among these there will be a common Stock of Wit and Gaity, raised by a mutual Contribution ; a polite Freedom will here be admitted, though Licentiousness be excluded ; and Pleasure will take place, though Wisdom be not banished.

A R T I C L E III.

Of Circumspection in Actions, or Decorum.

THE Reader is not to expect, that I should here trace out a general Plan of Conduct ; for it is not my Design to comprize, under this Head, a complete System of Morality. I shall here, as under the foregoing *Article*, presuppose, that the Desires and Affections are already brought under a due Regulation, and confined to their proper Bounds ; my Subject, therefore, does not lead me to deter from Vice, but only to expose certain Breaches of Decorum, which, although not the Effects of a vicious Principle, do yet deserve Reprehension.

If God alone was Witness to our Actions, our Heart being irreproachable, our Conduct also would be blameless ; for, of this, God judges by the Intention.

tion. Mankind, on the contrary, who see only Externals, judge of the Intention by the Conduct; and it is by the Testimony of their Senses, that they examine and estimate each other. It is, therefore, equally our Interest and Duty, not to excite any Suspicion, by which our Reputation would suffer: It is our Interest, because, as our well-being greatly depends upon the Assistance of others, it is of great Importance to gain their Esteem; their Benevolence and good Offices, being always in Proportion to their Opinion of our Merit. It is our Duty, because we contribute to the Virtue of Society, by a Conduct, which renders them virtuous by Inclination, and gives a Relish to their Duty.

It is not sufficient, therefore, that Virtue lies hidden in the Heart, it must be rendered visible, it must diffuse a Lustre round all our Actions, which may dissipate Suspicion, and set our Intention in the fairest Light.

Eusebius fears, honours, and serves the Almighty; *Eusebius*, notwithstanding, is branded with Impiety: he imprudently ridicules the Worship, which Custom has established among his Fellow Citizens, he offers no Incense to the God of his Country, and, for this Reason, is reputed an Atheist.

Evergetus is compassionate, liberal, and active; but he has a reserved Manner, an austere Look, and speaks little. The Wretched, whom Misfortune has made timid, are kept at a Distance by these forbidding Appearances; but those, who dare to approach, never return without Consolation and Relief. Thus *Evergetus*, because his benevolent
Mind

Mind is concealed under a discourteous Behaviour, is ranked among the Brutish and Inhuman.

Adelaide is a Woman of Virtue, faithful to her Husband, and punctual in the Discharge of every Duty: but the excessive Gaity of her Dress, the Freedom of her Conversation, and her injudicious Choice of Company, are universally decried: the secret Recesses of her Heart are not searched to denominate her Character, the Point is already decided, and *Adelaide* is reputed a Wanton.

The great Art of Decorum consists in two Points, 1. Perform no Action that is not stamped with the Characteristics of Rectitude and Virtue. 2. Do not perform even those Actions, which the Law of Nature permits or requires, otherwise, than in the Manner, and under the Limitations, prescribed.

From the first of these Points arises good Example; and from the second, public Decency.

S E C T. I.

Of Good Examples.

TO love our Species, is to wish them those Things, which we judge necessary to their Happiness; and to communicate them, to the utmost of our Abilities. And, nothing being more essential to Happiness, than Virtue, the first and most important Duty of Society is, to display it, in all its Beauty, that it may be seen by all, and, by whomsoever it is seen, may be beloved. Example is best adapted to produce this Effect, and is often the only Method in our Power. Every Man cannot
compose

compose Books, preach Sermons, or make Laws; for every Man has not equal Abilities, Leisure, or Authority: besides, these are but Pictures, which, as they are inanimate, seldom touch the Heart, and exhibit but imperfect and mutilated Representations of Virtue. The Pen, and the Tongue itself, like the Pencil, paint but the Surface of Objects, and of this Surface they exhibit no more, than can be discovered at one View, and in one Attitude; nor can they animate the Piece with Motion.

Example is a living Picture, which represents Virtue in Action, and communicates the Impulse that moves it, to the Heart of every Spectator. And every one has it in his Power, to give an Example of Virtue; since, to this, nothing more is necessary, than to act like a virtuous Man.

Let us admire the divine Wisdom, which, of all possible Means of promoting Rectitude of Manners, has rendered that practicable to all Men, the Effect of which is most certain. Some indeed can contribute more than others, but all may contribute in a Degree.

Every Star is radiant, but the Orbits of all are not equally extended: so it is with Examples of Virtue, every one shines in its peculiar Circle, and illuminates and vivifies whatever is within the Reach of its Influence: but a Prince, if he is virtuous, diffuses more extensive Light and Life, than a private Citizen, who, although he shines, is seen but by a few. Not that a virtuous Man on a Throne, is a Star of a greater Magnitude, or more brilliant
O Light;

Light ; his Rays are more extensive, only, because they are beamed from a more elevated Station.

II.

Of Public Decency.

TO violate public Decency, is to be defective in a Branch of Decorum, to which we are under the strictest Obligation.

You are the Husband of *Agathia*, and, in virtue of this Relation, have a Right to Familiarities with her, which she does not contest ; but the Altar, at which this Right was conferred, is not the Place in which it is to be enjoyed ; and the Witnesses of your solemn Engagement, are not to be Witnesses of your conjugal Embraces.

Thisbe ardently wishes to be in the Arms of *Pyramus*, and this Wish is innocent ; but she must not throw herself on his Bosom. Let her sigh in secret for the happy Moment, which is to unite her to the Man she loves ; when it arrives, let her, without Scruple, admit his innocent Caresses, her Conduct will be irreproachable ; but let her not anticipate them, by too wanton an Impatience.

Reserve and Bashfulness, in the Fair Sex, are real Perfections ; nor is Modesty a Virtue of human Invention.

Man being the noblest Work of Nature, she has been eminently careful of his Preservation ; and, in order to perpetuate his Species, she has excited him to the Means, by Pleasures so animated, and yet so tender, that they have even seduced those austere Philosophers

Philosophers, who ridiculously boast a Superiority to every sensual Enjoyment : and the Blush, which arises from a Consciousness of this exquisite Delight, is one of those attractive Charms, which heightens Enjoyment with new Pleasure, by only half disclosing Sensations, which should always be half concealed. Nor let us imagine this End unworthy the Majesty of the Creator, or that he is degraded, by supplying us with the Means of Pleasure. Look around you, and contemplate Nature in her utmost Extent, and most secret Recesses ; descend to the Beds of Rivers, and the Bottom of the Deep, and search the Bowels of the Earth ; among the Works of the Almighty, not one in a thousand will appear absolutely necessary to our Existence ; all the rest are subservient to our Pleasure.

But let not Modesty and Chastity be confounded. Modesty is, if you will have it so, a kind of Virtue : I will venture, however, to affirm, that it is no more than a Branch of Decorum, founded on the Expediency of maintaining public Decency ; because there are Cases, in which the Rigour of Modesty may be abated, but our Obligation to Chastity is constant and universal, which is the distinguishing Characteristic of Virtue. Sincerity, for Example, is a Virtue, because it is of indispensable Obligation.

Modesty and Chastity are so essentially different, that a Woman, who would not suffer you to see even her Arm uncovered, may, at the same time, burn with an adulterous Flame : and of this, the eastern Ladies are flagrant Instances, who, in general, have not less Incontinence than Modesty.

Darkness and Privacy suspend the Obligation to Modesty, but the Obligation to Chastity remains.

As a general Rule, a thick Veil should be drawn over all those Actions, which natural Instinct prompts us to conceal from the public Eye. I shall not particularize any, because I, myself, should then offend against that public Decency, which is my Subject, and which ought not to be less respected in our Writings, than in our Conduct.

C H A P. II.

Of Fortitude.

FORTITUDE is that Strength or Dignity of Mind, which elevates us above vulgar Fears, and enables us, when Circumstances make it necessary, to encounter and bear up against Danger, Pain, and Adversity. I say, when it becomes necessary; because, to rush into them, when they may be avoided with Honour, is rather Folly than Greatness of Mind. When, therefore, is it necessary to suffer? Doubtless, when the Evil is inevitable, or when it is productive of a greater Good. To endure an inevitable Evil, with Constancy, is *Patience*; voluntarily to expose ourselves to an Evil, as the Means of a greater Good, is *Courage*.

ARTICLE

ARTICLE I.

Of Patience.

THE Evils, which chequer Life, may be reduced to four Classes; 1. Natural Evils, those to which we are by Nature subjected as Men, and as perishable Animals. 2. Those from which we might be exempted by a virtuous and prudent Conduct, but which are the inseparable Consequences of Imprudence or Vice, which we shall call Punishments. 3. Those by which the Fortitude of the Good is exercised; such as the Persecutions raised against them by the Wicked. 4. To these may be added, the Opposition, against which we must perpetually struggle, arising from the Diversity of Sentiments, Manners, and Characters, of the Persons among whom we live.

Under all these Evils, Patience is not only necessary, but useful; it is necessary, because the Laws of Nature have made it a Duty; and to murmur against natural Events, is to insult Providence. It is useful, because it renders our Sufferings lighter, shorter, and less dangerous.

If an epileptic Person be left to himself, you will see him, with Terror, imploy his Hands against himself, become his own Murderer, and welter in his Blood; his Epilepsy was an Evil, but the Wounds he has given himself, have greatly increased it. Of the Epilepsy he might have been cured, or, at least, he might have lived under it; but his Wounds are mortal.

I.

Of Natural Evils.

I Have already said, that natural Evils are those, which the Creator has inseparably connected with human Life ; and these are not so numerous, as they have been generally imagined : the Infelicities of Infancy, the Pain of Child-bearing, the Loss of those who are dear to us, the Infirmities of old Age, and Death, will, I believe, be found to include all the natural Evils ; the rest are either imaginary, or the bitter Fruit of the Corruption of Mankind, Diseases themselves not excepted ; because they are generally the Productions of Man, and have seldom any other Causes than his Imprudence, Idleness, or Intemperance.

Among all the natural Evils, two only, in my Judgment, are of Moment ; the Death of those whom we love, and of ourselves : these are the only two, which require any Firmness of Mind to sustain them. A very common Share of Fortitude, or, perhaps, that, which does not deserve the Name of Fortitude, will suffice for the rest.

It is now more than thirty Years, since I forgot the Evils of Infancy ; but whatever they were, they do not belong to my Subject ; because, no Argument for Patience can be adapted to that Age. Besides, whether an Infant, in a Cradle, be patient or not, is, I believe, a Matter of Indifference in Morality, which has no relation to those, who, as yet, are endowed with no more than a blind Instinct. Saint

Austin

Austin was not the only one, who beat his Nurse ; but, perhaps, he is the only one, who very seriously reproached himself with it, as a Crime : the Conscience of that pious Father was certainly very tender.

How acute the Pangs of Child-bearing are, I cannot know ; but I judge they are not intolerable, from the Intrepidity of those Widows who venture on a second Marriage, and by their being patiently endured by Brutes.

Nor do the Aged appear to have much more Reason to complain ; because, in Proportion as their Infirmities increase in Number and Degree, their Sensibility also becomes more languid ; and, because, to them, the mere Pleasure of living compensates the Pains of Life. An old Man's greatest Infelicity is the near Prospect of Death, to which a young Man submits with a much better Grace.

But the Loss of a Friend, a Son, a Father, or a Wife, who was the Object of our tenderest Affection, are Strokes of Adversity that wounds us deeply, and are most sensibly felt ; and all our Strength of Mind is scarce sufficient to sustain the Shock.

A Wound which is curable, in a sound Body, may be mortal in one that is shattered by Diseases, or labouring under a Cachexy ; so a Wound in the Soul, however healthful and vigorous, may cause the acutest Pain ; but the Goodness of its Constitution, a virtuous Habit (for Virtue is the Health of the Soul) will, at least, prevent her from sinking under it, and at length perfect the Cure ; so that of a deep Wound, there shall be no Remains but a superficial Scar.

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In violent Pain, either of Body or Mind, we should equally avoid Impiety and Self-depression. Let us apply this Maxim to a particular Case.

Death hath snatched from your Arms an amiable Wife, who was adorned with every natural and acquired Excellence, and in whom the seven Qualifications, which the great *Henry*, who was, certainly, a good Judge of female Perfection, desired to find in Woman, were united,—Beauty, Discretion, Sweetness of Temper, a sprightly Wit, Fertility, Wealth, and noble Extraction. But is this a Reason, why you should accuse your Fate of Cruelty, that is, Providence of Injustice? Does this authorize you, to renounce your Life, abandon your Employment, and neglect your Duty; to indulge the Transports of Grief to Distraction, or sink into a stupid Insensibility? Your Impatience is a super-added Evil, which can neither remove, nor alleviate, that which before oppressed you; and, what is yet worse, it is a causeless and guilty Revolt, against the supreme Authority of the Universal Monarch. Your Wife was born to die, and you received her under the Condition of Mortality. Her Death (an Event which you ought to have foreseen, and which, indeed, you did foresee) is now past, and what is there, in all this, that can justify your Complaint? God lent her to you but for a Term, of which he did not acquaint you with the Limits; this Term is expired, and what Injustice has he done you, in taking her back? But you did not expect to lose her so soon.—And why so? since he never assured you, that you should possess her so long? Is God

to

to be reproached, because you flattered yourself with groundless Expectations ? Enjoyment becomes too habitual, and we are apt to build a Claim of future, upon the Possession of present Happiness. It was, at least, as probable, that your Wife would die before you, as that she should be the Survivor ; and yet you think it strange, that she has left you behind her. But if Death had taken you first, is it certain, that you would have found no Pretence to complain ? would not you have affected a Participation in the Pain, which she would be supposed to feel at your Loss ? The Wife, however, must either die before the Husband, or the Husband before the Wife. Perhaps, indeed, you desired, that both might expire at the same Instant ; but does the Desire of an Event give you a Right to demand it ?

These Reflexions, I perceive, have had some Effect upon your Mind ; you resolve to insult the Almighty, by impious Murmurings, no more : but this is not enough. You have, indeed, made some Advances towards Virtue, but you must approach also to Reason ; you reverence the Hand that afflicts you, but you still sink under the Affliction. The Tears, which stand in your Eyes, either increase the Magnitude, or change the Figure of the Objects around you. You imagine yourself the most unfortunate of Mankind ; there is no Situation, which you do not think preferable to your own ; and yet, the Loss, which you have suffered, does not put you into a State of positive Misery ; it is no more than a mere Privation of Pleasure : and, perhaps, to be separated, by Death, from a

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Wife

Wife whom we love, is a less Evil, than to be obliged to live with one whom we hate : this Punishment, at least, is longer, and is inflicted to the last Hour with equal Rigour : Grief, on the contrary, however violent, becomes every Day less and less.

It is by neglecting to observe this Circumstance, that we deceive ourselves. We imagine, that this piercing Sense of Sorrow shall continue to the End of Life ; and it is deemed a Defect in Delicacy of Sentiment, to dare to think, of being ever less touched at the Remembrance of our Loss : we imagine, that we shall forever sigh under unsupportable Despair ; and, to render our Grief yet more intense, we add the future to the present. Before you possessed the Object, which you now regret, was you conscious to the want of something so essential to your Happiness ? had you the same painful Desire of an absent Good, as that which now sets you on the Rack ? you acknowledge the contrary. Leave your Affliction to Time, Time will infallibly remove it, and you will, at length, find yourself exactly in the same Circumstances, as you were, before you possessed what you have now lost. After a long Interval, to have lost, and not to have possessed, is almost the same thing. Your sorrow will be changed into a tender Remembrance, or, it may be wholly obliterated by a new Engagement. My Supposition offends you ; but, ten Years hence, it will appear more probable, and less injurious.

But who is that other Object, which excites my Pity ? It is not a Husband, weeping over the Grave

of

of a Wife, but the ancient *Zozimus*, who is now dying. His ghastly and distorted Countenance, his livid Complexion, and his fixt and languid Eyes, already confirm the Hopes of his impatient Heir. He is given over by his Physician; for what can be effected on a Machine, that is worn out by long Use; on a Body, whose vital Powers are exhausted? The Physician is, however, succeeded by the Priest, who stands at the Patient's Bedside, and endeavours, at least, to save his Soul. Alas, is it then impossible, says *Zozimus*, in a mournful and faltering Voice, is it impossible that I should recover! — *Polychronus* is five Years older than I, and yet he is just recovered from the same Disease. — Yes, I too shall recover, — I feel new Strength, and my Constitution is still sound. It is, however, gently intimated to him by his Attendants, that he is nearer to his End than he imagines. This he resents, and disbelieves; they repeat it in stronger Terms: his Disorder increases; and, at length, he, himself, begins to be less confident of his Recovery. His Terror throws him into Confusion and Agony; he shrieks at the Prospect before him, he weeps, he despairs, he calls his Crucifix to his Assistance, his Patron Saint, and his Guardian Angel: but they are deaf to his Invocation. What can he do, in this dreadful Extremity? he wrangles with Death, and struggles against him with all his Strength: if he must die, let it, at least, be confessed, that it was against his Will.

Alas, poor *Zozimus*! And what have you been doing, for almost a Century, that you have crawled

about upon the Earth ! You came hither but to learn to die, and have only contracted a stronger Attachment to Life ! What would you gain, if that Century could return ? what, but some Years of Misery and Regret, which, perhaps, would be yet more pungent, at the Expiration of your Reprieve. Death is a Debt which must be paid ; and Life was given you, only upon that Condition. Instead of repining at the Approach of the mortal Hour, give Thanks to God, that, although on the breaking of a Fibre, of a Thread, more than an hundred times finer than the smallest Hair, you would have dropped into the Grave ; yet your Life has been preserved till this Day.

A zealous Christian would rather forfeit his Head, than suffer himself to be circumcised ; and a religious Jew, at *Rome*, would chuse rather to be burnt, than baptized : because, both the Jew, and the Christian, firmly believe, that this Inflexibility is essential to a good Conscience. One of them, however, is in an Error ; and neither of them has demonstrative Evidence in his Favour. But you, whom God has been pleased to visit with a mortal Disease, are certain of his Will ; it is a demonstrated Truth, that it is his Will you should be sick, since sick you are, and he is omnipotent. You would anathematize whoever should embrace the Opinions of *Confucius*, or *Mahomet* ; and yet, are guilty of a greater Crime, by murmuring at the Fever, which is commissioned to destroy you. What then would be your Conduct, if you had nothing to hope after Death ? You expect to be

happy

happy in another Life ; and yet, you repine at the Stroke, which opens to you the Door of Immortality. But it is not, you say, so much the Loss of Life that alarms you, as the Uncertainty of what shall succeed : who knows whether he is the Object of the Divine Favour, or Displeasure ? such dreadful Tales are told of the other World, as may well make the boldest tremble. Fear not, however, to trust your future Fate to God. He has, perhaps, been represented to you, as a severe and unjust Master, who demands what he has not lent, and expects to reap where he has not sown. He is, indeed, too frequently painted in these odious Colours : but can you imagine, there is any Resemblance of the Original, in these blasphemous Portraits---the Work of Melancholy and Superstition ! —when they differ, so greatly, from that fair Copy of Divine Benignity and Love, which is traced, by the Hand of God himself, in all his Works ? God is a tender Father, and good to all his Children : to those, who pay him a filial Obedience, bountiful to Profusion ; and, even to the rebellious, placable and indulgent.

II. Of Punishments.

THERE are other Evils, which may, also, be termed natural ; because, in Consequence of the established Order of Nature, they are the necessary Effects of corrupt Morals : as Infamy of Fraud, Poverty of Prodigality, and Debility and Disease of Intemperance.

Oenophilus, in his fortieth Year, has all the Infirmities of old Age; his Body totters, his Hands tremble, his Head shakes, and his Voice falters: an hidden Fire, in his Bowels, dries up the vital Juices, and consumes his Strength; but it is a Fire of his own kindling, which he has also continued and increased, by the immoderate Use of Wine and strong Liquors. *Lemarcus* is tormented by frequent and excruciating Paroxysms of the Gout; for which he is indebted to the Skill and Dexterity of his Cook, the Luxury of his Table, and, perhaps, to some other Excesses, which equally enervate the Body.

How wretched is the Condition of *Asotus*! a little Garret, with bare Walls, is his whole Apartment; and, of this, a Flock Bed, covered with Rags, takes up two Thirds. Cold, Nakedness, and Shame, compel him to lie in this Bed, till the Day is far spent. At Night, a Lamp, suited to the Place, a true Sepulchre Lamp, rather adds Horror, than diffuses Light. By the feeble Glimmering of this languid Flame, he eats a dry Crust of brown Bread, his whole Repast! Yet, poor as it is, he is not sure that he shall be able to renew it To-morrow. What are now become of his countless Treasures, his immense Revenues, which appeared sufficient to maintain a whole Province? It may as well be asked, what becomes of Water in a Sieve, or of Wax in a Furnace. Luxury, Gaming, Women, Usurers, and his Steward, are the bottomless Gulphs, which have swallowed up his Opulence. But is there not one, among all his Friends, who knows him in his Adversity,

versity, and stretches out the Hand of Bounty for his Relief? Is there not one among all his Friends? Alas! had he ever a Friend? if he had, he would have him still: for, whatever may have been said, Adversity never banished a Friend; it only disperses those, who unjustly assume the Name: and, if Adversity is productive of any Good, which surely cannot be denied, this is one of its principal Advantages; for the Loss of a false Friend, is a real Gain: and if *Asotus* has any Cause of Complaint, it is only of never having had a Friend that was sincere.

The Character of *Philocertes* is blasted by Violence and Extortion; that of *Aphystas* by Treachery and Fraud; and *Phryne's* by Immodesty. Every Vice is the natural Cause of some kind of Punishment. The Tyrant, whose Frown intimidates Nations, trembles every moment for himself. A Father, who permits Licentiousness in his Family, will find his Folly severely punished, by those Vices of his Children which he has not corrected; and will, himself, be treated with Brutality, Contempt, and Insult. A Mother's Inclination to Gallantry and Intrigue, will contaminate the Blood of her Daughters; and their scandalous Adventures will cover her with Infamy. A subtil Hypocrite in vain conceals, from others, those Vices which would render him infamous; his own Knowledge of them is sufficient to ensure an adequate Punishment; Consciousness of Guilt, and involuntary Remorse, shall give him up to the Worm that never dies, and fill his Bosom with perpetual Anguish. Or, if the Divine Justice suffers the few Wretches, whose habitual

bitual Guilt has rendered Conscience insensible, to enjoy a flattering Reprieve while they live; it is because Death only consigns them to a more dreadful Punishment: for sooner or later, an impartial Retribution must take place.

God, doubtless, chastises in the Character of a Parent: it is, therefore, probable, that he never chastises, but to reform. I will venture to affirm, that even the Punishments, to be inflicted in a future State, are no more than Means of Reformation, if they are not eternal; and, that they are eternal, is so far from being the Voice of Reason, that Reason strongly intimates the contrary. I cannot believe, that Almighty Goodness, like a vindictive Mortal, punishes even his guilty Creatures, for the barbarous Pleasure of contemplating their Misery. If he punishes them, it is to alienate them from Vice, by an experimental Knowledge of the Miseries, which it never fails to produce. Nor can I form any Conception of a just and good Being, who punishes merely to revenge; much less, who takes Vengeance forever. Revenge would not have been forbidden to man, if God had permitted it to himself; because Man is his Image. But, whatever be the Motive or End of future Punishments, it is certain, that those, which are inflicted in this Life, are no more than parental Corrections, intended, only, to recall us to the Paths of Virtue: and this is sufficient for my present Purpose.

If you were slumbering in a Lethargy, from which you could only be recovered, by being rendered sensible of Pain; you could not, surely, blame the Surgeon,

geon, whose Lancet restored Sensation, and awakened you from the Sleep of Death. And such, exactly, is the benevolent Severity, which is exercised by the Almighty, in chastising our Vices and Follies. The Pains, which our Vices bring upon us, are much less, than those which they remove: but, to render them perfectly efficacious, it is not only necessary, that God should punish as a Father; but that these salutary Corrections should also be received by us, with the dutiful Submission and Docility of Children.

III. *Of Persecutions.*

THE Friends of Virtue are not jealous Rivals, who mutually endeavour to destroy each other; on the contrary, nothing gives them a more sensible Pleasure, than to see their Number increase. It is from the Enemies of Virtue only, that Injuries are to be feared; and, as these Injuries are inevitable Evils, they ought to be expected with Temper, and sustained with Constancy. If we form our Ideas of Happiness from popular Opinion, it is so far from being necessarily connected with Virtue, that they are scarce ever united. Wealth, Titles, elevated Stations, and temporal Dominion, are not her Inheritance. She is an Orphan, abandoned, unknown, destitute of Friends, without a Portion. Her Beauty, from Time to Time, makes a few Conquests; but the Love, that is kindled by her Person, is commonly extinguished by her Indigence. And there is yet another Reason, why her Lovers are few; the Ave-

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nues to her Dwelling, are fenced up with Briars and Thorns, and guarded by evil Genii, who keep off those that approach it, some by Threatenings, others by Promises, some by open Force, and some by Stratagem and Cunning. There is, however, one Circumstance, which ought to encourage the Lovers of Virtue, and teach them Perseverance ; they are secure of Conquest, if their Passion is sincere. To love Virtue, is to possess her ; she escapes from those, alone, who betray her by Inconstancy or Weakness : and by those, who love her, she can never be betrayed. Nor are there any, who become unfaithful to Virtue, but through a fond Attachment to some fallacious Good, which she either withholds or takes away ; such as Indolence, Ease, the Pomp of Life, and the Favour of the Great. But, to prefer to Virtue, or, even, to put in Competition with her, any temporal Advantage,---the Mitre, the Tiara, or the regal Diadem itself,---is more than not to love her, it is not to know her. To put Air, and Smoke, and Tinsel, in Competition with Virtue ! what an Injury ! what an Insult !---but to give these the Preference ! what an horrid Prophanation !

The vicious, who, as the Majority, are the governing Part of the World, have never dared, publicly, to stigmatize Virtue ; nor do they ever oppose her, under that Name. To justify their Persecutions, they give her odious Appellations, pretend not to know her, and canonize Vice, disguised in her Ornaments and Apparel. They call Integrity and fair Dealing, puerile Simplicity ; the Forgiveness of In-

juries,

juries, Cowardice ; prudent Circumspection, pedantic Gravity ; the Contempt of Gold, Folly ; and Generosity, Weakness. Ambition, on the contrary, is, in their Language, transformed into noble Emulation ; Cunning and Fraud, are Industry and Address ; bigotted Hypocrisy takes the Name of Piety ; knavish Chicanery, that of refined Policy ; false Pretences, subtle Evasions, and Diffimulation, are Masterpieces of Prudence ; Transports of Passion, are Vivacity ; Pride, Dignity of Sentiment ; Thirst of Revenge, an indispensable Point of Honour ; and Ferocity, Courage. The Encomiums of these Wretches are Insults ; endeavour, therefore, to render yourself unworthy of them. Their Favours are poisoned ; be careful not to merit them, for they cannot be obtained, but at the Expence of Virtue. When we are deliberating on an Enterprize, which we may either attempt, or relinquish, as shall appear most eligible ; it is not only allowable, but necessary, to weigh all the disadvantageous Circumstances, which may attend the Execution : but we must not suppose, there are any such Circumstances, when the Work, before us, is a Duty. A Soldier is commanded to mount the Breach ; it is not his Business to examine the Risque he runs, but to march forward, without Deliberation, altho' his Death appears to be inevitable ; for the Word of Command is not conditional. In the same Manner, let us march under the Standard of Virtue, without reflecting on the Danger to which we may be exposed ; which, if it is an Evil, ought to be considered as inevitable, because it cannot be shun'd

but by Breach of Faith ; and, to be weary of Suffering for Virtue, is to make great Approaches to Vice.

Is your Reputation sullied by invidious Calumnies? Rejoice, that your Character cannot suffer, but by false Imputations. You are arraigned in a Court of Judicature, and are unjustly condemned ; Passion has influenced, both your Prosecutor, and your Judge ; and you cannot forbear repining that you suffer, altho' innocent. But would it have been better, that you should have suffered, being guilty? Would the greatest Misfortune, that can befall a virtuous Man, be to you a Consolation? And would your Sufferings be alleviated, by the Addition of Remorse? The Opulence of a Villain, the elevated Station to which he is raised, and the Honours that are paid to him, excite your Jealousy, and fill your Bosom with Repinings and Regret. What! say you, are Riches, Dignity and Power, reserved for such Wretches as this! Cease these groundless Murmurs. If the Possessions, which you regret, were real Benefits, they would be taken from the wicked and transferred to you. What would you say of a successful Hero, of a *Vendome*, or a *Maurice*, who, after having delivered his Country, should complain, that his Services were ill-requited, because a few Sugar-Plumbs were distributed to some Children, in his Presence, of which they had not offered him a Share? Ridiculous as this would appear, your Complaints are not better founded. Has the Lord of all no Reward to confer upon you, but perishable Riches, and empty, precarious, Honour!

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IV. *Of Contradiction.*

NATURE has not varied the Countenances of Mankind, more than their Tastes and Characters ; and, as it would be unreasonable to expect, that the Countenances of others should resemble our own, it is equally absurd, to require a universal Conformity of Temper to our own, as the Standard. Persons think and act differently, as they live in different Periods of Time, and different Parts of the World ; and, as they differ also in Age, Sex, predominant Passions, and Education ; without enquiring whether they think and act, well, or ill. It is not to be conceived, how few Persons there are in the World, who study themselves, and endeavour their own Improvement ; all our own Faults are forgiven, but the Failings of others are censured with the most rigorous Justice. Every Man desires to be the Reformer of Mankind, and yet no Man includes himself in the Reformation

First, render your own Temper yielding and gentle, you will then meet with less Opposition from the Tempers of others. *Rosina* confesses that her Temper is warm ; and the Public, less tender in the Choice of Expressions, calls her Warmth of Temper, Rage, Fury, and Frenzy. She has never once reflected, that the Universe was not made, merely, to contribute to her Pleasure : whatever she desires, she imagines to be her Due ; and whatever disappoints this extravagant Expectation, she treats as Outrage, and Insult. A Child cries, *Rosina* loses all Patience, “ What squalling Brat is this ! away with it this Moment.” A Servant breaks a Glass, “ What a stupid, clumsy Wretch ! begone out of my

my Sight,--pay him his Wages."--She is accidentally alone, and Solitude becomes irksome ; and immediately her absent Friends are upbraided, " Where is now the ungrateful *Doris* ? What is become of the negligent *Agatha* ? Where is the false *Euphorbus* amusing himself ? What is the perfidious *Sylvander* doing ? what cold Friends ! in what a forlorn Situation do they leave me ! But I renounce them, and will see them no more." Capricious, fickle *Rosina* ! What she desired yesterday, is, to-day, her Aversion ; her only constant Wish is, that all the Changes of her Will may be divined and gratified. This is attempted, but in vain--to guess at her Desires, is almost, always, to be mistaken : and if, by Chance, they are known, to gratify them, is a fruitless Attempt ; something is always wrong, the Service is delayed too long, it is precipitated with too much haste, or it is not performed with a good Grace. Carefs her, you are too free ; treat her with Reserve, and you neglect or disdain her ; visit her but seldom, she complains of you with all the Bitterness of Resentment ; if your Visits are frequent, you fatigue her ; and when you disoblige her, you are immediately made sensible of her Displeasure, by a Torrent of Invectives, Reproaches, and Exclamations. Leave her to grow cool by Degrees : to attempt to appease, is to increase her Passion. When her Rage has subsided, you will risque less by Remonstrance, but you will not gain more. Her Answer will be, " You must allow that I was right in the main : why do not People take more Care ? I confess,

confess, I am a little hasty ; but this is not a great Fault---you must take me as I am."

If all Mankind were equally virtuous, they would still differ in many Particulars. The Principles of Virtue, and moral Sentiment, would be alike in all ; but they would, notwithstanding, differ from each other, in those Things which are indifferent with respect to moral Good and Evil ; nor would they be under any Obligation to the contrary. God has given us his Law, for the Rule of our Conduct ; and has not proposed us, as Patterns to each other. One Person may be equal in Virtue, to another, without a perfect Resemblance of his Character. Let us then suppose a Society, consisting wholly of virtuous Persons, we should still find something to exercise our Patience and Forbearance. The acute and penetrating Genius, would find it difficult to bear with a slow and heavy Understanding ; the chearful and facetious would but ill agree with the thoughtful and melancholy. Let one be sedate, another sprightly, one a great Talker, another inclined to Taciturnity---what Subjects of Animosity to impatient Tempers ! But I have supposed them all to be Men of Virtue, and, consequently, that they deserve Respect, and are intitled to some Allowances. Let us first seek this essential Qualification, in those, with whom we would be connected ; this is sufficiently valuable, uncommon, and excellent, to efface, or, at least, to cover, some trivial Failings. Let us excuse every Thing in a Man, whom we know to be indued with Probity and Honour : you should treat his Infirmities with Tenderness, and Indulgence ;
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for you will lose an invaluable Treasure, if you forfeit his Friendship. Nothing bears a nearer Resemblance to Deity, than a just and virtuous Man ; and, to insult his Image, is to affront the Almighty.

Timon is cold and reserved ; the Smiles of Mirth never unfold the Wrinkles of his contracted Brow. Assemblies, where Jollity and Pleasure are permitted, are Deserts to him ; whither he carries a gloomy Countenance, and a mournful and disordered Air. When, in point of good Breeding, he thinks himself obliged to be there ; the Company is too sensible of his Presence, and would be glad to have dispensed with his Attendance. But, to ballance these Defects, *Timon* has Integrity of Heart, a fine Understanding, and a generous Mind. To need his Assistance, is, in his Opinion, to claim it as a Due. He is grave and serious, but neither suspicious nor censorious ; he abstains even from innocent Pleasures, but he does not condemn them ; so far from flandering, he is never heard to blame the absent ; he speaks little, but what he speaks is Truth ; his Lips were never prophaned by Falshood or Equivocation ; treat with him in Confidence, there is no Need of either Witnesses or Bonds, to insure the Execution of his Engagements—where can you find a better Security than *Timon* himself?

Those, who most frequently give Occasion to Sallies of Passion, are Children, Servants, and the Vulgar. Not that these Persons are a meaner Species, than the rest of Mankind ; or that their Hearts are more corrupt : but, as they have never learnt to
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assume a specious Appearance, by what the World calls good Manners, their Failings are more visible, and, consequently, more offensive.

Damaris, in common with most Mothers, has wanton, idle, and heedless Children. She exhausts her Spirits, in Cautions and Reprimands: they either do not hear her speak, or they forget that she has spoken, the Moment she closes her Mouth. Her Patience is, at length, worn out; she storms, she threatens, she strikes them, and repeats her Blows. Maternal Tenderneſs, ſuſpended for a while, gives Way to Rage. But are you, or your Children, *Damaris*, moſt worthy of Blame? they are carried away by Levity, you are transported by Anger. Is Prudence rather to be expected from their Age, than Moderation from yours? They ought, at leaſt, to obey me, you ſay; and, I ſay, you ought to obey Reason, which forbids theſe ineffectual Acts of Violence. To puniſh, in a Transport of Paſſion, is leſs to chaſtiſe, than to revenge.

What Dæmon is it, that has poſſeſſed *Aphronia*! I hear her continually ſcolding at her Servants. Are they all confederated to provoke her? No---they are innocent Victims to her capricious Fury. Let *Aphronia* but abate, a little, of her thundering Petulance, and all their Faults will vaniſh. They appear guilty to her, only, becauſe ſhe is out of Humour. Her impatient Temper magnifies every diſpleaſing Object; and transforms the ſlighteſt Failing into the moſt atrocious Crime. Our Servants are Men: it follows, by neceſſary Conſequence, that they are not without Faults; and, that they are

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Men, should also, be a Reason, for our treating them with Humanity, and Indulgence.

You despise the Vulgar; and you do right, if your Contempt falls, only, upon their Rusticity, Ignorance, and Meanness of Sentiment. If we form our Opinion of them, from this disadvantageous View, we shall pronounce them, a groveling Multitude, who are continually in Motion, without Knowledge, and without Design; a Body destitute of Sight, which walks, indeed, but knows not whither, or, which is guided, only, by the Allurement of sordid Gain: wholly ignorant of their true Interest; Enemies, both to Wisdom, and Moderation; turbulent, and seditious; brutishly fierce, when courted; timid and servile, when oppressed; vain, inconstant, and superstitious; fond of Novelty, and Slaves to Prejudice; arrogating, to themselves, a Right to judge those, who instruct and govern them, and always judging wrong.

But, from this ignoble Class, select some docile Subjects, who are, as yet, of an Age susceptible of Instruction; and, perhaps, like rough Diamonds, in the Hands of an able Artificer, they may astonish you, by an unexpected and dazzling Splendor. Wisdom and Virtue, the Effects of Education, will distinguish them from the Crowd, from which Riches and Honours, alone, would not have distinguished them. The Majority of the Great, are only a Part of the Rabble.

Scorn, as much as you please, the Populace in general; but, in every Individual of that complicated Body, recognize Men like yourself; love them
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them under this Denomination, and bear with their Faults : but, especially, behave with Tenderneſs to thoſe amongſt them, who are depressed by Miſfortunes ; your Haughtineſs and Severity will render the Senſe of their Calamity more piercing and acute : as we excuſe Caprice and Fretfulneſs, in the Sick, we ſhould alſo overlook all the Extravagancies of the Wretched, which are the Effects of their Miſery.

You, yourſelf, certainly are not impeccable ; treat others, therefore, as you would that they ſhould treat you. But, ſuppoſing you were perfect, Perfection itſelf would not inveſt you with a Right, to inſult thoſe, who are ſtill ſtruggling with human Frailties ; on the contrary, it would only ſtrengthen their Claim to your Pity. What tho' *Adonis* were the moſt beautiful of Mankind, would he not have been inexcusable, if he had reviled *Therſites* ?

A R T I C L E II.

Of Courage.

C O U R A G E is that Magnanimity, by which the Mind is enabled to atchieve ſuch virtuous Actions, as, by Reaſon of the Obſtacles which are to be ſurmounted, are impracticable to the Puſilanimous. Theſe Obſtacles are of two Kinds ; thoſe which have their Origin within the Breſt, and thoſe which ariſe from Externals. Courage, therefore, is, alſo, of two Kinds : that, by which we are enabled to ſubdue ourſelves, I call *Greatneſs of Soul* ; and that, which is exerted to remove ſuch Obſtacles,

as are opposed to Virtue from without, I distinguish by the Name of *Heroism*.

S E C T. I. Of Greatness of Soul.

BY Greatness of Soul, I mean that Dignity of Sentiment, which enables us to discern what is truly beautiful ; and prompts us to pursue it with Ardour and Perseverance. But where is true Beauty to be found ? and from whence does it arise ? doubtless, from the Virtues and Attainments of the Mind. All else is only Tinsel, Parade, and Show : and the Source of Virtue, is the Contempt of transient Enjoyments ; as that of mental Accomplishment, is Emulation. The human Heart is, by Nature, virtuous and noble : banish from it the low Affections, which it has contracted, by yielding to the Allurements of Sense ; and it will, immediately, reassume its original Purity and Dignity.

1. Greatness of Soul does not consist, in a Neglect of our own Interest ; but in the placing our Affections on Objects, which are really and permanently good. The Virtuous do not desire Happiness, with less Ardour, than the Vicious : but they know the Means, by which Happiness is to be attained, better ; and they pursue them with less Reluctance, because they are not restrained by Remorse. They know, that Virtue alone can render them happy, and that Externals can only contribute to their Felicity, as they are connected with Virtue. If a good Man, without fallying the Purity of his Manners, can enjoy a Life of Ease and Tranquility, free from intellectual and corporeal Pain,

Pain, and sweetned by innocent Pleasures ; he will certainly prefer it to a Life of Disappointment, Inquietude, and Misfortune, imbittered by Affliction, Ignominy, and Sorrow. But, if a virtuous Action, which would ruin his Fortune, or endanger his Life, and an Action, by which Wealth may be acquired, at the Expence of Virtue, be proposed to him, as the Objects of his Choice ; however great the pecuniary Advantage on the Side of Vice, his Election is already made, nor does he suffer a Moment's Hesitation. Virtue is, in his Opinion, of infinitely greater Value, than his Ease, his Pleasure, or his Life.

Sophronius and *Pulcheria* seem to have been born for each other ; the Conformity of their Taste, their Genius and Character, might have joined them by an indissoluble Union : but *Pulcheria* had already disposed of her Person. *Sophronius*, however, still loved her ; and her Presence would have increased his Passion, and, consequently, his Weakness. An effectual Method to secure his Virtue, was, however, in his Power : it was, indeed, severe and mortifying, but there was no other : he must see *Pulcheria* no more : this was his Resolution, and his Virtue was preserved. Love is an Enemy, which cannot be conquered, but by Flight.

An innocent Person is accused before *Eacus*. His Prosecutors are powerful, and dictate the Sentence, which they expect the Judge should pronounce. Upon his Decision, depends his Ruin or Preferment : but, to an upright Magistrate, what is Fortune, when put in Competition with Justice !

Calisthenes

Calisthenes is, by an Uncle, put into Possession of a valuable Estate, as Trustee, which he hoped to have inherited as Heir; and charged to make it over to a Person, whom the Uncle affirmed to be his Son, tho' the Relation was of that Kind, which is not recognized by the Law. *Calisthenes* promised to fulfil this Trust; but this Promise was verbal and secret, made obligatory by no Writing, and secured by no Witnesses: and now, disappointed of a Fortune, which he had long regarded as his own; and depressed by Poverty, which the Prospect of Wealth rendered more dreadful. ---why, say you, might he not appropriate this Estate to himself; or, at least, reserve a Part? if this had been done, who could have known it? --- God, doubtless, from whom nothing is hidden; and *Calisthenes*, who must have been conscious to his Guilt.--What! avoid Indigence, by rushing into Perfidy! This, surely, is not Deliverance, but Ruin.

Bound to a Stake, by those Zealots who destroy Mankind, under Colour of promoting Religion, your Life is still in your own Hands; the Barbarians will consent to unbind you, if you will consent to lye, or, at least, to dissemble your real Sentiments. What preposterous Mercy! that which they require you to inflict on yourself, is a greater Evil than that, which you would otherwise suffer from them.

2. The Activity of our Minds, the Structure of our Bodies, the Vigour and Mobility of their Organs, and, above all, our continually returning Necessities, demonstrate, that the Hand, which form'd

us, form'd us for a busy and active Life ; and the End for which the Creator designed us, is, undoubtedly, the best, to which we can possibly attain. That the Necessity of Labour ought to be regarded as a Punishment, is a mean and sordid Opinion, invented by the Effeminate and Lazy : on the contrary, if God had prohibited Labour, such Prohibition might justly have been deemed, a Token of his Displeasure ; for Inaction is a Kind of Lethargy, equally pernicious to the Mind and Body.

Of this, *Rathimus* is a striking Example : whatever employs, displeases ; and whatever exercises, wearies him : it is even a Fatigue to him to exist ; Annihilation would be his supreme Felicity ; and, imagining, that God can bestow no higher Reward upon those, whom he loves, this is the Paradise which *Rathimus* expects ; and even while he continues oppressed with the Load of Being, he anticipates the Pleasure of shaking it off, by suspending it, in Sleep, every Day till Noon. Dreadful is the Moment in which he awakes ; he, therefore, keeps it off as long as he can. Forced, at length, to commit an Act of Violence on himself, and quit his Bed, his sullen Look and contracted Brow are lasting Intimations, that he is risen against his Will. He begins to dress himself, and, having made some trifling Progress, interrupted by twenty Intervals of Rest, he, at length, drops his Arms, unable to go through the Fatigue of completing the Work. How does he begin his Day ? “ Give me, says he, something to eat.” Not that he is either hungry, or a Glutton ; but because an idle Person

Person can fill up some vacant Hours, by eating, without interrupting his Indolence. *Rathimus*, during the twelve Hours, in which he is out of his Bed, has often Recourse to the same Expedient. The Intervals, between these capricious Meals, are filled up by some trifling Amusements, which are varied almost every Moment ; because all are equally insipid. A lazy Person is, of all others the most incapable of Pleasure ; a Wretch, who, slumbering in a perpetual Lethargy, cannot be stimulated to Action, or roused from his Insensibility. He is his own Burden, and would fain fly from himself, but is not able : that eternal Inappetency, which he drags about with him, assumes a thousand different Forms, for his own Punishment, and that of others : now it is Lassitude--he feels himself dull, heavy, and not able to move, so much as a Finger : it is now Indisposition--he finds himself oppressed by a Disorder, which he cannot define : at other Times, it is a Melancholy, of which he knows not the Cause ; and his Temper is always uneven, captious and splenetic. If his Word may be taken, no Man was ever so ill treated : he lives neglected, suffers unpitied, and should he die, would be unlamented by the whole Circle of his Acquaintance, who are so destitute of Compassion, as to wish he was already in the Grave. This, indeed, would be to wish him well ; for the gloomy Habit of his Mind, his Indolence, and Want of Exercise, will shortly realize all his imaginary Disorders, and he will be, to-morrow, if he is not to-day, pale, dejected, languid,

languid, emaciated, and totally debilitated in Body and Mind. And is Life a Benefit to those, who preserve it on such Conditions as these? Supineness and Effeminacy have ruined more Constitutions, than excessive Labour; and moderate Exercise, far from being destructive to Health, establishes and strengthens it.

As we are Members of a Society, the Assistance of which is necessary to our Well-being, to merit this Assistance, we ought, in our Turn, to serve that Society with Alacrity and Zeal: to discharge our Duty, with Languor and Indifference, is not to acquit ourselves of the Obligation; and nothing can be well done, that is done with Reluctance. There are a thousand different Employments, all which concur in promoting the common Interest. Let us chuse one among those, which we have Abilities to execute; let our Taste and Capacity be consulted, and our Decision be in Favour of that Employment, which appears, upon the Whole, to be most eligible. But, the Choice once made, let it be a Point of Honour, to excell in that Profession, to which we have given the Preference.

Emulation seems to be allied both to Envy and Ambition; and yet, in her Character, she resembles neither. The Merit of others, far from being the Object of her Regret, becomes a Motive to aspire after Perfection, with the greater Ardour and Assiduity. Emulation is excited by a Sense of Honour, and a Relish of our Duty; not by the Thirst of Ambition, or the Pangs of Envy. *Phlistenes* hates all who acquire Wealth, Fame, or Distinction;

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every Advantage, which he sees others possess, he thinks misplaced ; it is to him, only, that they are due ; but the World is ignorant of his Merit : *Phlistenes* is consumed by Envy. *Philotimus*, dazzled by the Splendor of Dignities and Honours, makes these the only Objects of his Wishes, and the End of all his Actions ; far more solicitous to obtain, than to render himself worthy of them. The Honours, which he sought with so much Ardour and Anxiety, become insipid, the Moment they are enjoyed ; or, rather, they are never enjoyed at all, for he is continually forming distant Views, and the Object of his Desires is still that, which he has not attained. *Philotimus* is a Prey to Ambition.

But a noble Emulation is, apparently, the only active Principle, which animates *Eudoxus*. That of a Pleader, is the Profession which he has chosen ; a Profession, which, surely, would never have been chosen by Ambition. In the Country, where *Eudoxus* resides, Eloquence is but little regarded : and, if to Eloquence were added, the most penetrating Genius, the most exact Judgment, the profoundest Skill in Morality, the most perfect Knowledge of the Manners, Laws, and Customs of Nations, in a Word, every possible Accomplishment ; all would be unavailing, if Money were omitted. In this Country, every Thing is venal ; whatever might encourage the Improvement of the Mind, is there sold to the highest Bidder. The Right of disposing of the Property, and, even, the Lives of the People, of facing Death at the Head of a Regiment, of managing the public Revenues, and the private Estates of Individuals,

dividuals, of presiding on a Tribunal, of forming and executing judicial Determinations; even empty Titles, Names, and Escutcheons, and, I know not what frivolous Distinctions, which they call Nobility, all is sold. This detestible Venality, which is, in vain, attempted to be justified, leaving Merit destitute of the least Hope of Reward, Emulation must necessarily be, in this Place, very rare; but then, in this Place, it must shine with all its Lustre. *Eudoxus*, in applying himself to the Eloquence of the Bar, cannot be suspected of aspiring to the first Employments in the State; since he is assured, that, not being able to buy them, they are wholly out of his Reach: the sole Object of his Wishes, is, to excell in the Art, to which he has confined all his Studies; the Art of drawing Truth, out of that Chaos of Darknes and Confusion, in which it has been involved by Chicane and Quibble; of exhibiting it to the Judges, in the clearest and strongest Light, and compelling them, by the Force of irresistible Evidence, to give Sentence, in Favour of the Party, who has Justice on his Side. If a Rival succeeds in this noble Attempt, *Eudoxus* is not disgusted. What is it to *Eudoxus*, who does the Good, so the Good be but done? It was *Callidemus*, who snatched an innocent Person from the Brink of Ruin; and it was *Euphrades*, that delivered an Orphan from Oppression: no Matter---since they succeeded: *Eudoxus* could have done no more, and their Success is his. If Mankind had no other Views, in the Exercise of their Abilities, than Honour and

the public Good, the human Breast would be inaccessible, to the sordid Train of Jealousy and Envy.

S E C T. II. Of Heroism.

HEROISM includes Greatness of Mind. There are no Heroes, who have a base and servile Disposition : and yet, Heroism differs from mere Greatness of Mind, as it implies the Exercise of glittering and popular Virtues, which excite Astonishment and Admiration. It must, indeed, be confess'd, that the Conquest of vicious Inclinations, cannot be effected, but by generous Efforts, which offer a Kind of Violence to constitutional Propensities ; and, to obtain this Conquest, is Greatness of Mind. It is not, however, that, which is distinguished by the Name of Heroism: A Hero, in the general Acceptation of the Word, is a Man, constant in Difficulties, fearless in Danger, and daring in Battle.

I. Constancy and Obstinacy have a general Likeness to each other : but, in the following Portraits, they will easily be distinguished.

Thymocritus has embraced a certain Opinion ; and the Opinion of *Thymocritus* must also be that of all, who are so unhappy as to live in a State of Dependence upon him. To tell him, that this Opinion is erroneous, is Insolence and Presumption ; but, to prove it, is an Outrage not to be forgiven. He has made a capricious Regulation, which he imagines to be a Master-piece of Prudence and Policy ; he is informed, by humble Remonstrances, that

that the Execution of it is impracticable : but Information and Remonstrance are ineffectual. *Thymocritus* is an utter Stranger to Thought and Reflexion ; Volition is the only Act of his Mind. To moderate, or to suppress, his Ordonnance, would have been to act the wisest Part, but not the most despotic. “ Is an Intendant of a Province, “ a Magistrate of my Rank, to receive Law from “ the Rabble ? *My Ordonnance is a Novelty---*is it “ so ? -let them obey it, and in ten Years, this “ Objection will be obviated. *It is censured, and “ and the Absurdity of it publicly demonstrated,---* “ what have I to do, with the Criticisms of “ Wretches, who were born to obey me ? *I “ bring my Authority into Question, by commanding “ Impossibilities---*but, it is easy to give it Sanction, “ by punishing those, who complain. Shall I go “ back, after having advanced so far ? My Order “ is issued : just, or not, it shall be obeyed. If “ *I persist, the Country will rise against me---*let it “ rise ; I know how to reduce Rebels to their “ Duty.” This is the Portrait of Obstinacy, we shall now exhibit that of Constancy.

Choregus once served his Country, as a Statesman, and a General. The public Good was the only Object, which he kept constantly in View ; and he regarded nothing with Indifference, that had a Tendency to promote it. When he had once formed any Design, which might advance the common Interest, the Execution of it was certain, if he had no Obstacles to surmount, but the Cavilings of perverted Reason, and the Machinations of Sedition.

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The Inconveniencies of a Project might induce him to drop it, but he was not to be diverted from his Purpose by Difficulties. Altho' he was the Favourite of his Prince, yet, far from stooping to gratify his Vanity, by servile Adulation, he dared to set Truth before him, without a Veil, and to confront him with it, wheresoever he turned. This glorious and unshaken Integrity frequently exposed him, to the Danger of losing his Post; but the public Interest was always, in his Opinion, to be preferred before his own: he deemed it greater Honour, to serve his Prince, than to continue in his Favour; and was less solicitous, to avoid Disgrace, than not to deserve it. I have already, said he, ventured my Life in Battle, for my Master's Honour, and my own; and should I fear to risque my Fortune? Happy the Monarch, on whom indulgent Heaven shall bestow a Minister like this! My Reader, doubtless, regards him, only, as an imaginary Being; nor will I venture to affirm his real Existence. *Alexanders* and *Cæsars*, however rare, are yet less so, than disinterested Ministers of State; who have no other End in View, than the Good of their Country, and the Glory of their Prince.

Obstinacy is a blind Attachment to something, either trifling, or criminal; and is commonly the Effect, either of Stupidity, or Vice, and sometimes of both. It is the Characteristic of Wretches, who imagine that their Honour would be sullied, if they should turn back, when they are credibly informed, that they have missed their Way. Constancy, on the contrary, is the unshaken Resolu-

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tion of a Man of Sense, who persists in a Design, which he knows to be just and useful, notwithstanding the Opposition he meets with, and the Labour he sustains. Constancy is inspired by Honour, Virtue, and public Spirit. I add public Spirit; because, whoever perseveres in any Enterprize, with a View only to private Advantage, is a mercenary Wretch, whose Constancy is, rather, the Effect of Meanness, than Heroism. For Honour, and for Virtue, too much cannot be done: but too much is done for Fortune, when we sacrifice, to her, our Health, our Ease, our Mistress, or our Friend.

2. Intrepidity is a Kind of Constancy, which is tried by the Presence of Danger, Pain, and Affliction; and this, more particularly, characterises the Hero. Let us, however, distinguish it from a brutal Ferocity, which produces nearly the same Effects, but never proceeds from the same Principle.

Penisander fears nothing: Gulphs, Precipices, Fire, Sword, and Thunder itself, are ineffectual Barriers against his daring Attempts. Doubtless, he thinks himself intrepid, and assumes the Hero; yet he is no better than a Villain, blinded by brutal Rage: he, rather, shakes off the Thoughts of Danger, than despises it; and, if he should venture to reflect, would sink under the Apprehension of it, like a Coward. A Villain can only face Dangers, of which he is not sufficiently apprized, or which he hopes to escape. But let him not deceive himself; every Man, that is destitute of Virtue, is, at Heart, a Coward, and such he must always appear, except
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when he is under the immediate Influence of Rage, or some other violent Passion.

In *Craterus*, we have an Example of Intrepidity. Before he enters on any Undertaking, he examines, first, whether it is practicable; and, then, whether it is worthy a Man of Honour? If it is, he is not terrified, at the Prospect of Danger; he sees it approach, with Steadiness and Serenity; and prepares against it, with Equanimity and Composure. If he miscarries, it is not for Want of Courage, but of Power; and, whatever the Event, having fought to the last, he must come off with Honour.

There is frequently no apparent Difference, between the Intrepid, and the Fierce, but the Motive from which they act. The Savage, for some trifling Acquisition, some chimerical Honour---mere Shadows and Names, which would be too dearly purchased, by the mere Desire of possessing them! ---sacrifices his Enjoyments, his Peace of Mind, and Life itself. The Hero, on the contrary, knows the Value of his Existence, the Charms of Pleasure, and the Sweets of Repose; he will renounce them, notwithstanding, to struggle with Difficulties, smart under Affliction, and submit even to Death, if Justice and his Duty command him; but he will renounce them, on no other Consideration. His Virtue is dearer to him, than Life, Pleasure, or Repose; but than these, Virtue, only, is a more valuable Possession.

3. But, let us now seek for Heroism, on those bloody Theatres, on which it is placed by the Vulgar. In Camps, in Armies, and under the
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Walls of besieged Towns : for the Many think no Man a Hero, but a Soldier. Let us see, then, if these Sons of Triumph, when weighed in the Ballance of Reason and Equity, are worthy of the pompous Titles, that have been lavish'd upon them.

Valour, doubtless, is a valuable Virtue, since, of all others, it requires the greatest Self-denial.

Polemistes, reclining on the Lap of Plenty, and, surrounded by all the laughing Pleasures, that wanton in her Train, hears the shrill Sound of the martial Trumpet : immediately he starts up, and flies to Battle. Plays, Balls, Festivity and Love, Pleasures of every Kind, to him ye were only trifling Pastimes ! ye amused his Leisure, but could not engage his Heart. It is, only, since he has shaken ye off, that his Manner of Life has suited with his Genius — But is that *Polemistes* ! Dust, Sweat, Blood, Wounds, Hunger, Thirst and Fatigue, have so changed him, that I no longer know him, but by the Vigour of his Arm, and the Greatness of his Exploits. All Opposition vanishes at his Approach. The King of Terrors has invested him with his own Authority, and armed him, for Slaughter and Desolation, with his own Weapons : the firmest Battalions of the Enemy, are ineffectual Barriers against his Fury ; they fall before him, like Grass before the Scythe. If Honour, a Sense of Duty, or the Love of Justice, have armed *Polemistes*, I confess that he is a Hero ; but if this Deluge of Blood swells, only to gratify his Avarice, or his Ambition, he is a Monster. I

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know that even these Monsters, if under the Influence and Direction of others, may be serviceable to their Country; she has frequently Need of their Arm, but the Principle that moves it, is a Circumstance of no Moment. "It is certain, says a modern Writer, that a military Spirit is the Defence of the State; it should be cultivated and cherished, but with the same Caution that we keep a Mastiff to guard the House, whom we chain up, letting him loose but seldom, lest he should worry his Master."

The Malice and Injustice of Mankind have rendered War necessary, but it is, notwithstanding, an Evil, which all the Good that it produces cannot compensate. War is herself the Daughter of Ferocity, and her Offsprings are Violence, Cruelty, and Murder: by her, every tender Tie is broken; Nations are depopulated, Cities are reduced to Ashes, and the most fruitful Country to a Desert: nor is this the worst; by her the Manners of Mankind are deperved, Genius extinguished, and Brutality, Ignorance and Barbarism established upon the Ruins of social Virtue, Literature and Science: then Inhumanity glitters with the Trophies of Valour, and the Thirst of hostile Blood is the wretched Substitute of Virtue. *Greece* had never so many Heroes, as in the Infancy of her States, when she was peopled only by Robbers and Assassins; as Knowledge increased their Numbers diminished: Philosophy examines a Hero with a cautious Scrutiny, before his Right to that glorious Appellation is acknowledged. It has been denied to *Alexander*, and to the *Swede*, nor is it allowed to any Potentate,

tentate, whose Claim is supported only by Conquest and Triumph : the great *Henry* himself would have been unworthy of it, if, content with being the Conqueror, he had never aspired to be the Defender and Father of his Country. But the Vulgar will be the Vulgar in all Ages and Nations ; and as they have no Idea of true Greatness, it must frequently happen, that he, who in their Estimation, is a Hero, when reduced to his just Value, is no better than the Pest and the Reproach of Mankind.

Theriodes, whose Temper is savage, and whose Manners are brutal, who is destitute of Taste, Abilities and Virtue, had yet the good Fortune to do Justice to himself ; he engaged in a military Life, the only Station in which he could have succeeded : and, in Proportion as he is unfit for every other Profession, he is qualified for that, if nothing more is necessary to execute it well, than to be outrageous, fierce, inhuman, and bloodthirsty. No rebellious Tenderness is to be subdued, before he can be excited to a Massacre ; he has an innate Relish for Carnage, and no longer regards Men as sharing the same Nature with himself, when he is paid for killing them : the Fear of one Day sharing the same Fate, does not restrain his Fury ; he looks no farther than the present Moment, nor does he amuse himself, with debating, whether there is any Difference between *living* and *having lived* : he is an armed Automaton, a military Machine placed on the Field of Battle ; its Springs are wound up by the Sound of the Drum

and the Trumpet; the Thunder of the Artillery puts it in Motion; it then strikes furiously to the Right and Left, and all that it has of Life and Action is confined to its Arms. This, however, in the Opinion of the Multitude, is a Man, is endowed with Courage, is a Hero, especially if he holds a considerable Post; for the Title of Hero, in the Language of the Vulgar, includes the Idea of an elevated Station: nor is it given even to a Soldier, if he is no more than a Corporal or a Sergeant, he must, at least, be a Field-marshal, a Prince, or Commander in Chief. But not to dispute about Words, let us leave Warriors of the first Rank, in Possession of Heroism, since Custom immemorial has adjudged it exclusively to military Valour; let us, however, at least, call that Valour which is truly such.

To sacrifice Life, without Fear or Hesitation, passes for the most sublime and glorious Effort of Bravery; and yet to sacrifice it on a trivial Occasion, is mere Rashness; and to sacrifice it in a bad Cause, is the most consummate Wickedness. The Contempt of Life is not meritorious in itself, on the contrary, Self-preservation is enjoined by the Law of Nature; and the only Case, in which we are permitted to dispense with this Law, is when some Act of Virtue becomes our Duty, which cannot be executed without the Hazard or the Forfeiture of Life. To die in the Defence of our Country, our Honour, or our Integrity, is glorious; but it is infamous to fall a Victim to our Passions, to insatiable Ambition, sordid Avarice,

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or vindictive Fury. It is not true, that an Action is glorious, in Proportion as it is difficult, if, at the same Time, it is neither useful nor virtuous. Difficulty adds no Value to it, but as a Testimony of the inviolable Attachment of the Agent to his Duty.

Let it not be feared, that by declaiming against false Valour, I shall abate the warlike Disposition of our Troops. The Officer is excited by the alluring Hope of pecuniary Reward, which has a much greater Influence on his Mind, than my Maxims of dry Morality. The private Centinel is also sheltered from their baleful Influence, by his habitual Ferocity; and, besides, our heroic Pandours will scarce read my Work. But what do I say? Let them read it. The military Interest will be advanced, and their Valour will increase, in Proportion as it becomes virtuous; all the Dispositions of the Mind, regulated by right Reason, acquire new Strength and Stability. Let the Danger be known, before it is approached, and, secured against Surprise, Intrepidity shall become more firm. Let Life be preserved for that important Moment, in which it shall be most necessary to hazard, or to lose it: Life is, at least, too valuable to be wantonly thrown away, and, besides, by this Conduct, you will be able to render your Country more signal Service.

But the most effectual Means, of acquiring a greater Degree of Intrepidity, is, to be a good Man. Your Conscience then giving you a pleasing Assurance of another and a better Life, you will be
ready

ready to forego this, if Need be, with greater Alacrity and Chearfulness. In Battle, says *Xenophon*, those who most fear the Gods, are those who least fear Men. To surmount the Fear of Death, it is necessary that a Person should be conscious to the utmost Purity of Manners, or that he should be a Villain, whose Mind is rendered insensible, by habitual Guilt: chuse which you will. Which will you chuse, ye furious Duelists, who glory in deciding your private Quarrels with the Sword? You trouble not yourselves, about the tremendous Effects of the divine Justice: you, who fear not that Death should surprize you in the very Act of your Offence, have you the sole Property of that Life which you are about to sacrifice? Have you bestowed it on yourselves, that you assume a Right to dispose of it again? Is the Blood, which ought not to flow but in the Service of the Public, and which, notwithstanding, you are about to spill in a private Broil, your own? Presumptuous Infidels, who convert to your own Use, or rather to your Ruin, a Deposit, which God and your Country have a Right to require at your Hands.

But whither do I wander? To propose Arguments, deduced from natural Equity, to these frantic Wretches, is to speak in an unknown Tongue; they cannot see Justice but at the Point of their Swords. Let us approach nearer, and come within the Reach of their Apprehension, let us, if possible, undeceive them, with respect to a false Point of Honour that has infatuated them: if we succeed,

ceed, how many Murders shall we prevent ! for it must be confessed, that they are not so often transported by Enmity, as by a Desire to pass for Men of Courage. Their Thirst of Revenge will be immediately allayed, if they can be convinced, that to avenge themselves is an Act of Cowardice ; which may be easily effected, if they do not wilfully shut their Eyes against the clearest Evidence.

Cowardice is an inexcusable Weakness which renders us deficient in the Discharge of some Duty ; and the Desire of avenging ourselves bears these two Characteristics. 1. It causes us to violate one of the most important Duties of Life, by exciting us to the Murder of one of our Fellow-creatures, whom we are commanded by the Law of Nature to love as ourselves. What amazing Difference between loving our Brother, and plunging a Poignard in his Bosom ! 2. I dare affirm that Desire of Revenge is a Weakness ; for what other Name can be given to the violent Emotions of a rebellious Heart, which sacrifices our Tranquility, to the Resentment of an Insult, that, in itself, is far from being insupportable. Is the giving Way to Impatience, Courage ? True Courage is an Ability to suffer well, and consists in forgiving, and not in revenging Injuries : the Transports of Rage must be subdued before we can forgive, but to revenge, requires no Conquest. Your Enemy has attempted your Life, and the Life of that Enemy is now in your Hands, give it him, and fulfil a Precept of natural Equity. By this generous Conduct, you will either extinguish his Hatred, or
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heap all the Guilt of it upon his own Head, instead of sharing it with him, by seeking to revenge it. His Attempt to commit a Murder, has not conferred, upon you, a Right to destroy any of your Species.

But what if the Injury, of which you complain, be no more than a contemptuous Sneer, a biting Jest, an Excess of Raillery, a Stroke of a Cane, or a Box on the Ear? Would you, for so trifling an Offence, take upon you, either to spill the Blood of the Offender, or expiate the Affront which he has offered you, by your own. "Oh! it is not so much the Affront itself, say you, that provokes me, it is the Dishonour which it brings upon me; a Blow of a Cane! a Box on the Ear! what indelible Disgrace!" Wretched Prejudice! at once the Object of Contempt and Pity. Is it impossible to banish it from the Minds of my Countrymen? What! can the Ourage of Insolence or Phrensy, degrade and disgrace you? Can the Fault of another deprive you of your Honour? Can it then rob you of your Virtue? Or, is there any Species of Honour, of which Virtue is not the Parent? Astonishing and deplorable Absurdity! and yet a thousand Prejudices, equally monstrous, are derived from Father to Son, the Folly of which is seen and confessed, and yet we have not Courage publickly to renounce them.

"I acknowledge, says *Philalethes*, the Justice of your Maxims, and my Heart speaks the same Language with yours; but I shall be irrecoverably ruined, if I regulate my Life by your Plan, and the Dictates of my own Conscience: for I shall
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then be no longer able to appear with Honour, and Honour is dearer to me than Life." Alas ! shall we never have done with this mistaken Honour ? Can Honour be contradictory to right REASON ? You discover, by her sacred Light, that Revenge is Weakness, and the Gratification of it, Cowardice ; and yet you persist in the Purpose of avenging yourself, to maintain your Honour ! Dare to defy popular Error ; and if you fear that the World should doubt your Courage, signalize it in some lawful and useful Exploit. If Example has any Weight with you, judge of the Turpitude of these single Combats, by that of all polite Nations. If the Country, which pretends to be polite above all others, be excepted, where has this Phrensy, this Source of vain Glory, an Advocate ? The *Greeks* and *Romans*, who were, by Turns, the Conquerors and the Legislators of the World, certainly well knew what was Valour : but did they make Murder a Sport, and wantonly destroy each other ? they hung up the Sword, the Bow, and the Shield, as Instruments wholly useless in Time of Peace. Would you have a nearer and a later Example ? It is found in those magnanimous Islanders, our perpetual Rivals in Courage, Justness of Sentiment, Genius, Learning, and the polite Arts. Notwithstanding that savage Rusticity, we are pleased to impute to them, they are not to be reproached with that Enormity, for which I am now reprovng you. While Priests alone declaim against it from the Pulpit, you hear the Moralizer, indeed, but disregard the Morality.

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You have known them censure, as criminal, so many Actions, which, in your Opinion, and perhaps in Reality, were innocent; that you suspect them, and not without Reason, when they condemn Duelling: but will you not believe me, who injoin nothing but what is known to be commanded by God himself, and forbid nothing that he has not forbidden? Neither Effeminacy nor Cowardise has dictated these Precepts, but that Mildness and Humanity, in which I glory. Our self-conceited Coxcombs, indeed, will not relish my Morality; but can they be thought capable of a Relish for any Thing, in which there is just Reasoning and good Sense.

C H A P. III.

Of Justice.

JUSTICE, in the general Acceptation of the Word, is that Virtue, by which we render to God, our Neighbour, and ourselves, that which is their Due. It comprehends all our Duties: and, to be thus just, and to be virtuous, is the same Thing.

But we shall hear consider Justice, only as a Principle of Equity, which causes a Rectitude of Conduct, and excites us to render our Species, what in particular is due to it from every Individual. Altho' Justice, according to this Definition, may appear to belong to the social Virtues, of which we shall treat in the third Part of this Work, yet I think it is most properly placed here. The social Virtues arise from the different Ties, by which Mankind are united to each other, such

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as Love, Subordination, Gratitude, and Benevolence. Justice, on the contrary, has no Need of these Ties, which far from rendering it more active, frequently embarrass, impede and corrupt it. It is not by Friendship, Compassion, or Bounty, that we become just : but we are just, because we are created in the Image of God, one of whose Perfections is Justice, and whose Will it is, that, in this also, we should resemble him.

The Civilians distinguish Justice into two Kinds, and we shall adopt their Distinction. One they call *Commutative* ; and this establishes fair Dealing in the mutual Commerce between Man and Man : the other *Distributive* ; and, by this, their Differences are decided, according to the Rules of Equity : the former is the Justice of private Individuals, the latter of Princes and Magistrates.

ARTICLE I. *Of Commutative Justice.*

RECTITUDE, which is the Basis of commutative Justice, may be divided into *Sincerity* in our Discourse, and *Integrity* in our Dealings. The Effect of *Sincerity* is mutual Confidence, so necessary among the Members of the same Community ; and this mutual Confidence is sustained and preserved by the *Integrity* of our Conduct.

S E C T. I. *Of Sincerity.*

IF our Souls were pure Spirits, disengaged from corporeal Ties, our Sentiments would be intuitively known to each other ; every Thought would be visible, and would be communicated

without the Assistance of Language ; nor would it then be necessary to make Sincerity a Precept. It is to supply, as much as is necessary, the Want of this intellectual Intercourse, to which the Body is an insuperable Obstacle, that Nature has enabled us to produce articulate Sounds. The Tongue is an Interpreter, by which Souls converse with Souls, and it is certainly guilty, if it performs this Office deceitfully ; as a Linguist would be guilty of the most aggravated Fraud who should betray his Trust. Far from us be those Refinements of Falshood, equivocal Expressions, Subterfuges, and mental Reservations, which rather multiply Lies than prevent them. Whoever, designedly, leads another to believe that to be true, which he knows to be false ; or, to believe that to be false, which he knows to be true, is a Liar, let the Mode of Expression be what it will.

Abraham lied, when, by a Stratagem of mistaken Prudence, he caused his Wife to pass for his Sister, at the Court of *Abimelech* and *Pharaoh* : if it be allowed that she was of Kin to him, his Sincerity was still violated : to say that she was his Sister, was to cause them to believe, that she was not his Wife, which, indeed, was what *Abraham* intended. It is said, that he feared one or other of these Princes would have taken away his Life, to have had the sole Enjoyment of *Sarah's* Beauty. But had this Father of Believers so little Faith, so little Confidence in his God, as to think him unable to secure his Life, if he did not co-operate with him in the good Work, by contributing a Lie ? And what

what Kind of Lie did he contribute ? A Lie which would have delivered up his Wife to the first that should have desired to have her. What the *Spanish* Husbands think of this subtle Expedient of *Abraham*, I know not ; but I believe it would find a greater Number of Advocates in *France* than *Spain*.

The Law of Nature, which requires the most scrupulous Regard to Truth in all our Discourse, has not excepted the Case, in which Life itself would fall a Sacrifice to Sincerity. To lie, is to offend against Virtue, and it is, therefore, to injure Honour : but it is generally acknowledged that Honour is to be preferred to Life : the same must, therefore, be affirmed of Sincerity. Nor let this Opinion be deemed extravagant: tho' I should be the first Person in the World who adopted it, I would not for that Reason give it up : it is, however, more generally received, than it is thought to be. It is the Practice of, almost, every Court of Judicature, to make the Person accused, swear, before he is interrogated, that his Answers shall be true, even when the Crime with which he is charged is capital. They do him, therefore, the Honour, to suppose, that tho' he be guilty of the Fact, he will, notwithstanding, act so far like an honest Man, as to depose against himself, tho' at the Expence of Life, and tho' his Death will be violent and ignominious. But could this be supposed, if it was believed that Sincerity was dispensed with by the Law of Nature in this Case? It is true, that the Affirmation of the accused, is attended with

with the Solemnity of an Oath ; but this is a Circumstance, of which I have not the most favourable Opinion. To what Purpose is his Oath subservient ? A Villain will not find it more difficult to swear falsely, than to lie ; and an honest Man, after the most dreadful Imprecation, will not have a more scrupulous Regard to Truth, than if he answered to a simple Interrogation : there is no Medium between Truth and Falshood. The Exaction of an Oath, is a useless Insult on Mankind ; it is to suppose them capable of a Lie, and yet superstitious enough, to make a Difference between Lying and Perjury : there are some, however, of whom this must be confessed to be true.

Epiorcus is sued for the Payment of a Sum of Money ; but no written Obligation can be produced against him ; the Demand is founded only on a verbal Contract. He appears before the Court : at first, he equivocates ; he is pressed — he frames a plausible Story, relates particular Circumstances to give it the greater Resemblance to Truth, and closes it, by positively denying the Debt. Let us congratulate *Epiorcus*, out of Court, upon the Facility with which he has gained his Cause : as he was not compelled to swear, he has only affirmed a Falshood, in the Presence of his Judges and the Crowd that surrounded them. “ I am well off,” says he to his Friends, as he departs, “ if they had put me to my Oath, I should have lost my Cause ; for I would not have been guilty of Perjury.”

Let us not, however, draw any Conclusion from this Instance, in Favour of the established Custom,
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of sometimes requiring an Oath from the Parties in judicial Proceedings: for who can engage for *Epiorcus*, that he would rather have retracted his Falshood, than have confirmed it by an Oath? But suppose that had been the Case, which is not probable, this would be but a single Instance, from which no Consequence can be drawn; and is far from being of sufficient Weight, to prevent its being established as a general Truth, *that whoever will lie without Scruple, will also swear to a Lie.* The most effectual Method to prevent Perjury, is never to administer an Oath: nor would I, except in Cases of absolute Necessity, even interrogate a Person, whom I suspected to be capable of lying, and interested to conceal the Truth; for this would be giving him an Opportunity to do it.

The Morals of the greater Part of Mankind, with respect to Sincerity, are not very rigid: they make no Difficulty of betraying Truth to Interest, and will lie, without Scruple, to exculpate themselves, or to excuse others: these they call *friendly Lies*; they are told for the Sake of Peace and Quietness, to oblige some Friend, or to prevent some Accident: wretched Pretexts! which this single Sentence reduces, at once, to empty Sound, *It is never allowable to do Evil that Good may come of it.* A good Intention may justify an indifferent Action, but can never render an evil one lawful. Small Account is also made of jocular Lies, feigned Stories, and fictitious News, “These are Waggeries that hurt No-body.” What a ridiculous Apology!

Apology ! Is an Action, therefore, innocent, because it does not include two Crimes ?

Calumny, however, is abandoned to my Resentment : this is a detestible Species of Falshood, which every one would condemn and abhor, if it were only thro' Fear of, one Day, becoming its Object. But those who condemn it, are not always innocent themselves : they have, perhaps, related Facts unfaithfully ; they have added, diminished, or altered, without designing, and merely through the Habit of embellishing, or exaggerating their Narrations. There is one infallible Method, and but one, to secure ourselves from being guilty of Calumny, and that is, never to detract.

Let Fancy transport you to some imaginary World, in which, Words are always the faithful Interpreters of Thought ; where the Friend, who offers you his Service, feels his Bosom glow with the Benevolence he expresses ; where a generous Confidence shall not render you the Dupe of Falshood ; where Truth shall dictate every Declaration, every Narrative, and every Promise ; where, consequently, Life shall be unimbittered by Suspicion and Distrust, and sheltered from Fraud, Treachery, Circumvention, Perfidy, Calumny, and false Accusation. How delightful the Intercourse of the Beings who people this happy World ! You wish, certainly, that the World which you inhabit, enjoyed an equal Felicity, and you wish well : but do not stop here ; contribute your Part to attain
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so desirable an End, and begin the good Work, by being yourself just, sincere, and inflexibly true.

SECT. II. *Of Integrity or Fair-dealing.*

IT is not necessary to define what is meant by Integrity or Fair-dealing. Those who practise it least, well know what it is ; and would be glad, that every other Person was endowed with this Virtue, that they might cheat them with the greater Ease ; for they are not Knaves for nothing : they never cheat or over-reach you, but they have some private Advantage in View.

Why did those Impostors, the Priests of dumb and lifeless Idols, forge so many Mysteries, Oracles, and Prodigies ? why did they multiply Sacrifices, invent lustral Waters, holy Cakes, and consecrated Bread ? — By these Inventions, they increased their Revenues. Whatever Doctrine contributed to fill their Coffers, that they preached as the most sacred and inviolable. Why have Lawyers drowned right Reason and Equity, in a Deluge of Quibble, Formality, and refined Chicanery ? Doubtless, to improve, to their own Advantage, the Differences which arose among their Fellow-Citizens, and to enrich themselves by their Quarrels. Why does the demure *Astorgus* walk, with his Eyes fixed on the Ground, his Head bowed down with an affected Humility, buried under a large and rusty Hat, and cloathed with Apparel that is scarce decent ? Why that soft Tone, those affectionate Expressions ? Why that pretended Zeal for the Interest of Heaven, those hypocritical La-

mentations for the Blindness of Sinners? It is to raise Contributions on the too credulous female Devotees, who are the Dupes of his Grimace.

To put an End to a tedious Lawsuit, which has been fruitful in Turns and Incidents, you compound with the litigious *Eristes*, even to your Disadvantage: unavailing Sacrifice! under the specious Pretence of listening to an Accommodation, *Eristes* has snatched this Opportunity to gain Ground against you. You have voluntarily given up Part of what is your Due, to secure the Rest; you shall, notwithstanding, be despoiled of all, with the Assistance of a knavish Scrivener; he has foisted equivocal Terms into the Deed, of which he well knows to take Advantage; and, thus, without knowing it, you have signed your own Destruction.

I go into that Part of the City, which is inhabited by Drapers, and I see such strange and ridiculous Customs, that I almost doubt, whether I am not transported into some distant Country by Enchantment. The Tradesmen, which I have seen in other Places, have, for the vending of their Commodities, a Room on the Ground-floor, which they call a Shop; so have the Shop-keepers here, but it is empty, and without any other Furniture, than the Wife and Daughters of the Dealer, who, as they appear gorgeously dressed, sit in an indolent Posture, and are always idle, seem to answer no other Purpose than that of a Sign. I go in, with a Design to make a Purchase; they introduce

roduce me into a distant Hall, inaccessible to perfect Day-light, where the Rays of the Sun never enter, but obliquely, and through a narrow Crevise. They show me some Cloth, which they uncover and unroll : deceitful Complaisance, which serves only to impose upon me ! The false Light, which they have artfully contrived, hides the Blemishes and Defects of the Commodity : first remove these high Shutters, which exclude the Light, and if you intend that I should see, do not let me see by Halves. There is, in all Professions, some customary Fraud, with which the Tradesman never reproaches himself ; because it is universally practised : and thus, a Person will, without Scruple, suffer a Blind to be put up at the Window of his Ware-house, who, perhaps, would faithfully discharge the Office of Trustee to his Nephew.

A Captain of a Company inserts the Names of many, in his Muster-roll, who perform no Duty ; and scruples not to receive their Pay, tho' he would be ashamed of any other Kind of Robbery. A Soldier will pilfer from his Host ; and thinks whatever he can carry off from his Quarters, undiscovered, good Prize ; who, under any other Habit, might be safely intrusted with uncounted Treasure. A Monk, who in other Respects, is an honest Man, displays to the Public, as Objects of Veneration, Boxes of Reliques, Bones, Agnus Dei's, and Scapularies ; which, in his Heart, he estimates at no more than their just Value : but, as this is a Practice common to all of his Cloth, he would think himself a false Brother, if he should not ac-

quiesce in the pious Fraud. The Lawyers sell their Advice and Assistance at a very dear Rate : the most disinterested among them, indeed, expect to be paid only for what they do ; but is this no more than is necessary to be done ? It is become a Custom, to charge their Clients with a Heap of impertinent Writings, three Fourths of which are of no other Use, than to increase the Fees for Draughts and Copies : the Lawyers, however, have no Scruples of Conscience on this Subject. Have we not a Right, say they, to live on the Follies of Mankind ? 'Tis granted ; live on them and welcome, but do not devour the Men, by whose Follies you are supported.

I shall say nothing concerning open Plunder and Rapine. To take away the Property of another, by Violence, is almost universally known to be an inexcusable Crime ; for, except the Conquerors of Nations, there are but few who are Strangers to this important Truth : nor would I be thought, to assume the Office of a Reformer of Highway-men and House-breakers ; for Gibbets and Wheels are the only Arguments by which they can be convinced : these alone can restrain them from Acts of Violence ; and, indeed, to these alone, the greatest Part of Mankind are indebted for their Honesty.

That Species of Theft, which is most practised, and, of which, Men are least ashamed, is the contracting Debts which they never pay. It is a trite Maxim, that an honest Man may be in Debt : it is, notwithstanding, true, that Theft consists, not
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only in taking away, but, in with-holding the Property of others. Let us, however, distinguish between the different Kinds of Debts; for some are innocent, and some are criminal. The innocent Debts, are those contracted through Necessity, and which Necessity, also, prevents from being paid: There are, besides, Debts of a middle Kind; which are innocent, with Respect to the present Time, the Debtor being unable to discharge them; but criminal, with Respect to the Time, in which they were contracted; because they were contracted, by unjustly appropriating the Money of others. Other Debts are criminal, with Respect to the present Time, tho' innocent, with Respect to the past; and of this Sort, are those, which are suffered to remain unpaid, notwithstanding an Ability to discharge them, for whatever Cause they were contracted.

Nicander, having been ruined by Fire, was re-established in Trade, by a Sum which his Friends advanced him upon Credit. His Affairs began to wear a promising Aspect, when a Series of new Misfortunes, Law-suits, Sickness, Shipwrecks and Bankruptcies, plunged him into yet deeper Distress: far from being able to discharge his old Debts, he is necessitated to contract new, and thinks himself happy, if he can find any that are willing to become his Creditors. Pity *Nicander*, but do not blame him: for, tho' his Ruin should bring on that of all the Friends who so generously assisted him, he is still innocent, if this extensive Calamity is not the Effect of Knavery or Negligence, and if

he has exerted his utmost Abilities to retrieve his Losses.

He who risks only the impoverishing himself, or, at least, the becoming less wealthy, by neglecting his Interest, may neglect it if he will: but for a Man, who is in Debt, to assume an Air of Magnanimity, by affecting a Contempt of Riches, is a Crime: he is accountable to his Creditors, for all that he might have gained honestly, by his own Industry and Labour: and if these Circumstances be duly considered, there will not be so many Debtors found innocent, as is generally imagined.

Lysippus, who had formerly a Post in the Service of the Government, and was, by Virtue of his Office, Trustee of the Fortunes of many private Persons, consumed by his Luxury, not only those Fortunes, but his own. He confesses his Iniquity, at the Foot of the Altar, with Sighs and Groans; and hopes to expiate his Guilt by Fasting and Prayer. *Lysippus*, say the Multitude, is become a Penitent; he has quitted the World, and is perpetually on his Knees. How preposterous a Penitence! Pray a little less, *Lysippus*: the best Method of attoning for your Faults, is to make Restitution to the injured: improve your Talents, return to the World, and apply yourself to Business; spare no Labour, either of Body or Mind; nor suffer any Prospect of Ease to allure you, till your Creditors are satisfied. Go then and prostrate yourself at the Throne of Grace; for then only you can hope to be heard.

Indigence

Indigence itself does not acquit a Person of the Obligation to pay his Debts, if they were contracted, or continued, by Imprudence, Indolence, or Prodigality. A Debtor possesses nothing as his own, but that which would remain after the Payment of his Debts ; and whatever he expends more than this, is unjustly taken from his Creditors. The mere Necessaries of Life, indeed, are allowed him, by the Laws of Humanity, but nothing more ; and even these, upon Condition, that he endeavours, with Sincerity and Diligence, to pay what he owes.

How admirable is the Tranquility of *Misochrestes* ! with what Ease does he disengage himself from a Number of Creditors, who importune him with a clamorous Impatience ! He has avoided them, a thousand Times, by causing his Servants to deny him : by what Stratagem will he avoid them To-day ? They have crowded into his Hall, before he is up : he resolves not to stir from his Chamber : they are obstinately determined to wait till they see him. They are told, by his Order, that he is indisposed, and can speak to No-body ; but they are not mollified by the News of his Indisposition : if the Door is not opened, they declare they will enter his Room by Force : upon this, he sends Word, that he will surrender, and immediately comes to a Parley. “ How now, Gentlemen, says he, cannot a Man be sick in his own House ? Give me Leave to tell you, that your Behaviour is very extraordinary. What have you to say, Mr. *Rhedon* ? You made me a Chaise, about three Years ago ;
and

and have not I paid you ten Pounds on Account? You have great Reason to complain, truly! Go, go, don't be afraid of your Money: Nobody loses any Thing by me. There is an honest Man now, that has served me with Bread these six Years; he knows how to behave himself to a Person of my Rank: he has had great Patience, and he shall lose nothing by it.—Mr. *Rhedon*, your Servant—excuse me now—I must speak to these Gentlemen—you'll call again.—My good Friend, *Artopolus*, I have a great Respect for you, you serve me extremely well: how do you manage to make such good Bread as you send me?—it is excellent—no Bread can be better.—Let me see what I owe you—a hundred and ninety five Pounds, ten Shillings, and two Pence, three Farthings.—I owe you this Sum—I shall not scrutinize your Account—I take it for granted that it is right—a hundred and ninety five Pounds, and upwards—never fear, we shall be able to answer your Demand—and I do assure you, Mr. *Artopolus*, that the first Money I receive shall be yours: I will save you the Trouble of coming for it—it is but reasonable that I should; 'tis you that keep me alive.—Ah! yonder is my Wine-Merchant. My Friend, I have long wanted an Opportunity to take you to Task: you know very well, Mr. *Vintner*, that the Wine you send me, is Poison: what the Devil do you put into it! I cannot drink three Bottles of it without losing my Senses; and yet, I suppose, you want Money!—Go, go, about your Business: those who expect to be

be paid never serve their Customers as you serve me: you shall have no Money till every Body else is paid, if it were only to teach you to sell good Commodities. As to you, Mr. *Guillaumet*, I am really ashamed, that I have made you wait so long for your Money: I know all the Complaints you might justly make against me: you have cloathed me, and my whole Family, these five Years, and I have not yet paid you a Penny. I promised you, at the Close of the last Year, and disappointed you. Is not this what you would say? You know me well enough, Mr. *Guillaumet*: do you think I could be so cruel, as to suffer you to be distress'd for the Money that is due to you, when you have disbursed such considerable Sums for my Use, if my Tenants paid me my Rents? I should then be destitute of Honesty, as well as Compassion: but they must pay me by-and-by; and then, Mr. *Guillaumet*, I will pay you — Your Servant. Give me Leave now to say a Word or two to that Gentlewoman. Good-morrow t'ye, Mrs. *Pernelle* — it is about those thirty Pieces of Holland, which I had of you, is it not? — I cannot pay you for them so soon — you see how many People I have promised already. But you can afford to wait. Ah! Mrs. *Pernelle*, you are warm, as they say. — “Indeed, you mistake, Sir, my Circumstances are very strait.” Oh! 'tis so much the worse, my good Friend: when People cannot afford to give Credit, they should not undertake to sell. As to the rest of you, Gentlemen, says *Misochrestes*, addressing himself to those Creditors, who had not yet

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yet had Audience, I believe I do not owe you any great Matters : you see, I am endeavouring to regulate my Affairs : and, if I can do no better, at present, I will, at least, look over and settle your Accounts.

Misochrestes, as he pronounces the last Words, rushes by them, and vanishes like a Flash of Lightning ; leaving his Creditors, in such Astonishment at his Effrontery, that he was at a great Distance, before they had recollected themselves sufficiently, to return an Answer.

ARTICLE II. *Of Distributive Justice.*

IF all Men were honest, there would be no Need of distributive Justice ; for it is only a Kind of Intrenchment, thrown up, to prevent the In-roads of Violence and Rapine. The greater Part of Mankind have confounded the Useful with the Pleasant. Whatever gratifies their Appetites, or their Passions, they immediately pronounce to be useful : and this, indeed, would be true, if these Appetites and Passions were always under the Government of Reason, and regulated by the Laws of Equity : but if this is not the Case, that which gratifies the Appetites and Passions, may, at the same Time, be unjust ; and yet, “ that whatever is unjust, must, on the whole, be disadvantageous,” is a Maxim, which I shall endeavour to establish, by the following Arguments.

Nothing is advantageous or useful, but that which has a Tendency to render us happy : the highest Advantage or absolute Utility, is compleat Happiness ;

Happiness; and to this Happiness, whatever is advantageous or useful, is relative as to an ultimate End; and nothing, that is not thus relative to Happiness, can properly be said to be advantageous or useful. But whatever is unjust, is so far from tending to promote, that it destroys our Happiness; for, whatever is unjust, is contrary to the divine Will: but it is not possible that we should become happy, by resisting that Will; because, of this Will, our Happiness is the immediate Object. God is not a Tyrant, proud of uncontrollable Power, who imposes capricious Laws, only as Tests of our Obedience, and to make us feel the Weight of his Yoke; all his Precepts are Lessons, which teach us how to be happy: but it is the Will of God, that we should be just. From whence it follows, that no true Happiness can be acquired by those who are unjust. An Action, therefore, which is contrary to Justice, being contrary to the Will of God, must be inconsistent with our true Interest; and consequently, far from being useful or expedient, it must, inevitably, produce Ruin and Misery.

But the sensual and brutal Part of Mankind, who regard only the present Moment, who see no Objects, but those which fall under the Cognizance of the corporeal Eye, and estimate the Merit of every Action, by the Gain which it produces; these Wretches have always considered Justice and Utility, as independent of each other. They put Utility in the Ballance against Honesty, every Day; and never fail to incline the Beam, in

Favour of the former, if the supposed Advantage is thought to be considerable ; and, they always judge, that its Importance is in Proportion to the Ardour of their Desires : they have, therefore, no Regard to Justice, but as they reckon to gain by it, or, at least, not to lose ; and are always ready to desert it, when it exposes them to any Danger, or threatens them with any Loss.

From this Disposition of Mind proceed that Avidity of Wealth, and that habitual Fraud, which perpetually imbroid civil Society. From this fatal Source, arises that Deluge of Iniquity, which has overflowed the World ; from this Preference of Interest to Honesty, proceed every unjust Litigation, and every Act of Violence. To prevent, therefore, the dreadful Confusion, which this mistaken Notion of Interest introduced among Mankind, it became necessary to have Recourse to the innate Principles of Justice ; to suspend the Ballance and display the Sword, for the Determination of Differences, and the Punishment of Guilt. As it was also necessary, that the Legislator should not only be endowed with Sagacity and Prudence, but invested with sufficient Authority, to enforce the Execution of his Laws ; this important Trust was conferred upon Persons, who were already distinguished, by an acknowledged Pre-eminence above the rest of Mankind ; and thus, distributive Justice became the Appendage of Sovereignty. But, to prevent the Execution of Justice from degenerating into the wanton Exercise of arbitrary Power ; certain general Rules were

were established, with suitable Solemnity, to adjust and determine the more ordinary Differences, which arose among Numbers of the same Society; and to repress the Insolence of those, who dared to violate the public Peace, by possessing them with the Dread, either of corporeal Punishments, or Infamy. If any extraordinary Case occurred, which had not been foreseen, it was decided by the natural Equity from which the general Rules or Maxims had been derived. Princes then administered Justice in Person, and without Delay. But, at length, being embarrassed and oppressed, by the Multiplicity of Business, which increased with their Dominions; or diverted from their Attention to civil Government, by the Command of Armies; they put the Execution of distributive Justice into the Hands of subordinate Judges: and, for this Purpose, invested them with a Part of their judicial Authority. These Delegates of the sovereign Power were called Magistrates; and these are the Persons by whom Justice is, at this Time, administered. Let us enquire how they execute their Office, and how it ought to be executed.

Justice ought to be administered *speedily, impartially, and without Expence to the Parties.* It is not denied in this Country, more than in others, that Justice ought to be administered, without Expence to the Parties: it is a Maxim that has always subsisted: but, at present, it is unhappily reduced to a mere speculative Truth. With respect to this Subject, in common with many others, Expedients

Expedients have been found, to elude the Austerity of practical Virtue. The first Step was to prohibit the People from enjoying their undoubted Birth-right, by forbidding them to plead, each Man his own Cause : if this Regulation proceeded from just Motives, I confess, I have not Penetration sufficient to discover them ; but I can easily distinguish the Inconveniencies which it has produced. What Need have I of a mercenary Substitute, whom I am obliged to pay for defending my Interest, when I can be a better Advocate for myself ? It is answered, he states my Case to the Judges, with greater Accuracy and Perspicuity, and with less Heat and Passion : but, if I am able to make my Lawyer perfectly comprehend my Case ; surely, I am able fully to explain it to the Judge. And how can I be certain, that this Substitute has perfectly comprehended me ; that he sees the particular Circumstance upon which the Decision of my Cause will turn ; and, that he has taken the Pains, to read all the Papers that I have put into his Hands : who can engage for him, that he will apply himself to my Affairs, with a faithful Assiduity ; that he will represent them to the Judge, in the strongest and most advantageous Light ; that he will forget no Part of the Evidence, and that he will urge it with all its Force : how can I know, that he will not suffer himself to be bought into the Interest of my Adversary, and assist in his Triumph, by making a weak Defence for me ? All these Species of Treachery are sometimes committed : there is none, therefore, which

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I have not Reason to fear. But permit me to defend my own Property, and it is no longer possible that I should suffer by any.

But let it be taken for granted, that I have found an Advocate, upon whose Integrity and Abilities, I may securely depend: of what Advantage to me, are these imagined Qualifications? One Defect obliterates them all; his Price is too high for my Purse. Despoiled of all my Substance by injurious Power, Justice, in vain, offers me her Assistance to recover it, if the Gate, by which alone I can have Access to her, is not to be opened, but by a golden Key. Suppose me, however, to have bought this Entrance into the outward Court: I am stopped, by new Obstacles, at every Step; the Palace of *Themis* is a destructive Custom-house, where a hundred greedy Ministers of Exaction succeed each other, to devour the Substance of the unhappy Client. The Judge himself, at their Head, authorizes the Pillage, and stands ready to receive his Share of the Booty. He is, however, somewhat delicate, as to the Manner, in which it is to be accepted; he would blush to pollute his Hand, by the Acceptance of a Gratitude; but the Barbarian insists, that his Part of the Spoil, be paid him as his Due; and he, not only sets Justice to Sale, but will sell it to those, only, who pay him before-hand.

It is in vain to object, that these exorbitant Expences, are no more than a just Punishment on the litigious and the knavish Client, upon whom the whole Burden will ultimately fall. For I reply,
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first, that I do not perceive the Equity of these pecuniary Punishments, the Profits of which accrue to those who inflict them; and I cannot but suspect all interested Justice to be of the false Kind. Why should my Judge be so much a Gainer by *Harpaste's* having unjustly commenced a Suit against me? It is I, only, who ought to receive a Recompence, and not the Judge who has suffered no Injury; and who ought, impartially, to acquit or condemn, without drawing any Advantage from the Process. I assert further, that it is not true, that one of the Parties must necessarily have been guilty of unfair Dealing: the Subject of Debate, may be doubtful in itself; and, in this Case, he, who loses the Cause, ought rather to be pitied than punished. But let it be supposed, that the Party, upon whom the Expences of the Suit fall, ought to pay them as a Mulct, for having endeavoured to obtain that to which he had no Right; his Adversary, notwithstanding, pays dearly for his Victory: he must have satisfied a thousand secret Extortions, which he can never recover; and he must defray, even the known Expences of the Suit, if the Party, who ought, to bear them is unfortunately insolvent. There is yet another Case, in which the Costs may fall upon the Party, who ought not to pay them. I mean, when a Cause is determined contrary to Equity, either by the Ignorance or Corruption of the Judges. And of this there are many Instances: for those haughty Arbiters of our Fortunes are not endowed, by Heaven, either with an unerring Conscience or Understanding.

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2. Let us suppose the Judges to be disinterested, they will, indeed, examine with more Success, and decide with more Sagacity ; but this is not sufficient, they must also be expeditious. To defer an Act of Justice, which may be determined immediately, is to be unjust : Time is precious to those, whose Fortunes are at Stake. It is the common Phrensy of Persons in Place, to make Men solicit for that, as a Favour, which they owe as a Debt, by Virtue of their Office : it is expected, that I should purchase, by a servile Supplication, what I have a Right to demand as my Due : but rather sell me Justice, at the most exorbitant Price, and let me have it *now* ; whatever it costs me, I shall gain by the Bargain. The President *Cenocephalus* imagins, that to be followed by a Crowd of Suitors to the Foot of the Bench, is a Circumstance of State, that displays the Dignity of his Office. The Trouble and Anxiety, which he discovers in their Countenances, flatters his Vanity, and gives him the most sensible Delight ; and he whispers to himself, with a secret Exultation, *It is upon my Will, that the Fate of this Multitude depends*—he takes Care not to dispatch their Business too soon, because this would render his Court less numerous.

I cannot conceive, how the first Person that solicited a Judge, could venture on so desperate an Attempt ; nor, by what Means, Judges have accustomed themselves, patiently to suffer so bold an Insult. For what is it to solicit a Judge ? It is to address him, tho' in other Terms, yet to this Effect : “ I do not doubt, but that you would neglect

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my Affair, if I did not press you to interest yourself in it. I know that you love Ease and Pleasure, that you prefer them to the diligent and faithful Execution of your Office: but let me intreat you to do your Duty, on this Occasion, for my Sake; examine the State of my Case yourself, and do not rest satisfied, with only perusing the Extract of a Secretary: and when you are perfectly acquainted with the Merits of my Cause, decide as Justice and Equity shall direct you. The lovely *Hortensia* comes to solicit your Interest against me, but turn away your Eyes from the dangerous Splendor of her Beauty: she will come, recommended by several Noblemen of the first Rank; but remember that these Recommendations do not add the least Degree of Equity to her Cause: they will endeavour to pervert your Judgment, by Promises, and, perhaps, by Bribes; but act uprightly and maintain your Integrity. In one Word, do me the Favour to behave like an honest Man." But how much more injurious would be the Solicitation of a Person, who was endeavouring to obtain what was not his Right! To solicit his Judge, in order to gain an unjust Cause, is to tell him to his Face, that you take him either for a Knave or a Fool.

In my Opinion, to thank a Judge, after gaining a Cause, is also to insult him; it seems to render him suspected of having, in some Degree, softened the Severity of rigorous Justice, in your Favour. If he has not done this, for what do you return him Thanks? If he has regulated his Decree, by the Rules of strict Equity, he has no more Claim

to your Thanks, than a Tenant who pays you a Quarter's Rent, when it is become due ; neither of them have done any Thing that they could have neglected to do, without Prevarication and Injustice. — Esteem, as highly as you please, an upright Judge ; he merits Esteem, but deserves not Thanks. He may, on the contrary, notwithstanding the most untainted Integrity, deserve Reproach, if he has suffered the Parties to languish in a long and anxious Expectation of a Decree, which he might have pronounced immediately. A Magistrate is accountable for every Moment of his Time, so long as there are any Causes remaining on his Hands undecided. Is it not enough, that a Suitor has suffered the tedious Delay of all the petty Officers of the Court ? Must the sovereign Dispensers of Justice, themselves, prolong his Misery by endless Procrastination ?

After many Years of Expectance, Anxiety, and Solicitation, at length, a Decree is obtained : but to obtain a Decree, is to obtain nothing ; for the adverse Party, to prevent its taking Effect, proceeds, by successive Appeals, from one Court to another. And let no Man think himself certain, of recovering that for which he sues, because his Right to it is incontestible. The Rites of *Themis* subject her Clients to so many trifling Formalities, upon which their Fortune depends, that it is difficult to arrive at her Tribunal, without making a false Step ; and in her awful Temple, *Substance* is the daily Victim of *Form* ; and the most indubitable

Right is solemnly proscribed, for the Omission of a Word, a Letter, or the most trivial Circumstance.

But if all these Rocks and Quicksands are happily passed, the Bark may be lost in the very Port, by the Injustice or Incapacity of the Judge. Of all Professions, that of a Magistrate is, in my Opinion, of the greatest Importance to the Public ; and yet I know not any other, for which less Evidence of Ability is required : every one, who has taken his Degrees, and is able to defray the Expences of his Admission, is deemed fit to become a Judge.

I do not know whether the young *Adrastus* is a good Judge ; he does not take upon him to decide, he only declares his Opinion, and even in this, perhaps, he does too much. But I know his Morals, his Pleasures, and Amusements ; he is sportful, sprightly, amorous, volatile, and indolent. He conceived an Aversion to Books in his Infancy, which has continued ever since ; especially Law-Cases, Reports, and Precedents. He is somewhat less prejudiced against Pamphlets : he has turned over *Acajou*, *Grigri*, the *Sopha*, and the *Etrennes de la S. Jean*. He loves good Cheer, and, above all, long Suppers. He is fond of Gaming, Dancing, Arms and Horses : no Amusements, but those which are sedentary, come amiss to him. You perceive I had my Reasons for acquainting you, at first, that *Adrastus* was a Magistrate ; since, if you had judged of him only by this Picture, you would, doubtless, have taken him for a young Officer, or a Page of the Back-stairs.

Close

• Close to *Adrastus* sits the gouty *Menalippus*, an ancient Judge, whose Knack at determining Causes by Rote, acquired by sixty Years Practice, serves to supply his Want of Capacity. He knows what a young Barrister would say at first Sight : he, therefore, indulges himself in a profound Sleep, while the Cause is pleading, and yet gives his Opinion of the Merits of it when it is over. His Age and Infirmities secure him from being perverted by the Solicitations of the *Fair* ; and, on this Side, his Integrity is invulnerable. If any Charms have the Power to seduce him, they must be the Charms of Gold : but then the Sum must be equivalent to the Service ; his Virtue disdains the Temptation of an ordinary Bribe. There is no Reason to fear his being influenced, to neglect his Duty, by Tenderness or Compassion ; or, that the Remorse, the Anguish, and Despair of the Criminal, should melt his Zeal for Justice, into Pity. When a Convict is to be sentenced to capital Punishment, assure yourself that he will not lose the Opportunity of doing it ; this is an Act of that Authority of which he is jealous. His Heart has been so long hardened against Prayers and Tears, he has been so long an intrepid Spectator of Torture and Executions, that he would rather send twenty innocent Persons to the Gallows, than suffer one guilty to escape. If there were on the Bench, twenty such Judges as *Adrastus* and *Menalippus*, can it be imagined, that Innocence would be a sufficient Security against Condemnation ? And yet our Courts of Justice are not always supplied with better Magistrates than these.

For

For one Judge, who is worthy of the Seat which he fills, there are thirty who deserve no higher Employment, than that of Cryer of the Court.

It is a common Custom, to decide Causes by the Plurality of Voices; a Method which, in my Opinion, reflects too great an Honour on our Magistrates: for it is founded on a Supposition, that the greater Part of them are sufficiently endowed with Integrity and Penetration. On the contrary, I am of Opinion, that it would be better to regulate the Decision, by the Judgment of the Minority; for, is it not more reasonable to suppose, that in twenty five Brothers of the Bench, the five only should be properly qualified for their Office, than the twenty?—Sagacity is not the Accomplishment of the Many. Notwithstanding the paradoxical Appearance of my Position, it was long ago advanced by the *Jewish* Legislator. He warns the *Israelites*, not to form their Judgment, by that of the Majority, in judicial Proceedings *. I should prefer the Suffrage of a single Judge, whose Opinion was the Effect of Thought, to that of fifty, who determine by mere Instinct.

The most delicate, and, consequently, the most dangerous Temptation, to a Magistrate, is that which arises in his own Breast; I mean an ill-placed Generosity, a Desire to oblige his Friends, which cannot be gratified but at the Expence of Justice. The Man who is proof against the largest Promises, and the most alluring Offers, is frequently

* Non in Judicio Plurimorum acquiesces Sententiæ. *Exodus*,
xxiii. 2.

seduced by the pressing Solicitations of a Friend. He imagines that the very Motives which urge him to a Breach of Duty, extenuate his Guilt. He would be self-condemned, if he suffered himself to be perverted by the sordid Allurements of Gain, or by any Views of private Interest : but Tenderness, Friendship, Love, Gratitude, are Sentiments so noble !—and noble they certainly are, in the highest Degree, when they operate in Aid of Virtue ; but when they are employed against her, they are not only mean, but criminal. Not only Custom, but Duty, forbids a Magistrate to act in his public Capacity, with respect to a Cause, in which a Person, nearly allied to him by Affinity or by Blood, is a Party : but Society is connected by many other Ties, which have an equal Influence upon our Actions, and against which we should, therefore, be equally upon our Guard. You could not pronounce Sentence against your Friend, but with the greatest Regret ; do not, then, become his Judge.

God, and sovereign Princes, as his Vicegerents, are the only Beings in the Universe, who have the Power of mitigating deserved Punishment, and of favouring those, whom they love, in the Exercise of judicial Authority ; and neither God, nor Sovereigns, can do either, to the Injury of the opposite Party. But the Magistrate has no Right to favour either Party, whether the other be injured by it or not ; he has no Authority but that which he derives from the Law, of which he is no more than the Depositary and Instrument : if he deviates from the Law,
from

from whatever Motive, he exceeds his Power and forfeits his Integrity.

But if the Law is not explicit, with respect to the Subject of Dispute between the Parties, may not the Judge give such an Explication of it as will favour his Friend? No, certainly, the most tender Friendship must stand for nothing in this Explication: Consequences, drawn from the Law, are a Part of it, and should be deemed equally sacred and inviolable.

CHAP. IV.

Of Temperance.

Temperance, in the most extensive Sense, is a prudent Moderation, which restrains our Appetites, Passions, and Desires, within due Bounds. But it will here be considered in a more confined Sense, as a Virtue which bridles our corporeal Appetites, and, by preserving them in a Medium, equally distant from two opposite Extremes, renders them, not only innocent, but useful and laudable. Among the Vices, which are repressed by Temperance, Incontinency and Excess in eating and drinking, are the chief: all the others flow from these, as Streams from a common Fountain; and, consequently, Temperance may be properly divided into Chastity and Sobriety.

ARTICLE

ARTICLE I. *Of Chastity.*

Continence ought not to be confounded with Chastity, as is too frequently done ; the indiscriminate Use of Terms, never fails to introduce a Confusion of Ideas : as Persons may be chaste, without obliging themselves to Continence, they may also oblige themselves to Continence, without being chaste. Chastity may be violated, even in Thought ; but, by Thought alone, there can be no Breach of Continence. All Mankind, without Exception of Circumstance, Age, Sex, or Quality, are under an indispensable Obligation to be chaste ; but none are obliged to be continent.

Continence consists in an Abstinence from the Pleasures of Love ; Chastity, in confining these Pleasures within the Bounds, prescribed by the Law of Nature. Continence, altho' voluntary, has no Merit in itself ; and becomes meritorious, only, in Proportion, as it accidentally contributes to the Practice of some Virtue, or the Execution of some generous Purpose : for, except in one of these Cases, it more frequently deserves Censure than Commendation. Whoever is formed with Abilities to propagate his Species, not only has a Right, but is obliged to it, as a Duty ; such is the Voice of Nature, and her Voice merits more Attention and Deference, than all human Institutions which seem to contradict it. I know of no Reasons, which oblige to perpetual Continence ; at

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most there can but be some of the prudential Kind, which render it necessary for a Time.

Every one has a Right, by the Law of Nature, to dispose of whatever is his own Property. It is not, however, an Act of Injustice, to restrain a Minor, a Prodigal, or a Lunatic, from the Exercise of this Right, which they would, otherwise, infallibly abuse : and thus, altho' the Commerce of the Sexes is permitted to all Mankind, there may be certain Circumstances, in which it may be expedient to restrain particular Persons, for a Time, in order to procure a greater Good. It is lawful, for Instance, that Children, who are of too tender an Age to form a right Judgment on so important a Subject, should be restrained from contracting an indissoluble Union, without the Consent of their Parents or Guardians. On the contrary, it would be a most flagrant Inhumanity, to abandon them to the thoughtless Temerity, common to the Inexperience of Youth, when they are about to determine, by Marriage, whether Life shall be happy or miserable. Those, to whose Charge they are by Nature committed, may, without Incroachment on their Rights, prevent them from engaging, or from carrying an Engagement, already made, into Execution, if they think it imprudent and disadvantageous. To a young Person, in these Circumstances, Continence is certainly a Duty, till a Marriage shall be duly contracted. It must, however, be noted, that Parents, on their Part, ought to provide for the Settlement of their Children, and not capriciously

ciously refuse them in Marriage, when a suitable Match is proposed.

The Story of *Proxenes* and *Cloris* is already so well known, that it can be no Slander to relate it. *Cloris*, who was under the Guardianship of an avaricious Father, had long and patiently expected him to put her into Possession of her Mother's Fortune; when the agreeable *Chariton*, by his Affiduity and Affection, made a Conquest of her Heart: his Fortune and his Rank were such, that *Proxenes* might, without blushing, have accepted him for a Son-in-law. The Proposition was made, and he rejected it: he did not declare the Motives of his Refusal, but they were easily to be conjectured: his invincible Reluctance to part with the Money, was the Cause of this unreasonable Conduct. He desired *Chariton* to desist from his Addresses; and this Prohibition, as usual, increased the Passion of the two Lovers, who, by mutual Consent, took the Method which, they imagined, would be most effectual to extort the Consent of the Father: they were, however, mistaken; this pleasing Expedient, of which so many Daughters have experienced the Efficacy, did not succeed upon *Proxenes*: altho' his Daughter's Disgrace would necessarily be reflected upon himself, yet he broke out into Transports of Rage, and not confining himself to Invective and Reproach, he delivered her up, with his own Hands, to the Infamy and Horror of those mournful Retreats, which are consecrated to Repentance and Tears. To which of the three Actors of this scandalous Scene, shall we impute the Fault?

Doubtless, to all. A Father, destitute both of Pity and Justice ; a Lover, who seduced the Mistress whom he professed to love ; a Daughter, who contemned the parental Authority, are all guilty Characters.

But does this Law of Nature then, you will say, the Excellence of which is so much boasted, require all that vain Apparatus of disgusting Ceremony, which is now made essential to the Union of two Lovers ? I answer in the Negative. Nothing more is required, by the Law of Nature, than the free Consent of the Parties : the Moment this has taken Place, the Marriage is registered in Heaven, if there is no other Reason to the contrary, than the Want of Ceremony. But the noble Simplicity of this excellent Law, has not forbidden human Legislators, to regulate the Solemnity of Marriage, by positive Institutions ; and even positive Institutions are venerable and obligatory, when they are not repugnant to the Law of Nature, and intended only as Comments and Explanations. They are, indeed, obligatory, only as By-laws of a particular Community ; but, to all the Members of that Community, these Laws are binding.

It is of great Importance, to the Order of Society, that Marriage should be an Engagement for Life ; and this, indeed, seems to be a Precept of the Law of Nature : the perpetual Obligation, which it imposes upon Husband and Wife, reciprocally to love each other, is an Indication, that this Union was intended to continue till it should be dissolved by Death ; for how can we quit a Spouse whom

whom we love ? The necessary Dependence of Children, both on Father and Mother, for their Protection and Assistance, must be wanting, if Marriage was no more than a temporary Engagement. It is from conjugal Affection, blended with Self-love, that the parental Tenderness proceeds : so that the positive Laws, which have appointed the Solemnities of Marriage, only enforce the Law of Nature, with respect to its Perpetuity ; by adding a new Sanction to the Tie, they render the Dissolution of it more difficult. A private and stolen Engagement may easily be broken ; but when it is entered into in the Presence of credible Witnesses, confirmed by the parental Authority, authenticated by the Law of the State, and consecrated by that of Religion, what a complicated Validity and Strength does it acquire !

I would not, however, be understood to censure those Nations, among whom Divorces are permitted, and accuse them of infringing the Law of Nature by this Permission. A Law is not violated, when its Rigour is softened by a prudent Moderation : Justice sometimes degenerates into Injustice, merely by its becoming too rigid : Dispensations and Exceptions, when they are not too frequent, rather confirm than invalidate a Law. On the contrary, to extend it to Cases, in which it would be impracticable, would be to endeavour its Abrogation ; and it not only may, but does so happen, that Opposition of Temper renders a mutual Affection and Harmony between Man and Wife, impossible : in these Cases, Nations, which are the most remarkable

able for the Strictness of their Laws, have allowed a Kind of Difunion, which has been called the Separation of the Body : the Bond of Marriage, say they, is not broken ; this Separation only deprives the married Couple of all the Delights arising from the conjugal Union ; and this, indeed, is the very Inconveniency, with which it has been reproached. Wherefore, because *Pamphilus* is hasty, brutal, and impetuous, should the sorrowful *Sophonisba*, separated from this worthless Husband, endure the Pain, which he alone ought to suffer ? Because he is unworthy of her, is she worthy of no other ? To compel her to languish in a State of austere Celibacy, a thousand Times more unhappy than the most forlorn Widowhood, is to compel her to wish the Death of the Author of that Misery, from which a Divorce would have delivered her. The Members of the human Body are intended to remain united to each other, so long as the Body continues to live ; and yet that Union, altho' naturally indissoluble, does not prevent their Separation, when any of them mortifies or becomes gangrenous : so, without reducing Marriage to a mere temporary Essay, ill-matched Couples may, in desperate Cases, be disengaged from the fatal Tie, which unites them and Misery together.

This absolute Indissolubility of Marriage, which, in some Parts of the World, is made a Point of Conscience, only ensures its Continuance : but so far from engaging the married Couple, in the Exercise of their reciprocal Duties, it contributes, perhaps, more than any other Cause, to the Breach
of

of them. Dissatisfied with each other, and perceiving their Misfortune to be irreparable, they think of nothing but how it may be palliated; and, to alleviate their Sufferings, they solace themselves, one in the Arms of a Mistress, the other in those of a Gallant. It is, undoubtedly, to the same Cause, that the criminal Correspondence, called *keeping*, ought to be imputed: for Men tremble at the Thoughts of tying an indissoluble Knot.

Hermogenes and *Junia*, both at their own Disposal, have cohabited as Man and Wife, during ten Years; without being united by any other Bonds, than those of a mutual and constant Affection. The Possibility of a Parting alarms them, and keeps them constantly upon their Guard; he fears to displease *Junia*, and she to offend *Hermogenes*: from this mutual Apprehension, tempered by the Assurance of mutual Love, arises that reciprocal Deference, Condescension, and Assiduity to please, which are constant Fuel to the tender Fire that has been so long kindled in their Breasts. They are only the more strongly united, by the Possibility of a Separation: no Action that we perform voluntarily gives us Pain; but Pleasure itself is distasteful, when it becomes a Duty. “But if this be what is called *keeping*, under what Pretence is it stigmatized as a Crime? This is a lasting Union of two faithful Lovers, who have but one Heart, one Will, and one Soul; and does the Instinct of pure Nature require any Thing more? What is there in the galling Yoke of Marriage, preferable to this?—it’s Indissolubility? Is not a Union, founded

founded on mutual Tenderneſs, more pure, more holy, and more honourable, than that which is ſecured only by ſevere Neceſſity." I will readily acknowledge, that *Hermogenes* and *Junia* are united by a Band that Nature approves, eſpecially, if it be ſuppoſed that they have no Intention to break it. The Marriages of our Forefathers, which it does not become us to cenſure, were contracted with no other Solemnity. The two Lovers conſented to take each other, as Husband and Wife; they acted as ſuch, and, from that Time, the mutual Relation was eſtabliſhed.

But, in our Times, the Legiſlature of almoſt all Nations, has, for political Purpoſes, rendered theſe Marriages infamous, not only to the Parents, but the Children; and our Love is mingled with Eſteem, can we poſſibly propoſe, to the lovely Object of this Paſſion, a Union which will diſhonour her? And if we love ourſelves in our Poſterity, can we think, without ſhuddering, of giving ſuch Children to our Country, as ſhe will deſpiſe and diſown? wretched Outcaſts of Society, whom injurious Prejudice renders accountable for the Crime charged upon their Father! But how much more criminal are thoſe voluptuous Inconſtants, the only Object of whoſe Love is Pleaſure! who, like Brutes, when they have gratified a ſordid Appetite, deſpiſe and abandon the lovely Mourner, who contributed to their Delight, and the unhappy, tho' innocent Offſpring, of the tranſient Embrace: Nature herſelf, all-indulgent as ſhe is, condemns this guilty Flame. Her ultimate End, in every Union

Union which she forms, is the Procreation of Children; which, on the contrary, is the Dread of those who look no higher, than the mere casual Enjoyment.

But this shameful Licentiousness, however culpable, is but a venial Fault, in Comparison of Adultery, which includes a more complicated and dreadful Degree of Guilt, than all other Breaches of Chastity. I repeat the most *dreadful*; for Incest itself, with which alone it can be put in Competition, is far inferior in Point of Turpitude. To violate the Chastity of a Sister, a Mother, or a Daughter; or, to yield to the guilty Solicitations of a Brother, a Father, or a Son, are the only Actions which are truly incestuous: Nature knows no other; and Familiarities between more distant Relations, are incestuous only in Name. But I don't put Incest, thus defined, in Competition with Adultery; for, besides that the Instances of it are very rare, the Idea of it is so disgusting, that I shall wave the Subject: I shall here mention only that Species of Incest, which is of human Invention, and by which Marriage is confined within narrower Limits, for the Sake of Alliances or Kindred; nor can there sure be any Proportion, between the fictitious Crimes, which have their Origin only in arbitrary Prohibitions, and the direct Violation of the pure Instincts of Nature, which is implied in Adultery. To the Excess of Incontinence and Sensuality, which it has in common with other Offences against Chastity, must be added Injustice, Perjury, and Perfidiousness.

Adultery is either simple or complex: it is simple, when one of the Parties, by whom it is committed, is not under the Ties of Marriage; it is complex, when they are both bound by that solemn Engagement; for then, besides the Crime of which each of them is guilty as principal, they incur the additional Guilt, of being Accomplices in the Offence of each other.

If *Pallades* and *Thais* were free from all prior Engagements, yet the mutual Familiarities, in which they indulge themselves, are not innocent; because these are not permitted, but to those who have entered the Marriage State. But *Thais*, being the Wife of *Euryalus*, is yet more criminal; because, to Unchastity, she adds Perjury and Injustice: Perjury, in violating the Fidelity, which she vowed to her Husband; Injustice, by bringing him, or rendering herself liable to bring him, intruded Heirs; who, notwithstanding their Illegitimacy, will succeed to a Participation of his Estate, to the Prejudice of his own Offspring, or the collateral Branches of his Family: and in all the Circumstances, which aggravate the Fault of *Thais*, *Pallades* has an equal Share; and altho' he is not bound by the Nuptial Tie, he is, equally with her, guilty of Adultery, Injustice, and Perjury: for every Man is supposed to commit the Crime, in which he concurs. But let us suppose *Thais* to be single, and *Pallades* married, they are both equally culpable; the Guilt of *Pallades* on one Side, is now equal to that of *Thais*, when she was supposed to be unfaithful to the Bed of *Euryalus*; for con-
jugal

jugal Fidelity is equally incumbent on Husband and Wife : and if the Wife, who violates it, may bring her Husband illegitimate Heirs ; the Husband may withhold legitimate Issue from the Wife : *Thais*, on the other Side, being an Accomplice with *Pallades*, contracts an equal Share in his Guilt — and both of them would be yet more guilty, if their Adultery had been complex. Of two Faults, which are equal in other Respects, that is the most heinous, by which another is injured ; and if both are injurious to another, that is the most enormous which injures in the greatest Degree, or affects the greatest Number : and according to this Maxim, the complex Adultery is more criminal than the simple, and simple Adultery is more criminal than any other unlawful Familiarity between the Sexes.

The last, but not the least Complaint that I have against Adultery, is, that it destroys the Peace both of the Husband and Wife ; and if their Hearts have been united by Love, Adultery, by extinguishing that Love, divides them for ever. He only, who has loved, can conceive the Pangs of this dreadful Separation : I will venture to affirm, for I know it, by a happy Experience, that Life has no Enjoyment equal, at least, in the Estimation of tender Minds, to that of loving and being beloved. Fortune, Honours, Riches, and Diversions, all are Names and Shadows, in Comparison of this inestimable Felicity ; and of this inestimable Felicity, we are deprived by Adultery. For Want of listening to the internal Voice of Nature, which inveighs against Adultery, it is generally believed to

be but an excusable Gallantry ; upon the Credit of Wretches, who, having wholly extinguished all Sense of Honour and Virtue by habitual Debauchery, instead of blushing at this horrid Enormity, glory in the Commission of it. But Pirates and Banditti glory also in their Violence and Rapine ; and a Grenadier becomes a Ravisher, without Remorse, in a Town taken by Storm ; are we then to determine the Turpitude of a particular Crime, by the Opinion of the Criminal ?

ARTICLE II. Of Sobriety.

TO give the young *Lacedemonians* a Relish for Sobriety, Slaves were exposed before them, who had been made drunk on Purpose ; and this Spectacle, which exhibited a faithful and striking Picture of the infamous Brutality, which is the Effect of Drunkenness, made a deep and lasting Impression upon their Minds. We are not reduced to the Necessity of having Recourse to this whimsical Expedient ; we have no Need to make our Servants drunk, to give Lessons of Temperance to our Children : many of our Fellow-citizens, of all Ranks, very willingly take upon themselves, to perform the Office of the Slaves of *Sparta* : and some, perhaps, who have preached against Intemperance in the Morning, will generously illustrate their Doctrine at Night, by exhibiting, in Person, an Instance of the Absurdity and Brutality, which are the Effects of the Vice, against which they have declaimed. If nothing more were necessary to inculcate

culcate Temperance, than the Practice of the contrary Vice, we should not want Preceptors.

We have, indeed, lost one Instructor, a certain Lord, more famous for his Drunkenness than his Nobility, which was but of modern Date. Wine, that treacherous Liquor, in which he had placed the supreme Delight of his Life, proved his Poison; *but being dead he yet speaketh*, and is a perpetual Preacher of Sobriety: his Memory alone will teach those, who know how he lived, how despicably low, even the Great may fall, whom nothing stimulates to Emulation, but the ridiculous Praise of being able to drink well, or, more properly, to drink much. But there still remains a sufficient Number of Apostles, who are under the Direction of the same Spirit, to prevent our regretting the Loss of one among a Thousand.

We have still before our Eyes the Judge *Eupotimus*, that organized Cask, who knows nothing more than to drink, to sleep, and to try Causes. Behold him totter to the Bench; hear him snore, when he has taken his Seat; follow him, when in the Middle of a Cause, the Particulars of which he thinks tediously impertinent, he quits the Court to wait in the neighbouring Drinking-room, till the Counsel shall have done pleading: observe him, in his Passage from the Tavern to his House, when, in the Middle of the Night, he is carried home dead drunk, without Motion, Sense, or Pulse; bruised, livid, and bloody, by the Falls which he has received. Is any Thing else necessary, to ex-
cite

cite an Abhorrence of Intemperance and a Contempt of the Intemperate ?

Behold the illustrious *Diogenetes* ; a Prelate, distinguished both by his Rank and his Birth, enervated, debilitated, and having little more left of Life than the Name, who is scarce able, so great is his Weakness, to trace in the Air, with two of his Fingers, those sacred Hieroglyphics, which devout Persons call Benedictions : his Legs which bend under him, his Arms that dangle a useless Weight at his Sides, will sufficiently instruct you, in the dreadful Effects of excessive drinking. Would you insinuate, that the Excess of the Table, alone, has not reduced him to this deplorable Condition. I grant it ; his Example, therefore, includes yet another Lesson. But because I have insisted so much on the Injury, which our Health receives from Intemperance, let me not be accused, of considering the Law, which prescribes Sobriety, as a mere prudential Maxim, and wholly indifferent with respect to Morality. No Prescription of the Law of Nature can, in this respect, be indifferent ; and I am proceeding to prove, that to be temperate, is an express Precept of this Law. Nature has determined the Quantity of Aliments, which we ought to take, by the Degree of Heat, and the Capacity of the Stomach ; and the Quality of them, not only by the agreeable or disagreeable Sensation, which they excite in the Palate, but by the good or ill Effects which they produce, with respect to our Health.

Health is that Constitution of the Body, in which the Breath of Life, that animates it, acts
with

with greatest Energy : to impair Health, is to diminish Life : a Man is less and less alive, in Proportion as his Health declines ; and when it is totally destroyed, he dies. The same Law, which restrains us from putting an End to our own Lives, forbids us also, voluntarily, to destroy our Health. Let whoever will call it, in this respect, a prudential Maxim ; what does it signify how it is denominated, if it be confessed to be indispensable. From these Principles it follows, that voluntarily to destroy Health, in whatever Manner, is to infringe the Law of Nature, which enjoins its Preservation. Sobriety, therefore, like all other Virtues, is the Mean between two opposite Extreams : to destroy the Constitution, by excessive Abstinence, is not a less culpable Excess, than to shorten Life by intemperate eating and drinking. Is he, who takes a slow Poison, less a Self-murderer, than a more resolute Wretch, who stabs himself ? As this Criminal is condemned without Hesitation, why should the other be acquitted ?

If it be disputed, whether Suicide be contrary to the Law of Nature, I believe it will not be difficult to prove it. This Law, as I have before observed, does not require us to treat other Persons better than we treat ourselves : and it is generally agreed, that we are forbidden to take away the Life of others, at least, by our own private Authority ; much less, therefore, are we allowed to take away our own. But, say you, if Life is rather a Burden than a Benefit, since the Instinct of Nature, itself, has our Happiness for its Object,
why

why may we not, in this Case, cut it short? Why? because Life, belonging to GOD, from whom you derived your Being, you have no Right to dispose of it, without his Permission. Besides, we are not sufficient Judges of our own Interest, especially when blinded by some violent Passion, to determine, with Certainty, even in the Circumstances of the greatest Distress, whether Life is rather a Burden than a Benefit. It is, on the contrary, certain, even in these Circumstances, that it is worth preserving, if not with respect to the present Time, yet with respect to the Time to come: for we continue to live, doubtless, only because it is the Will of God, that we should not yet die; and God wills nothing, with respect to us, which has not a direct Tendency to our Happiness, this being the ultimate End of our Creation: to become our own Murderers, therefore, is to counterwork his Purpose, and not only to neglect, but to renounce the Felicity which he intended us. But, even supposing that Life was really become a Burden, we should no more have a Right to lay it down, than we have to take away the Life of another, when it becomes an Obstacle to our Advantage: our own Life is no more at our Disposal, than that of others.

That an Action is great and generous, in Proportion as it requires a more severe Degree of Self-denial, and is performed in Opposition to stronger Instincts and Passions, is a Maxim that, altho' generally received, is yet always false, if not understood with proper Restrictions; and from this Maxim, many Persons, eminent in History, have
inferred,

inferred that, to destroy themselves, was to merit the Applause of Posterity; and, indeed, they have not been destitute of Admirers in succeeding Ages. But, to plunge the Poignard in the Breast of a Parent, must certainly cause great Struggles in the Parricide; nor could the Pleadings of Nature be silenced, but by the strongest and most painful Efforts. But, can these Struggles, and these Efforts, convert so horrid an Enormity into a meritorious Action? To struggle with natural Propensities, is not a Virtue, except such Propensities are vicious. To meet Death with Intrepidity, is Courage; but to inflict it on ourselves, is Cowardice: no Man becomes the Author of his own Death, but to deliver himself from some Calamity, which he deems unsupportable. Men kill themselves, because their Fortitude is not equal to their Sufferings: the Violence of the Remedy, by which a Man endeavours to put an End to his Calamities, if it does not include the Preservation of his Life, rather proves the Excess of his Impatience, than the Greatness of his Courage. Fortify yourself with these prudent Maxims, founded on right Reason and Humanity, and the most dreadful Misfortunes will never induce you to lay violent Hands on yourself. Let the *Persian Usbek*, in vain, attempt an Apology for Suicide, to his Friend *Ibben*; regard his captious Sophistry, only as frivolous Palliatives of the blindest Fury: and convinced, that to deprive yourself of Life is a Crime, consider the Preservation of it as a Duty.

And nothing contributes more to the Preservation of Life, than Sobriety.

Sobriety is of two Kinds : one consists in the moderate Use of Meat and Drink, which we have already considered ; the other in Disinterestedness and the good Use of Riches : this is, with respect to the Soul, what the other is with respect to the Body : the Result of the former is Health, and of the latter, Virtue.

Among all the different Classes of the Rich, the least culpable are those, who, during a long Succession from Father to Son, have always lived in Ease and Plenty, and scarce know that there are Wretches in the World, who want the Necessaries of Life. They are, indeed, generally insensible to the Misery of others, and, excepting this, they would be irreproachable ; for it is no Crime to be rich.

Those, upon whom Riches produce the worst Effects, are the *Craesus's* of Yesterday, who carry the Sum-total of their Possessions written on their Foreheads : the Disdain of their Eye, and the Arrogance of their Behaviour, seem to increase every Day, in Proportion as their Coffer fills. That which ought to comfort the Man of Merit, who is exposed to their Insults, is the Reflexion, that these prodigious Heaps of Wealth, which were so suddenly amassed, are as suddenly melted away.

To accumulate immense Riches, and to dissipate them, is seldom the Work of more than two Generations : the Father hoards, and the Son squanders ; the Father grows rich, the Son becomes necessitous :

cessitous : such is the ordinary Course of Things, and this it is that facilitates Commerce : without this, the Wealth of Individuals would never circulate and enrich the Community.

Yesterday you saw *Philargyris* rise on the Wheel of Fortune, with incredible Swiftnefs ; and you see his Son *Scorpison* descend with equal Rapidity to-day. *Philargyris* was born without Wealth, but with an ardent Desire to acquire it : he did not amuse himself with Science, a steril Soil ! which to those who cultivate it, with the greatest Affiduity, produces only flattering Honours and empty Praise : he was neither Geometrician, Poet, Grammarian, nor Astronomer ; but he was, successively, Commissioner of the Customs, Cashier, Director, and Undertaker for Supplies. There still remained one Step between him and his utmost Wishes ; but this Step was, at length, successfully taken : twenty thousand Pounds, well applied, procured the Honour of a Place among the opulent Forty, and he became Receiver in Chief. Perhaps you imagine, that he then wished for nothing more ; on the contrary, his Desire increased with his Wealth, and his Wealth increased, almost, in Proportion to his Desire : for, when he died, ten Principalities might have been formed out of his Estate. The Year of Mourning was scarce expired, when *Scorpison*, altho' he was sole Heir to these vast Possessions, was less wealthy, by one Half, than his Father : the Keeping a Mistress, Gaming, the Re-payment of Loans with exorbitant Interest, Building and Demolishing, a Passion for Pictures, Medals, and Cockle-shells,

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and, above all, his Inattention to his domestic Affairs, so greatly diminished his Patrimony in so short a Time. But he has made considerable Progress since, for he has now, not only dissipated the Remainder, but has brought himself deeply into Debt.

But Persons frequently think themselves good Economists, when they barely keep on this Side Prodigality : they never dream of retrenching superfluous Expences, provided they do not exceed their Income, they have never thought it a Duty to relieve the Distresses of the Unfortunate, nor do so much as know that it can be a Pleasure.

I know not by what Fatality it happens, that the more Persons are distinguished by the Bounty of Fortune, the less they are inclined to relieve those, to whom this Bounty is denied : the Poor derive more Assistance, from Persons who are almost equally indigent, than from those who abound in Wealth. Men seem to pity those Evils, only, which they themselves suffer in some Degree : I say, in some Degree ; because a Person, who is overwhelmed with Calamity, exhausts his Sensibility on himself, and the Excess of Misfortune renders us as incapable of Commiseration, as the Excess of Prosperity.

Another Singularity, which appears equally astonishing, is, that few Persons are more insensible to the Misery of others, than those, whose Profession it is to preach Charity to the rest of Mankind : perhaps they think themselves excused from assisting the Unfortunate, in Consideration of the Care

they take, to exhort others to do it ; and imagine they have done enough, by interceding, only, for the Wretched.

It is commonly said, that Persons make a noble Use of their Fortune, who keep a splendid Table, have vast Apartments, rich Furniture, and costly Jewels, a numerous Retinue and sumptuous Equipages ; or, in other Words, live as luxuriously as they can, without mortgaging their Estates, or breaking in upon their Principal. But I must take the Liberty to correct this Abuse of Language. That which I call making a noble Use of an affluent Fortune, is to use it like an honest, or, rather, like a beneficent Man. Does the generous and pious *Demophilus* then use his Fortune otherwise than nobly, because, having renounced mean and sensual Gratifications, all trifling Amusements and vain Superfluities, he showers his Bounties, with a liberal Hand, upon the indigent and unhappy ? If Wisdom can derive any Advantage from Wealth, it is only by procuring the sublime Satisfaction of communicating Happiness.

M A N N E R S.

MANNERS.

PART the THIRD.

Of Social Love.

IN the first Part of this Work, we have asserted, that the Love of God will produce a chearful Obedience to his Laws : In the second, that Love to ourselves, when guided by Reason and Wisdom, will ensure our own Happiness : And may we not now say, that, if we love our Fellow-Creatures, we shall never be wanting, in the Performance of our Duty to them ? *Love*, saith St. Paul, to his new Profelytes, *is the fulfilling of the Law*. Love, alone, can secure a faithful Observance of all our Duties ; it is the Root, from which all our Engagements spring, and the Bond, within which they are all comprehended. Without this, all Intercourse between Man and Man, would degenerate into Artifice and Dissimulation ; Society would have only the Shadow of Virtue, a delusive Appearance of Friendship, Humanity, and Generosity ; which would produce more dreadful Effects, than avowed Hatred, and open Abuse. We have, already, described the Characters and Effects of that Love, which Man owes, first, to his God, and,

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then,

then, to himself : let us now delineate, the Characters and Effects of that Love, which Man owes to Man.

Every Kind of Union, amongst the human Species, in Proportion as it is more or less limited, is cemented by stronger or weaker Degrees of Affection. We give the Name of *Love*, to that Passion, which unites two Lovers, or the wedded Pair; and also to that, which attaches the Child to the Parent, and the Parent to the Child. *Friendship* is that Affection, which proceeds from Choice ; not derived from the Charms which arise from the Difference of Sex, nor yet dependant on the Ties of Blood. And we give the Name of *Humanity*, to that Disposition of the Mind, which inclines us to desire the Happiness, of every Individual of our own Species. Some Degree of Difference, between these several Affections, is allowed, *Love*, in its own Nature, is more lively and ardent than *Friendship* ; and we may lawfully do more for an approved Friend, than we are obliged to do for the rest of *Mankind*. But these three Kinds of Affection, differ only in Degree : they are, indeed, subordinate to each other, but they have this Property in common, that they incite us to do Good to those, whom they render dear to us, and to procure them all the Happiness in our Power.

C H A P. I.

Of Love.

THough the Term Love, signifies, in general, all Affections, which arise from Nature, and which draw the Heart, if we may so express ourselves, in Spite of itself, towards the Object beloved; such as the Tenderneſs of Lovers, that of the Husband and Wife, the filial, and, much more, the parental Affection: yet Custom has determined it, more particularly to ſignify, that ſtrong Sympathy, which Perſons, of different Sexes, entertain for each other. And of this we ſhall ſpeak in the firſt Place, as being that, which hath the moſt abſolute Empire over the Heart. The other three ſhall alſo be the Subject of diſtinct Articles.

ARTICLE I. *Of Love, properly ſo called.*

Caliſta was young and beautiful, bleſt with an uncommon Share of ſolid Senſe, enlivened by the moſt ſprightly Wit. *Agathocles* exceeded her very little in Point of Age; he was well-made, brave, and prudent. He had the good Fortune to be introduced at *Caliſta's*, where his Looks, wandering indifferently over a brilliant Circle, ſoon diſtinguiſhed and fixed upon her. But, endeavouring to recover himſelf, from the ſhort Extaſy, which this firſt Glance produced, he immediately reproached himſelf, as being guilty of Rudeneſs and Diſregard to the reſt of the Company; and this Fault

he endeavoured to repair, by looking round on other Objects. Vain Attempt ! They are attracted by an irresistible Charm, and again turned towards *Calista*. He blushed as well as she, whilst a sweet Emotion, hitherto unfelt, play'd about his Heart, and disconcerted all his Looks. They both became, at the same Time, more timid, and more curious. With Pleasure, he gazed at *Calista*, and yet, could not do it without trembling : whilst the Lady, secretly pleased with this flattering Preference, looked at him by Stealth. They were both afraid, but especially *Calista*, of being caught, by the other, in the Fact ; and yet, both were so, almost every Moment. The Hour of Separation came, and they thought it came too soon. They made painful Reflections on the Rapidity of Time. Imagination, however, did not suffer a total Separation to take Place : for the Image of *Calista* was deeply engraven on the Mind of *Agathocles*, and the Lineaments of his Person were as strongly impressed on that of *Calista*. They both appeared less chearful the rest of the Day ; a lively and interesting Sentiment, whatever it was, employed their Minds, which no Amusement could banish.

It was two Days, before they saw each other again : and tho', during this Interval, their whole Time had been fill'd up, either by Business, or Recreations ; they both felt a languid Anxiety, which rendered every Thing insipid, a Void in their Minds, which we want Words to define, and of which they knew not then the Cause ; but discovered it the very Instant of their Meeting : for the
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perfect Contentment, the soothing Delight, which they tasted in the Presence of each other, would not suffer them to be longer ignorant, of the Cause of their Melancholy. *Agathocles* now collected himself, and assum'd the Courage to address *Calista*; he accosted her with the most polite and obliging Expressions, and, for the first Time, enjoyed the Happiness of a particular Conversation with her. He had, hitherto, seen only her exterior Charms: He now discovered the Beauty of her Mind, the Rectitude of her Heart, the Dignity of her Sentiments, and the Delicacy of her Wit; but what still more delighted him, was the pleasing Hope, that she did not think him unworthy of her Esteem. From this Time, his Visits became very frequent; in every one of which, he discovered some new Perfection. This is the Characteristic of real Merit; it is a Gainer, by being laid open to the Inspection of a judicious Eye. A Man of Understanding will soon be disgusted with the Wanton, the Foolish, and the Giddy: but, if he has conceived a Passion for a Woman, worthy of himself, Time, so far from weakening his Attachment, can only serve to increase and strengthen it.

The fix'd Inclination of *Agathocles*, made him now sensible, that what he felt for *Calista*, was Love; and that of the most tender and passionate Kind. This he knew; but *Calista* was still unacquainted with it, or, at least, had never learnt it from his Lips. Love is timorous and diffident: a bold and daring Suitor is not the Lover of the Lady whom he addresses; the only Object of his Love,

Love, is *Pleasure*. At last, he took the Resolution to lay open his Heart to *Calista* ; but, he did not do it in the studied Language of a romantic Passion. “ Lovely *Calista*, said he, ingenuously, it is not merely Esteem, that engages me to you ; but the most passionate and tender Affection. I feel that I cannot live without you. Can you, without Reluctance, resolve to make me happy ? I have hitherto loved, without offending you : this is a Tribute that your Merit demands : but may I flatter myself with the Hope, that you will make me some small Return ? ” A Coquette would have put on the Affectation of being displeased ; but *Calista*, not only heard her Lover without Interruption, but answered him without Ill-nature, and permitted him to hope. Nor did she put his Constancy to a tedious Trial. The Happiness, for which he sigh’d, was deferr’d no longer, than was proper to make the necessary Preparations. The Marriage-Settlements were easily adjusted, for, in these, fordid Interest had no Share ; this solemn Contract chiefly consisted in a mutual Exchange of Hearts, and this was already performed.

What will be the Lot of this newly wedded Pair ? I will venture to foretell, that it will be the happiest, that Mortals can enjoy on Earth. No Pleasure is comparable to that, which affects the Heart ; nor can any other, as I have already observed, affect it with such exquisite Delight, as the Pleasure of loving, and being beloved. To this tender Union of Souls, we can never apply the Words of *Democritus*, that “ The Pleasure of
Love

Love is only a short Epilepsy." He, without Doubt, had, merely, that sensual Gratification in his Thoughts, which is so different from Love, that the Enjoyment may be without the Passion, and the Passion without the Enjoyment. Their Love will be constant. This I dare prophesy, and I know the Cause : their Passion is not founded, on the dazzling Charms of Beauty ; they are both the Friends of Virtue ; they love each other on this Account ; their Love, therefore, will continue as long as they are so ; and their Union, itself, assures me of their Perseverance : for nothing upon Earth, can secure our Continuance in the Paths of Wisdom, so effectually, as having, incessantly, a loving, and beloved Example, walking before us. Nothing can disturb their Felicity, but those Disasters and Misfortunes, from which their mutual Tenderneſs cannot ſhelter them. But, ſuppoſing that theſe ſhould fall to their Share, they would then only partake of the common Lot of Mankind. Thoſe, who have never taſted the tender Delights of Love, are equally expoſed to Diſappointment ; and the Lover is, at leaſt, a Gainer, with reſpect to thoſe Pleaſures, which are of great Account, in the Eſtimation of the Value of Life. Add to this, that Love will greatly diminifh the Senſe of their Misfortunes. It has the peculiar Virtue, of rendering the Sufferings of two well-pair'd Hearts leſs acute, and their Delights more exquisite. It would ſeem, as if, by communicating their Diſtreſſes, each one felt but Half their Weight : while, on the contrary, their Satisfactionſ are doubled, by the

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Participation. As a Squadron of Soldiers is more difficultly defeated, in Proportion to its Closeness; so, the happy Pair resist the Attacks of Trouble and Adversity, with so much the more Strength and Success, as they are more firmly united.

Ye sensual Lovers, whose Pleasures are merely corporeal, the Representation of these chaste Delights, is, to you, an incomprehensible Enigma, or a ridiculous Paradox! Love, whose Standard you profess to follow, is, to you, unknown. You are, in his Eyes, the Profane, who do not deserve to be initiated into his Mysteries. What have you performed in his Service? By what Exploits have you merited his Favour? You have ridiculously affected frivolous Gestures, and theatrical Attitudes; you have minutely conformed, to every rising Mode; you have practised, in your Glasse, the complaisant and insinuating Smile, the lively Glance, the soft and passionate Look; you have exhausted the Delicacy of your Taste, and the Strength of your Imagination, in the frivolous Employment of adorning your Persons, with all the Pride and Extravagance of Dress. Elated with these noble Advantages, you strut, in every Assembly, with an Air of Triumph. The greatest Beauty, to be sure, must, upon the first Attack, resign her Arms, and surrender at Discretion. You practise every Method, either to seduce, or surprize; and spare neither Flattery, nor Lies, nor Gifts, nor Promises, nor Pretences, nor Diffimulation. 'Tis true, some have served, as Trophies to your odious Vanity. One has been prepared for her Fall, by

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a Looseness of Manners, or a Warmth of Constitution. Another has been dazzled with the Lustre of Gold and Jewels. The innocent *Agnes* fell into the Snare, through Simplicity ; the young *Hebe*, by an indiscrete Curiosity.—But confess that you blush at your Conquests. None of them could ever render you happy. This is plain, from your repeated Inconstancy and Infidelity, from your Perfidy and Perjuries, from your Disgusts and Disappointments. Your Love is turned into Hatred ; you blaspheme what you once adored ; there is no Woman upon Earth, who can shelter herself from your outrageous Declamations ; you vilify and defame that lovely Sex, which was formed for the Felicity of ours. But, how is it possible, that you should conceive an Esteem for it, while you form a Judgment of all, from the worst Patterns ?

No solid Happiness can be reasonably expected from this Passion, except you love, with Delicacy, a Person worthy of your tenderest Affection ; without this Condition, you will infallibly be unhappy, either by the Inconstancy of the Person beloved, or by your own ; when you will find, by Experience, that what seemed to be Love, was not really so ; for Love is always constant. Yours was nothing more, than a Conformity of Taste for Pleasure.

Love being the sympathetic Bond of two Minds, it is in the Qualities of the Mind, that we must search for the Foundation of this Sympathy. And here, the first and principal, and by which, indeed, we are to judge of all others, is the Love of Virtue :

For there can be no Present, more fatal to a Man of Honour, than a Heart that is a Stranger to virtuous Sentiments ; since this he cannot accept, without risking his own Innocence. In a Union so strict as that of Lovers, Sentiments and Habits are communicated imperceptibly ; and, as we are too well informed by Experience, the bad are more easily caught than the good. The Disorders of the Mind are much more contagious, than those of the Body : Its Spots infect and defile all those, who are so imprudent, as to touch, or approach too near.

Add, to the Danger of incurring this fatal Consequence, the Interest, even of your Love itself ; for what are the Perfections, that can fix the Heart of a Woman, who is insensible to the Charms of Virtue ? Will you adopt her Crimes ? Will you become an Accomplice ? You will then sacrifice your Honour, but not promote the Interest of your Love ; for the fair Seducer, herself, will lose her Esteem for you ; and it is infallibly certain, that what we despise, we can never love. If you behave towards her, with inflexible Virtue, you then become an Object of Fear. If you submit to base Condescensions, she will abuse them, and, at the same Time, be insensible of the Obligation ; and this will, one Time or other, be the Foundation of some bitter Reproaches, when she will not fail to reflect back her own Guilt upon you ; and, as you have favoured her Crimes, you will then be charged with being the Author of them. What Medium can you take, between these two Extremes ? Spare yourself these dangerous Embarrassments, cultivate

a Love of Virtue in your own Mind, and despise her that wants this great Accomplishment.

With what Views does *Belisa* caress the young *Lindor*? Surely, with no other, than that of becoming the *Minerva* of this lovely *Telemachus*. She could but ill perform the Part of *Circe*. He is a Youth, scarce freed from the Terrors of the Rod, nor has he yet shook off the Dust of the College. *Belisa*, on the contrary, is of full Age; she has seen the Beginning of the present Century, and ought now to have laid aside the trifling, vain Amusements of Gallantry and Intrigue. Full five and forty Years Experience, and some mortifying Anecdotes, not yet effaced from her Memory, ought, for ever, to keep her on her Guard, against the Follies and Indiscretions of the juvenile Part of our Sex. She is the Friend of *Lindor*'s Mother; and takes him under her Care, as a Pupil. Slanders, however, say, that she herself has a very warm Concern for the Success of her Lessons. Nothing is more common, say they, than for a young Man to lose his Innocence, when put under the Care of these superannuated Ladies. The Timidity, natural to Youth, would be his Security, if these dangerous Seducers did not undertake to break down this Fortrefs, by licentious Discourse; and to finish the Conquest, by indecent Fooleries. But, let us, ourselves, examine the Behaviour, of the Mistress, and her Disciple, and try, if our own Observation will justify these Suspicions. Why are they always in close and private Conference, secured by the unseemly Protection of Locks and

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Bolts?

Bolts ? Is there no other Seat for *Belisa*, than a Couch ? Does no other Attitude become her, than a reclined Posture ? No other Dress, than the loosely negligent and alluring ? Does mere Friendship animate the Countenance, with such a glowing Ardor ? Does its Eye sparkle with so much Fire ? Is its Zeal expressed in Kisses, given with all the Fervor of Desire, and repeated almost without Intermission ? But let us draw a Veil over the rest of this Scene : I design to inspire my Readers with the strictest Morals, and yet I have alarm'd their Modesty.

Encalpus is not wholly unlike *Belisa* ; for he seeks to attain the same End, tho' by very different Means. His long Cloak, his venerable Character, the Wrinkles multiplied on his Brow, and an Air of Piety and Devotion, inspire every one with an unbounded Confidence. The Young and Beautiful go to him, to blush at their own Weakness ; to reveal to him their secret Inclinations ; and to tell him, how greatly the Empire of Appetite, prevails over that of Reason ; to lament the Ascendancy of their irregular Desires, and to learn how they may be subdued. *Heloisa* has told him her unconquerable Propension to Tenderness, and the Indiscretions, into which this Weakness has betrayed her. Before he pronounces the Remedy, he must search into the Nature of her Disease. He questions, he examines, he expatiates on the Distemper ; and, lest she should omit any material Circumstance, he raises a Number of obscene Ideas, adapted much more to defile her Imagination, than

to fix and confirm her wavering Chastity. And, indeed, the more of Truth and Sincerity there is in her Replies, the better this Impostor will be enabled to seduce, and triumph over her. He knows already the Weakness of the Place, and will be sure to make his Attack, where it is least capable of Resistance. The young *Almanzor*, tho' of a bold and enterprizing Genius, has, in vain, strove to overturn that Modesty, which, tho' wavering, has hitherto been impregnable ; but this traiterous Guide is better qualified to accomplish his Views. He has shewn her the dreadful Precipice, and her very Fears will help to precipitate her Fall. And thus, what a young Lover, tenderly beloved, could never obtain, by all his Endearments ; this venerable, white-hair'd Villain, will accomplish, by his sacrilegious Artifices.

Do you give the Name of Love to the guilty Fondness of *Belisa*, and the criminal Desires of *Encalpus* ? Can Love teach a Man, to rob the dear Object of his Passion, of her most valuable Treasure, her Innocence ! to sully her Soul, with a Crime, the most ignominious of all others, and the most frightful in its Consequences ? Does Love teach you to plunge the Poniard into the unguarded Bosom ? or do you give the poisonous Draught, through Excess of Tenderness ?

The Intentions of *Eraustus* are very honourable ; he has a passionate Fondness for *Isabella*, which is easily discovered, in the advantageous Picture he gives of her ; yet there appears one Feature wanting to finish the Portrait : he says nothing, of the Character

Character and Disposition of her Mind. These are not what affect him. Her Beauty, her graceful Air, her lively Gaity, have irresistible Charms; these are enough for him, and he imagines, that there can be no greater Happiness, than the Possession of so lovely a Person. While under the Beams of her Eyes, he is transported with Extasy; but, when she is absent, languishes and pines, in restless Uneasiness. Is not this Love? *Erastus* thinks it is, and believes, that he is more passionately in Love, than any other Man upon Earth. But I see from whence his Error springs; he mistakes for Love, what is only the Desire of Enjoyment.

If you are sincerely desirous of discovering, by which of these you are led, consult the Eyes of the Lady, who holds you in her Chains. If her Presence intimidates your Mind, and holds you in a respectful Submission, you then know what it is to love. This Passion banishes from the Mind, every sensual Idea, every Excursion of the Imagination, by which the Delicacy of the Object beloved might be offended, were it possible for her to know it. Love is chaste, even in our Dreams. But, on the contrary, if the Perfections, which you admire, make a greater Impression on the Senses, than they do upon the Soul, in that Case, it is not Love, but a corporeal Appetite.

This generous Passion, when it is perfectly sincere, will never excite us to the Commission of any Act, which may wound either our Conscience, or our Honour; for whoever is capable of Love, is virtuous: And, on the other Hand, I dare affirm,
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that whoever is virtuous, is also capable of Love: For all the Virtues have a close Connexion with each other, and the Tenderness of the Heart is one of them. As an Incapacity for propagating the Species, would be a Fault in the Structure of the Body, so to be incapable of Love, is equally a Defect in the Mind.

I am in no Pain for the Morals of the Lover, since the tender Passion has a natural Tendency, to improve, and exalt every Virtue. It renders the Heart less fierce, the Temper more pliable, humane and generous. The Lover is accustomed to bend his Will, to that of the dear Object of his Affection; and, by this Means, he has the Happiness of contracting the Habit of commanding, controlling, and even suppressing his Desires, and of conforming his Taste and Inclinations, to Places, Times, and Circumstances. But it is quite otherwise, when a Person is hurried away, by those Impulses of a wanton Appetite, which these gross Feeders confound with Love.

ARTICLE II. *Of Conjugal Love.*

THE Marks of conjugal Love are not so equivocal. A Lover may be made a Dupe by himself, and believe that he is in Love, when he is not. But a married Man cannot be deceived; for Enjoyment is the Touch-stone of Love. The true, from hence, derives a new Flame; but the false is here extinguished.

If after the Experiment is made, a Person finds himself mistaken; I know no other Remedy for his

his Misfortune, than Patience. If it be possible, however, substitute Friendship in the Place of Love: but I dare not flatter you that this will be practicable. Friendship, between the married Pair, is the Fruit of a long and settled Affection; when Time and Possession have calmed every tumultuous Passion. When Love deserts the married State, Hatred generally succeeds; at least, Coldness and Indifference is the best that can be expected, even from Tempers of the finest Mould.

Behold *Alcippus* and *Climena*, who have been married these six Months. Tho' their Apartments are at some Distance, they visit every Day; and even go so far, as to embrace each other. This is certainly true; for it never happens, but in the Presence of the most credible Witnesses. You will never see them guilty of the childish Caresses, and ridiculous Toying, for which young married People are sometimes censured; but they behave with Politeness, Respect, Assiduity, Attention, and, above all, the most perfect Decency. Yet they never made an express Agreement, to live together in this Manner; but each resolved upon it, by a happy Kind of Sympathy.

It is much more surprizing, to see the extreme Coldness, which subsists between *Lyfander* and *Daphne*, after a thousand seeming Proofs of the most violent Passion. Never did Love appear more ardent. Innumerable Obstacles stood in their Way, over which their Courage enabled them to triumph. Bolts, Bars, and Walls, secured the fair Prisoner. Three or four prudish Jailors, with a devout

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Twang of the Nose, exhorted her to Continence ; and, proposing themselves for an Example, invited her to sigh, like them, for no other Husband, than the Spouse in the Canticles : But a Ladder delivered her, at once, from the Cloister, and these Lectures. *Lyfander*, whose Father, at the same Time, was endeavouring to disinherit him, preferred the Interest of his Heart, to that of his Fortune ; and the Possession of *Daphne*, to the Ties of Blood. He fled with her, to vow, at the Foot of the Altar, an eternal Fidelity. The first Year is not yet past ; and *Lyfander* is already false. *Daphne* weeps, sighs, and laments : however, she has Comforters, who may, one Day, help her fully to revenge his Perfidy. But what can be the Cause of this sudden Change ? The same which froze the Passions of *Alcippus* and *Climena*. *Lyfander* and *Daphne* too, had mistaken, for Love, the powerful Impulses of a warm Constitution. This deceived them ; and, as they are both of impatient and impetuous Spirits, their Vexations and Disappointments are as keen, as their Appetites were violent.

It would be too great an Undertaking, to endeavour to trace the infinite Number of different Scenes, which the Marriage-State would offer to our View, if the Darknefs, which conceals the Secrets of that State, was suddenly dissipated. What a Variety of Humours, Caprices, Freaks, and wild Contradictions, would so many disunited Pairs furnish ; who, so far from being led astray by a false Conception of Love, have never thought

this Passion, at all necessary, to the forming this important Engagement !

Beauty, and Coquetry, have, in all Ages, given Birth to so many absurd Passions, to so many Troubles, Commotions, and Wars ; that superficial Thinkers, without sparing, even that Kind of Love, which is most just and rational, that which is founded on Esteem ; have dogmatically pronounced it, *an unpardonable Weakness*. Avarice, finding in this ill-judged fantastic Opinion, something to flatter his Partisans ; did not fail to spread it abroad, and give it the Stamp of fashionable Authority : And, by his Assistance, it made such Progress, that it soon became an almost universally received Maxim. It was then instituted, that, for the future, no Man should take a Wife, inferior to himself ; and the Equality of their Station was extended, even to Goods and Chastities. Love was, by this Means, proscribed and banished from Marriage, and confined entirely to Romances : So that if any one, either through Inadvertency, or a peculiar Taste, suffered his Heart to be inflamed by this Passion ; it became necessary for him, to conceal it as much as possible, to treat his Spouse, in public, with the coldest Civility ; and whenever he happened to be in Company with other Ladies, to entertain them with much more Respect, than his own ; on Pain of incurring the Censure, and Ridicule, of the polite World. And, as ill-chosen matches are, by far, the most numerous, they easily led the Fashion ; and this Regulation, so conformable to their Plan, has been ever since scrupulously maintained.

tained. Upon this Footing, Marriage stands at present, except only, that such Persons, as have a sincere Hatred for each other, are allowed to behave much worse. I have nothing to say to Persons of this last Class, on the Duties of Husbands and Wives; for, in wanting Love, they want the most essential: how then shall they fulfil the rest?

A Marriage, contracted without Tendernefs, is a Kind of Rape; for to possess, when the Mind does not consent, is to violate the Laws of Nature. The Gifts of *Hymen* ought only to be dispensed by the Hands of Love; and whoever receives them from another, is no better than an Usurper.

I might here exhort these inconsiderate Ravishers, to repair this Fault by an After-act; that is, by endeavouring to love, and thus, to do that, after Marriage, which they ought to have done before. But it would be as absurd to advise, as to command, a Sensibility of Mind. Those who do not love, and those who hate, ought to be regarded as incorrigible Sinners; it is not, therefore, to these, that I would address what I have to say on conjugal Affection.

But would these Hints be better addressed, if I proposed them to those, who, having, from the first Instant, properly cherish'd the glowing Sparks of this Passion, have extracted from that intimate Knowledge, which this Union has reciprocally given them of each other, new Motives to increase their mutual Affection? These seem to have no Need of a Lecture on the Continuance of Love;

for a Tenderneſs, thus ſtrengthened by Reflection, ſeems, from its very Nature, to be formed for an eternal Duration. But alas ! the human Heart is ſo variable, that no one can, without Preſumption, promiſe, that his Flame ſhall always burn with an equal and conſtant Ardour. Love is a Fire ; it will be extinguished if Water be thrown upon it : and if Fuel be not ſupplied, it will go out.

Euriſthenes loved his Wife, and this Love rendered him one of the moſt happy Men in the World. He was ſenſible of his Happineſs ; and one Day, in the Fullneſs of his Heart, opened his whole Soul to an old Druid, the Depository of his moſt intimate Secrets ; who, being himſelf weaned from the Pleaſures, of which he now heard a Recital, conceived a Deſign, under a Pretence of promoting the Glory of God, to diſengage him from the carnal Ties, which, he ſaid, bound him to the World. “ Brother, ſaid the meddling Bigot, I groan for your Blindneſs. You ſigh, but not for the Lord. Are you ignorant, that it is written, He that hateth not his Father, and his Mother, his Wife, and his Brethren, for God, is unworthy of God ? Before the Fall of the firſt Man, your Love, perhaps, might not have been a Crime : but ſinful Man ought to eat his Bread dipped in Tears. Your Spouſe is a Daughter of *Eve*, that cruel Mother who ruined us all : and yet, alas ! you love her ! Fear, leſt you ſuffer the Fate of your firſt Father : it was Love that ruined him. You are pleaſed, and touched with her tender Affection and Care ; and yet, this ought to be the chief Ground
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of your Fear ; since, by this, she binds you to herself, and ravishes, from God, a Heart made for him alone. Consider seriously, — Hell opens under your Feet.” — At the Word *Hell*, the simple *Euristhenes* trembled : his troubled Imagination saw nothing but Demons, Fire, and Sulphur. A fanatic Zeal took Possession of his Mind ; he regarded his Wife as his Enemy, took her Caresses for Snares, and her Remonstrances for Attempts to seduce him. And, if any Remains of Affection pleaded for her in his Heart, he fasted, prayed, and mortified himself, in order to stifle it.

As for *Methyses*, it was not by Fasting that he freed himself from conjugal Affection. Three Parts of his Time was spent, with the Glass in his Hand, in those licentious Retirements, where Intemperance and Riot reign with absolute Dominion ; and where the Waves of intoxicating Burgundy swallowed up, at the same Time, his Health, his Honour, and his Substance. There, every refined Sentiment was treated as an idle Chimera ; Tenderness was insipid ; Complaisance, Slavery ; and Respect, Meanness of Soul. *Methyses* has, at length, learned the Dialect of these despicable Haunts of Drunkenness : at first, he spoke it by Rote, as a Kind of Jargon that contributed to his Amusement, not as a Language that communicated his Ideas ; but he has now made farther Advances, he has imbibed the Spirit of it, and it is become expressive of the Sentiments and Disposition of his Mind ; he has lost all Relish for those Pleasures, which are authorized by Reason.

As to the Ladies, he is perfect Marble, especially, to the Modest, the Wise, and Discreet; and, unhappily for him, his Wife is of this Number.

The tender Passion of *Poyldore* lasted twenty Years; and, at the End of this Season, had suffered no other Alteration, than that which is necessarily produced by Length of Time, and the indolent Tranquility of a Heart that has nothing left to desire. This Kind of Affection is not properly Love, but Friendship; though it is a Friendship too tender, ever to subsist between Persons of the same Sex. But, as it irritates the Desires less, it exposes married Persons to great Danger: and I advise those, whoever they are, that enjoy this dangerous Apathy, to keep a Watch over their Eyes and their Hearts, lest some new Object again rouse those Desires, which, tho' they do not flame, are far from being extinguished; and lead them, by Degrees, to the blackest Perfidy and Ingratitude. *Polydore* became guilty. He confided in his being so long habituated, to cherish no other Object than his Wife; and it was this Confidence alone, that exposed him to betray her. Love, when it is satisfied, does not increase with Age. The sweet Tranquility, which he enjoyed under the Empire of *Hymen*, made him imagine, that his Passions had lost their Power; and, therefore, being destitute of Fear, he tempted Danger, and perceived not the Precipice, till he fell from it.

Vicious Habits, capricious Humours, and opposite Opinions, may disturb the best established Love. Thus, a niggardly, avaricious Husband, will

will conceive a Disgust for that Wife, who, thinking more nobly, imagines she ought to regulate her Expences, by their joint Income. On the contrary, a Prodigal will despise his Spouse, merely, for being a good Œconomist.

Callias, who is as beautiful as *Narcissus*, and as proud of that Beauty, expresses, by his Looks, his Discourse, and Behaviour, that *Elvira* ought to be perfectly satisfied, since he has condescended to give her his Hand.

Phorbas having read, in some *Turkish* History, an Account (and perhaps an exaggerated one) of the despotic Power, which the Descendants of *Mahomet*, exercise in their Seraglios; behaves, at Home, with the Insolence of a Sultan. He loves *Artemene* in his Soul; but thinks it inconsistent with his Dignity, to confess it; and had rather receive her humble Submissions, than her most tender Carresses.

The devout *Theotimus* believes the Church to be in the extremest Danger; he laments its approaching Ruin; he visits the Faithful, and exhorts them to support their tottering Religion. The Clergy have betrayed the good Cause, and the Truth will soon have none to defend it. He thinks himself a second *Atlas*, formed to prevent the Ruin of the Heavens. How sweet would be the Consolation, if, at least, his Wife did but help to support the mighty Load! But the thoughtless Infidel is untouched by his pious Groans. She blindly follows the broad Path, pointed out to her by her remiss Guides; and believes, that her Salvation depends
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on her sincerely following the Laws of her Religion, and the Advice of her Pastor. *Theotimus* has laboured, with all his Might, to make her his Convert ; but, finding it to no Purpose, he, at last, bursts into Reproaches : they revile, they anathematize, and, in short, they hate each other.

What Madman is that, whom I see swelled with Anger ? What sudden Emotion has enflamed his Countenance ? Why those fierce Looks, that interrupted Voice, those threatening Gestures ? Alas ! whom does he menace ?—A tender Wife, the faithful *Artemisa*, who loves him, and whom he himself loves. 'Till this Moment, they have both, by their Behaviour, given constant Proofs of the greatest Tendernefs. Can we thus pass, in a Moment, from Love to Hatred, from Esteem to Contempt ; from Complacency and Smiles, to Abuse and Outrage ? Yes, when transported by Jealousy ; and this is the Madness of *Argantes* : like the Miser, who, the more he is enamoured of his Treasure, is the more fearful of being robbed. *Argantes* suspects his Friends, his Relations, his Domestics : even old Men and Children are tiresome to him ; they give him Umbrage, they all seem capable of seducing his Wife ; and this he dreads more than all the Misfortunes that can fall upon him : and yet it is a Misfortune that he believes most near. His Fears troubling his Senses, he mistakes his Distrusts for infallible Presages, his Suspicions for Realities. He has heard her, at a Distance, talking to some one, in a familiar

liar Manner, and from hence proceeds this furious Rage. He advances, with the utmost Precaution, in order to surprize her : but he succeeds only by Halves. He finds her alone, in that Chamber, in which he had heard two Voices : but immediately casts his Eyes on a Pair of Man's Gloves. He is distracted at the Sight ; he seizes them, he tears them to Pieces. She endeavours to speak, but he is deaf. He prevents all Explanation, by a Torrent of bitter Execrations, followed by Menaces ; which are, perhaps, on the Point, of being put into Execution. But behold, an unexpected Witness of her Innocence enters, whose sudden Appearance, at once, disconcerts and condemns him. It is his Father-in-law, who, stepping from the Closet where he had concealed himself, on Purpose to give an agreeable Surprize to his Son, comes forth, to demand his Gloves, and justify *Artemisa*.

How frightful is Jealousy ! the deadly Poison of all conjugal Felicity ! Why does it not rather destroy Love, than change it to a Fury ? There is, nevertheless, a Kind of Jealousy, which is the inseparable Companion of a tender and delicate Affection. A Passion, which excludes not Esteem ; a Passion, that neither injures nor offends : and this is a Fear of losing the Affection of the Person beloved, from a thorough Sensibility of its Value. Thus, the Fair-one may fear to displease the Man she loves, without calling his Constancy in Question : she may dread his growing cold, and, yet, be perfectly assured of his Fidelity. This tender

Apprehension is a mighty Spur, that awakens Love, and gives it Activity and Precaution. And, without this, it would languish through too great a Security.

But a Jealousy, without Love, appears a Paradox not easy to comprehend; and yet, nothing is more common. *Dorimena* married *Cliton*, rather from Complaisance, than Inclination; yet she falls into a Rage, if he does but smile upon an amiable Woman. An obliging Word or Action, an affable and polite Behaviour, to any other Lady, is an Offence; a Crime, which she can never pardon. If he be long absent, "He is false; and she has been long very sensible, that he neglected her; tho' she really thought she deserved better Treatment at his Hands." Is *Dorimena* become enamoured of her Husband, since their Marriage? This would be a Miracle indeed, and there's no Room for such a Conjecture. Marriage can never warm those Hearts, with the Beams of Love, which were, before, chill'd with Indifference. It confirms its Purity, but kindles not the Flame itself, and very rarely augments it. Or, in other Words, it is the Crucible to refine, not the Cradle to rear it up to Strength and Activity. From whence, then, proceeds *Dorimena's* jealous Transports? Not from Love; but a Passion, which, in some Sort, resembles it.

The Passions of the Men are most frequently excited by a particular Object. Before their Hearts can be inflamed, they must find an Object proper to inflame them; but, as to the Women, the melting

ing Softness of that tender Sex is inborn : it is an Appendage of their very Frame. They love before they know it. To us, Love is an Amusement ; to them, it is a capital Affair. But if this innate Tenderneſs is fixed on a particular Object, and the glowing Fire excited to a Flame, by the attracting Charms of Pleaſure ; like the Rays of the Sun collected by the Burning-glaſs, it becomes more ardent, and its ſcattered Beams, thus concentrating in a Point, acquire a greater Force and Activity. It is alſo ſaid to have this Prerogative, above ours ; it increaſes by Enjoyment : and, for this Reaſon, the Sex never experience that Satiety and Inappetency, which weigh down our Hearts, when our Deſires are gratified.

Women, in general, love better than Men. Nature, whoſe Operations are always conducted by the Rules of infinite Wiſdom, has purpoſely imparted to them, an almoſt inexhauſtible Fund of natural Tenderneſs, mixed with the moſt exquisite Reliſh of Pleaſure ; that the Conſequences of Marriage might be rendered leſs uneaſy to them ; their Sufferings being ſoothed, and their Pains compensated, by the ſweet Allurements of Delight : and theſe, for the moſt Part, hold the Place of a Love built on Reflection. We never love, but from Choice ; but, we frequently ſee them diſcover an Ardency of Affection, even to that Husband, whom they have taken blindfold. This Senſation, which is ſo like Love, that it is not eaſy to diſcern the Difference, ſometimes alſo inſpires Transports of Jealouſy ;

lously ; and from this Source, proceeds the Rage of *Dorimena*.

But what Pretence has *Amintas* to be jealous ? Has he any Right to command the Heart of *Emilia* ? He hates, and despises her. What, then, is her Love, or Indifference, to him ? Love, indeed, is not what he requires of her ; but, as he thinks his Honour affected by her Behaviour, he would have her faithful ; and judging of her by himself, he can't believe that she is so. Ridiculous Prejudice ! how contrary to Justice and Reason ! Shall *Amintas* think himself disgraced, if *Emilia* violate her conjugal Faith ? And shall he, who boasts, that he has betrayed it a hundred Times, triumph in his Perfidy, without the least imagined Diminution of Honour ? How long is it, since Honour contracted an Alliance with Guilt ? Is it like Gold and Scepters, the Prey of the strongest ?

Love, and more particularly that of the conjugal Kind, is nourished by Love. When a Lover endeavours to gain a Heart, the least Degree of Hope will keep his Flame a live ; but when this Heart is become his Conquest, he has a Right to expect a constant Return of Affection. The sacred Bond of Marriage strengthens the Obligation, and constitutes the Duty of Love between the Husband and Wife, a Duty of Religion ; but then it must be supposed, that this Love is reciprocal : for God never commands Impossibilities. It is so general a Maxim, amongst all Nations, that Love is essential to Marriage ; that there are very few, who do not allow of a Divorce, when

Contrariety

Contrariety of Temper raises an invincible Obstacle to Love.

If you would live happily in the Marriage-state, never enter into it, without loving and being beloved ; and render this Love genuine and durable, by founding it on Virtue. If it has no Object but Beauty, a graceful Air, or the Bloom of Youth, it will be as frail as these fleeting Advantages, and, like them, it will soon vanish ; but, if it is fixed by the Perfections of the Mind, it will then stand the Test of Time.

In order to acquire the Right of demanding Love, endeavour to deserve it. After a Union of twenty Years, be as attentive to please, and as careful to avoid Offence, as if you were now endeavouring to inspire that Passion ; for there is as great an Advantage, in keeping Possession of a Heart, as in first conquering it. I dare answer for the Happiness of that Union, where there perpetually reign, Love, Honour, and a mutual Condescension. But the Tye will be greatly weakened by the Want of any of these three Requisites, and if the first be wanting, it will be totally destroyed.

ARTICLE III. *Of Paternal Love.*

D ID not the Reason of Man, or rather the Abuse of it, sometimes serve to deprave his natural Instincts, we should have nothing to say on this Subject. The Brutes have no Need of our Treatises on Morality, to teach them to love their Young, to nourish and bring them up ; because they have no other Guide, than that of Instinct :
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for Instinct, when it is not perverted by the Sophisms of a captious Reason, will constantly answer the Views of Nature, and do its Duty with unerring Perseverance. If Man, then, was, in this Point, like other Animals ; as soon as the Child should see the Light, the Mother would nourish it with her own Milk, attend to all its Wants, preserve it from every Accident, and think no Moments of her Life better employed, than those spent in these important Duties. The Father, on his Side, would endeavour to form the Manners of his Son ; he would study his Taste and Inclinations, in order to employ his Talents to the best Advantage, and to prepare him early for the Service of his Country, in that Station, for which he should appear best fitted by Nature. He would, himself, cultivate this young Plant, and think it the most criminal Negligence, to abandon it to the Discretion of an ignorant, or perhaps, a vicious Governor.

But the Power of Custom, in spite of the Impulses of Nature, disposes Parents to a very different Conduct. The Child is scarce born, when it is separated from its Mother ; she is too weak, or too delicate, or her Circumstances are too affluent for her to suckle her own Child. In vain has Nature diverted the Course of that Fluid, which nourished it in the Womb, and carried, to the Breast of the insensible Parent, two Rivers of Milk, destined for its Sustenance. The Voice of Nature must not be heard, her Gifts are despised and rejected ; those, whom she has enriched, destroy,

stroy, at the Hazard of their own Health, what she bestows, by drying up the Source of this Nectar: and the tender Infant is delivered up to a foreign, and mercenary Mother, who will proportion her Care, to the Profit that attends it.

As for the Father, he has too much Business upon his Hands, to think of forming the Manners of his Son. His Affairs will not permit it; and it is a Care, from which, he chuses to be entirely exempt. So many Persons are ready to supply his Place, who will be contented with a moderate Sallary, that, truly, he should think it a bad Piece of OEconomy, not to accept of their Services; for they desire no more of his Estate, than the Income of a Day or two, to satisfy them for their Labours.

Many Writers have already enforced the Necessity of these two indispensable Duties; that of the Mother to nurse her own Child, and of the Father to take the Charge of his Education; but all they have said has been ineffectual: and will any Thing I can say, meet with better Success? Certainly not. However, I have, at least, given my Voice, and protested against an Abuse, which I cannot but condemn.

“ Suckle my own Child! cries *Clelia*, a fine Employment positively! a most agreeable Pastime! I love to sleep quietly; or, if my Slumbers must be interrupted, let it be by Pleasure. In the Day-time, I receive Visits, and return them. I dress; and, to shew a Gown in a new Taste, I go to the polite Circle, to the Opera, and sometimes to see

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a Comedy ; I dance, I play ; in short, all my Moments are spent agreeably. Ah ! don't you perceive, that I must bid adieu to all this, if I become such a Fool, as to take upon me the odious Employment of a Nurse."

Yes, it is easy to perceive, lovely *Clelia*, by the Plan you have drawn of your Amusements, what it is that gives you a Disgust to this Duty ; but, from that beautiful Breast of Alabaster, which you, with such Complaisance, expose to View, I see much better those Reasons, which should prevail on you to discharge it.

What Mother would consent to receive of another, a Child which is not entirely her own ? And yet, can that Infant be truly hers, which, when it was newly born, was sent far from her ; whilst, for several Years, that continual Loss of Substance, which, every Moment attends all animal Bodies, has been repaired by the Milk of a Stranger, which has metamorphosed and transformed it, into a new Child ? No, this is no longer the Son of *Clelia*, it is *Claudina's*, and is, as it were, born a second Time, from her Milk. I am at a Loss to discover, what he can gain by this Change ; but I am sensible, what he may lose. The Milk he has sucked was not made for his Organs ; this, then, must have been an Aliment, less proper for him, than the Milk of his Mother. Who knows, but his Constitution, originally robust and healthy, has not been weakened ? Who knows, but this Transformation may have reached his Heart, and that,

as the Body and the Mind are so dependent on each other, he may not, merely on this Account, become, one Day, a narrow-soul'd Wretch, a Cheat, a Robber, a Murderer. That Fruit, which is the most delicious, when flourishing in its proper Soil, will soon degenerate, if transplanted to another. It is the same with Animals : those Dogs, so famous in *England* for their Strength and Fidelity, no sooner pass the Sea, than they become the most stupid of all Animals, without Instinct, without Strength, and without any Ability for Service.

Let us change the Scene : let us search into the Heart of the Father ; or, rather, without searching into it, judge of it by his Conduct. *Trimalcio* is President of a Court of Justice. The Slowness and Majesty of his Gait, the haughty Sternness of his Brow, a Gravity unalterable, and, more especially, the ample Size of the Judge's Peruke, and the Number of his Servants, express, in legible Characters, the Quality of this great Personage. One would imagine, that the Salary of an Office of Judicature, had the supernatural Virtue, of giving the solemn Dignity, and majestic Step, of a Hero. All the Wit of *Moliere*, all the Buffoonery of *Scarron*, would be insufficient to smooth the Wrinkles of his Front. But the Moment arrives, when he is to be stript, in some Measure, of this magisterial Air, this thick Covering, which obscures his Countenance. His Son is brought from Nurse. " See, my Lord, cries a foolish Governante, at a Distance, we have brought you

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little Master." He rises, advances a few Steps, and walks, for the first Time, to meet a human Creature. He takes him in his Arms, fancies he traces his own Features in the Child's, and condescends even to embrace him. The Infant returns his Kisses and Endearments with Usury, and lisps the Word *Papa*—a Name that sounds agreeable in the Ears of *Trimalcio*. The more uncertain the Right is that People have to this Title, the more they love to hear it given them. The Child, thus fondly caressed, answers by wanton Fooleries. Thus he grows bold and free from Constraint, and the young Chevalier drags about, without Mercy, tumbles, and unpowders that venerable Peruke, which, a little before, had filled the Bar with a respectful Reverence.

From this fond Reception, you are, perhaps, apt to conclude, that *Trimalcio* loves his Son : but this Circumstance is too slender to form a Judgment upon. You will think more justly, if you examine what Care he has taken to improve his Understanding, to adorn his Mind, and regulate his Manners. But the whole Extent of his Tenderness was expressed on his Son's first Arrival, nor could it rise to a higher Pitch. Can a President condescend to puzzle his Brains with the Education of his Child ? No, no, it is almost absurd to imagine it. The Governor is already chosen, one who is neither a *Seneca* nor a *Burrhus* ; nor is he a Man modelled by those illustrious Masters, who, towards the End of the last Century, formed the tender Minds of our Princes : but a Person
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of the extremest Complaisance, who, for a Salary of thirty Pistoles, will take the Pains to see that his Pupil is not fatigued ; who will condescend to humour him in all his Caprices and Follies : and these are the Articles of the Agreement. “ Gently, *Monsieur L'Abbé*, gently, said *Trimalcio*, I would not have my Son kill himself. He may learn a little Latin, I am not against that ; but not a Word of Greek : Greek is bad for the Sight. Look you, I don't intend to make him a Man of Learning : I will have him a President like myself. But should I make a Bishop of him, believe me, *Monsieur L'Abbé*, your Bishops are no Conjurers.”

The Abbé exerted himself accordingly. What a Happiness did he think it, thus to proceed under the Inspection of a Dunce, and to have nothing more to do, but to render the Son equal to the Father ! But how easy soever this Undertaking may appear, it was, indeed, the utmost he was capable of. *Trimalcio* has many Friends, who will, I imagine, murmur against me. “ A Man possessed of a public Employment, (they will say) will have enough to do, to turn Preceptor to his own Children.” But is this a Reason that will sufficiently excuse him ? A rich Financer, would, doubtless, have much to restore, should he resolve to return all the Wealth he had unlawfully gained : must he therefore keep it ?

Tho' a Father be the Instructor of his Son, he may be assisted in this important Task, by Men of approved Merit ; and this is highly reasonable,

since they will render his Labours much more successful : but he ought always to be Governor in Chief, Inspector, and Superintendant. *Bubalcus*, is, you'll say, a Father. He is an Ideot, who, like other Animals, has contributed to the Production of a Being formed like himself : but he is incapable of any Thing more. He is without Knowledge, without Senses, without Ideas. What Share, can a Wretch, thus formed, have in the Education of his Son ? Doubtless, the best Thing he can do, is not to interfere in it. I am of the same Opinion, and, if any one of my Readers can alledge a like Excuse, I shall, in that Case, be so far from contesting this Point with him, that I will freely give him my Dispensation : but I cannot, on this Account, hold him exempt from endeavouring to search for the best Masters to supply his Defect ; from encouraging them by a liberal Salary, and from carefully enquiring into the Progress of their Pupil. If he has carried his Stupidity so far, as to prevent his taking any Concern in an Affair of this Moment, he is a Monster, whom the Deformity of his Soul can never excuse.

Aristides, indeed, deserves greater Indulgence. He is abroad in the Service of the State, without any fixed Abode, or settled Habitation. A valuable Member of the Common-wealth will be always ready to sacrifice his dearest Interests, his Fortune, his Health and Repose, to the Good of his Country ; but even more than this is required of *Aristides* : his whole Time is employed ; he is obliged to wean himself from his Family ; and to forego

forego the sweetest, the most delightful Employment, of forming, with his own Hand, the Minds of his Children. I do not blame, but I pity him. I know the full Extent of his Tendernefs. Without murmuring, he would abandon his House to the Discretion of a Servant, his Estate to the Mercy of a Steward, and even his Life itself to the Dangers of War, did but the public Welfare demand it: but to be a Father, and at the same Time to see himself deprived of an Opportunity of performing the Duty of a Parent!—This he cannot think of, without the most tender and affecting Concern. A Father who is capable of instructing his Son, is the best Master he can possibly have—And the Capacity of *Aristides* is sufficiently shewn, by the judicious Choice he has made of those to whom he has committed this important Trust. But why, alas! does it so frequently happen, that Abilities are given to those who cannot exert them, and Leisure for exerting them to those who have no Abilities!

The Duty of Parents to their Children, does not terminate in giving them Existence: on the contrary, as long as they stand in Need of their Assistance, they have a Right to demand it; for they are tender Plants, that must be nursed with the extremest Care, till they have taken Root; and here Nature has sufficiently pointed out the separate Offices of the Father and the Mother: for the same Duties are not required of both. Nature seems to have peculiarly assigned, to the Mother, the Nourishment of the animal Frame, and all the
various

various Cares which relate to the Body. But the Employment of the Father is of a much more noble Kind; for to him is devolved the Care of rearing the thinking, immortal Substance. But, alas! too frequently, both these Duties are but ill performed! The Mother having, with unavoidable Pain, carried the Infant in her Womb, is, at last, delivered from this, by other Pains peculiar to her Sex. The Obligation of nursing the new-born Infant then succeeds, an Obligation as indispensable as the other; but this Trouble it is possible for her to avoid, and therefore the Obligation is violated. The Father, on his Side, is as defective, in fulfilling the Intentions of Nature. He takes upon himself the Office of the Mother, and concerns himself only about the corporeal Advantages of his Children; their Health, their Ease, their Table, and their Pleasures: whilst the Culture of their Minds, a Concern in itself so important, and so superior to all others, is by both neglected.

Upon this Plan was *Lycidas* educated. He dances well, rides the great Horse, and is a tolerable Master of the Sword. But as to every Thing else, he is a Composition of Ignorance and Vanity; Qualities which are almost always inseparable. Tho' he has a low and grovelling Mind, he expresses himself with an Air of haughty Sufficiency: he is filled with Prejudices, and, at the same Time, has the two opposite Extremes of Impiety and Superstition: without a Rule to guide, without a Bridle to restrain, without Morals to regulate the Impetuosity of his Passions. His Manners are
the

the Copy of his present Inclinations, whilst almost in every Instance, these Inclinations are depraved. "Who is it he takes after! (cries *Dorimont* his unhappy Father, who, as fifty Years have slid away since his being a young Man, has had Time enough to forget his own youthful Extravagances) I am sure it is not me. I have been young as well as he, but I was never such a Rake. Ah! Youth, in my Time, behaved quite in another Manner."

If what you say be true, *Dorimont*, Fathers were not then the Corrupters of their Children, and that was because they loved them better. "Alas! replies he, if I have any Thing to reproach myself with, it is for having loved my *Lycidas* too well. It is this Love, carried, indeed, a little too far, that has made me blind to his Faults and Extravagancies; it is this Love which softened my Mind, when I ought to have been resolute: this has held my Hand, when I was going to punish him." What a strange Idea must you then have formed of paternal Love, if you are indeed so weak as to imagine, that it has made you fail in the most important Duties of a Father!

Julia sees *Araminta*. A fluttering Joy sparkles in her Eyes, she runs to meet her; she speaks to her with inexpressible Eagerness; she caresses, and asks her a hundred Questions almost in a Breath. From whence proceeds this excessive Tenderness? She hates *Araminta*, and, with her, every amiable Woman. Listen to her. "Oh, my dear! where did you get this Gown? Who is your Mercer?—What is his Name?—Let me see, let me embrace

brace him. Oh, the incomparable Man ! What a rich Brocade ! What beautiful Branches ! What a Regularity of Design ! What a Choice of Colours ! What a Variety in the Shades ! O *Araminta*, I am—I am positively in Love with this Gown. I can't express how well it becomes you." You imagine, *Dorimont*, that *Julia* is a very ridiculous Character : but turn you Eyes from *Julia*, and view yourself. You love your Son, you say ; but what is this Son ? A Being composed of Body and Mind, an Image, an Emanation, a Ray of the Deity, encompassed with a terrestrial Veil, which serves to render him visible to the Sight, and firm to the Touch. Now which of these two opposite Substances, is the Object of your Affection to *Lycidas* ? Is it his Soul, that spiritual Being, whose Origin is so noble and illustrious ? But, in order to justify this Love, can you discover in it any Marks of its native Dignity ? Is it not wretchedly sunk and degenerated ? Where is its Relish for Virtue, its Love of Truth ? If it still retains the Lustre of its original Grandeur, it is by these Traces only that we can distinguish it. But, alas ! these are all effaced ; it is so obscured, that its very Existence can only be presumed, from the Covering of Clay which conceals it. We see there Organs, Lineaments, and proportioned Members, the same as in other Bodies where we know a Soul resides ; but we have no better Proof.

However, deformed as it is, perhaps you will say you love it still. I should more readily believe
you,

you, if you had consulted its Happiness with greater Zeal ; if you had made Use of all your Endeavours, to restore it to its native Purity, Innocence, and Virtue ; but this was the least of your Thoughts : you yourself were the Occasion of their being destroyed : you dreaded, lest the Body of *Lycidas* should become emaciated, consumptive, and languishing, if you restrained his Follies and Caprices, if you repressed his Anger, if you moderated his Desires, if you enlightened his Understanding. You might as justly refuse to dress a Wound, for Fear of spoiling the Patient's Cloaths. You have been in Pain for the Body, tho' it is little more than the Garment of the Soul ; when the first and most essential Concern, ought to have been for the Mind. Once more, let me enquire, What is it in this Son, that is the Object of your Love ? You love what is not himself. This organized Matter, with which he is cloathed, is only a Machine, formed for his Use ; without which he can subsist, and which, without him, would be nothing but a little Dust : but this is not your Son ; it is only his outward Covering. Let us return to *Julia*. Does she now appear so ridiculous, in being passionately fond of *Araminta's* Gown ? Or, if such a Love is fantastical, is yours much more rational ?

Kings have, with the strictest Justice, been compared to Fathers of Families ; for this Comparison is founded on the very Nature and Origin of Regal Authority.

The HAPPY SOLDIER *first the Scepter sway'd,*

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says

says a Poet of the * present Age : a Maxim unworthy of an equitable Prince ! But it must be observed, that this Sentiment is put into the Mouth of a Tyrant, an Usurper, and the Murderer of his King. Any other than a *Polyphontes* would have said,

The TENDER PARENT first the Scepter sway'd.

The Father was naturally the Head or Chief of the Family : this Family, by multiplying, became a People ; and, consequently, the Father of the Family became a King. His eldest Son, without Doubt, thought himself Heir to his Authority ; and thus, the Scepter was perpetuated in the same House, till a *happy Soldier*, or a rebellious Subject, became the first Stem of a new Race.

As a King may be compared to a Father, so we may, with equal Justice, compare a Father to a King : and thus ascertain the Duties of the Monarch, by those of the Chief of a Family ; and the Obligations of the Father, by those of the Sovereign.

To love, to govern, to recompense, and to punish, are all the Duties both of the Father, and the King. A Father, who loves not his Children, is a Monster ; and a King, who loves not his Subjects, a Tyrant. Both the Father and the King are the living Images of God, whose boundless Dominion is founded on Love. Nature made the Father, that he might promote the Interest of his Children ; Policy made the King, that he might give Happiness to his People. As Man, in his Infancy, is ignorant of his

* *Voltaire*, in his Tragedy of *Merope*.

true Interest, is unable, of himself, to furnish out the Means of Happiness, or to provide even for the Support of Life ; so a blind, giddy, and turbulent People, without a Chief to govern them, will form none, but the most vain and ridiculous Projects : their Views will be confused ; they will neither know what they ought to wish for, what to love, or what to fear ; and they will seldom engage in any Schemes, but those which will naturally tend to their Destruction. It is as necessary, therefore, that both the Family and the State should have a Chief, as that an Arch should have a principal Stone ; which, placed in the Centre, connects, strengthens, and secures the whole Assemblage. But if this Chief should look upon the rest of the Members with Indifference, which can only proceed from an immoderate Self-love, every Thing then will be considered as having a Relation to himself ; their Interest will be always sacrificed to his own ; by the Sweat of their Labour and Toil, he will increase in Power and Opulence, and, to confirm his tyrannic Reign, will hold them in Bondage. He will then look upon them, as Creatures, formed for no other Purpose, than to contribute to his Happiness. But when, on the contrary, Benevolence and Love reign in the Mind of the Chief, and dictate all his Commands, there will thence arise between him and the Members, a free and easy Circulation, diffusing to every Individual, Health, Vigour, and Strength ; and all will zealously concur in promoting the common

Good of the whole Body. The Chief himself will here find a solid Advantage ; since he cannot better promote his own Interest, than by treating his Family, or his Subjects, with Lenity : for the Head, tho' the principal Seat of Life and Sensation, will always suffer, when joined to a weak and emaciated Body.

There is the same Resemblance between the Government of a Kingdom and a Family. The Master who presides over either of these, has two Obligations to fulfil : the one, to promote the Practice of Virtue and Piety ; the other, to shield his Children, or his Subjects, from Troubles, Disasters, and Indigence. He should be conducted by the Love of Order, and not by that tyrannical Spirit, which delights in putting the most submissive Tempers, to the severest Trials. Both the Child and the Subject have their Views too much contracted, to be capable of governing themselves ; but yet they are clear-sighted enough, to discover the Faults of those who govern ill.

A Power to *recompense* and to *punish*, is the very Sinews of Government. God himself thus enforces all his Commands ; he terrifies by his Threatnings, and invites by his Promises : and every Legislator ought to behave in the same Manner : for it would seem hard and unjust, to threaten the rebellious, without encouraging, at the same Time, the loyal Subject, by the most engaging Promises. The *Roman* Laws which, in this Point, were conformable to those of all other Nations, in providing against the Commission of Murder, by annexing

ing to it the most severe Penalties ; bestowed the *Civic Crown* on him, who saved the Life of even a single Citizen.

The two Springs of the human Heart, are Hope and Fear. Ye Fathers, and ye Kings ! you have every Thing in your Hands, that can possibly move these two Passions : but remember, that even Justice demands, that you should be as careful to recompence, as you are strict in punishing. God has established you, as his terrestrial Substitutes and Representatives, not only to dispense his Thunders, but to diffuse around the genial Blessings of dewy Mists and falling Rains.

ARTICLE IV. *Of Filial Love.*

A Father, whose Dispositions correspond with the Views of Nature, is a tender and beneficent Master ; his Children, consequently, owe him an affectionate Esteem, and a respectful Obedience : but their Submission is not like that of a Slave to an imperious Master ; for tho' it is as indispensable as this, yet it ought to proceed from the free, unconstrained, Dictates of a grateful Heart. They obey, because they love their Father, and from a Consciousness of being beloved by him.

In the first Ages of the World, the Power of the Father was unlimited : for as Parents were never known to abuse their Authority, it was not so much as suspected, that they ever would do so. The Father then enjoyed all the Prerogatives of the Sovereign ; and, indeed, what Hazard could there be, in leaving Children to the Discretion of a Judge,

Judge, whose Severity was tempered with the tenderest Affection ? But as Monsters will sometimes arise, some Fathers were found without Affection, and consequently cruel ; nay, some were known to stain their unnatural Hands, with the Blood of their own Offspring. Their Power then was restrained : a Father was permitted to be an Accuser ; but was no longer allowed to be either a Judge or Executioner. Indeed the Laws of Nature forbid all Harshness, Violence, and Transports of Rage : but it is beyond the Province of human Laws, to regulate, or take Cognizance of meer domestic Affairs.

Here the Parent is free from the Constraint of human Laws ; and here wicked unnatural Fathers, sunk into Tyrants, ruled their Children with a Rod of Iron, and by making that Life insupportable which they had given, taught them to hate them. This Race is not yet extinct ; the present Age furnishes too many Instances of Parents of this Character. But I do not address myself to the Children of such Fathers, when I press the Necessity of filial Affection : for here I shall confine myself, to the express Terms of the Law, which *Moses* imposed on the Children of *Israel* : *Honour*, says he, *your Father and Mother* : he does not say, *love them*. He spoke to obdurate Wretches, a People who were hardly capable of feeling any of the tender Sentiments, or of exciting them in others. He durst not, even in his famous Tables, enjoin the Love of God ! And, indeed, how could he do this ? He had painted the Deity so terrible, so
cruel,

cruel, and so jealous, that the People, who had imbibed his Doctrine, were struck with Fear, and could no otherwise revere him, than as the *Romans* honoured the *Fever*, a malevolent Deity, whom it was dangerous to put out of Humour.

Sostratus married *Sophronia*, a Lady both young, beautiful and rich; but his Heart was only touch'd with the last of these Perfections. And, indeed, were all the Charms, all the commanding Graces, which Nature has diffused thro' that enchanting Sex, united in one Person, he would not have been more deeply affected: for, as he believes himself formed in a much nobler Mould, his Vanity renders him incapable of Love. The Children, whom he has had by *Sophronia*, the Fruits of a Commerce, in which Love had no Share, raised not the least tender Emotion, and only served to indulge his Inclination for arbitrary Power. In them he beheld Subjects, whom he might rule at Pleasure; and he fancied that his Reign began, the Instant he became a Father: a Reign the most odious and tyrannical, which was felt by his Children, in all its Rigour, without deriving from it the least Advantage. With what cruel Barbarity, did he daily increase the Weight of his Yoke! To what capricious Humours, unjust and ridiculous Commands, were they obliged to submit, even without Complaint! He was enraged at their Remonstrances; which, even when most reasonable, were so far from being heard, that they were punished as most flagrant Instances of Disobedience. This imaginary Monarch, not content with these Severities,

verities, by a Number of ridiculous Projects, by his Luxury, his Pleasures, and, above all, his Indolence, soon exhausted his moderate Fortune ; his Estate became mortgaged, *Sophronia's* Jointure, as well as her Jewels, were swallowed up in the general Ruin. Yet his great Soul, instead of being humbled by Poverty, became only more fierce : Vexation and Disappointment served to increase the natural Malignity of his Temper. His Children were unprovided for, without Education, without a Fortune, and without Friends, (for who had ever been a Friend to *Sostratus* ?) In vain did they attempt, by several courageous Efforts, to free themselves from the Horrors of Indigence : it was all to no Purpose, since their Father always took Care to prevent their Success. For he was so jealous of his own Offspring, that he would have been distracted to see any of them more prosperous than himself.

What now are the Sensations, which these unhappy, abandoned Children, ought to feel for their unnatural Father ? I have already told you ; the Lawgiver of *Sinai* says, *Honour thy Father* : nor can there be any Case, any Circumstance in Life, in which Children may be exempted from the Performance of this Duty. Submit yourselves to him, because he is your Master, even at the Expence of your private Interest ; but never at the Expence of your Honour, or your Conscience. Render him all the good Offices in your Power : for this is a Duty which you owe to your most cruel Enemies ; and a Father has, at least, this Advantage over every

every Object of Hatred, of being a Person with whose Interest you are most nearly concerned : the Hardness of his Heart will not excuse yours. I am sensible, that you can have but a small Degree of filial Affection ; nor do I think, that I ought to reproach you for this : but there is a Kind of Love which is due to all Men ; and this, your Father, as a Man, has no less a Claim to than others ; and, where all things else are equal, you certainly owe him the Preference. But as to filial Love, which is a much more warm and tender Affection, it is not an Obligation so universally binding, as not in some Instances to be dispensed with. No other Affection is due to a Father, from whom we receive nothing but Proofs of Hatred, than that which we owe even to our Enemies themselves ; he is, indeed, to be treated as an Enemy whom we respect, but this is all the Distinction he can claim.

If Children do not discover an ardent Affection for those that brought them into the World, if they do not prevent their Desires, and adopt their Sentiments ; this is not, of itself, a sufficient Reason to condemn them. Observe, before you judge, how they behave in other Respects : do they walk in the Paths of Honour and Virtue ? If so, their Coldness has, without Doubt, a lawful Excuse ; and, it is to be presumed, that, as they feel not the delightful Transports of an ardent Affection, the Crimes of the Parent, his Barbarity, or his Baseness, have extinguished it in their Hearts. Examine also the Manners of the Father ; and if

you find these irregular and corrupt, the Apology for the Children is already made.

If a Person, on the contrary, who joins to an irreproachable Life, all the Tenderness of a Parent, finds the repeated Proofs of his Affection vain ; if he receives no Return from his ungrateful Offspring, their Crime is too evident : whatever be the Foibles of his Temper, his Understanding, or his Conduct, these are no Excuse for their Ingratitude ! Bend your stubborn Knees, unnatural Children ! and let your obdurate Hearts melt into Tenderness ; he is virtuous, and he loves you : and, if thus entitled to your Affection, you refuse it to him ; can you tax him with Injustice, if his Love should be converted into Hatred.

As for those perverse Families, where they strive to outdo each other in vicious Excesses ; where the Father gives the Example, and the Children even surpass their Model, we ought not to be surprized, if, every one following his particular Bent, the Trunk and the Branches should become divided in their Interests : for Union, Love, and Concord, are Gifts only reserved for the Societies of the Virtuous. Virtue is, like Truth, uniform, simple, and invariable ; for this Reason, those, that are attached to it, are confirmed in a steady and uniform Concord : but a Union among the Vicious, can subsist no longer than while their Interest is united : for, thirsting after every Thing that flatters their Appetites, and having no certain Object to fix their Desires, nor any steady Rule to direct their Course, ever jealous, greedy, and insatiable ; how

is it possible, that with such various and separate Interests, they can long agree together.

Virtue is transmitted from Father to Son, with much more Ease than the Goods of Fortune. These are subject to Revolutions, which the utmost Extent of human Prudence can neither foresee, nor prevent. But the Seeds of Honour, of Virtue, and Religion, early sown in the Heart of the Infant, take Root there, grow strong and bring forth Fruit: their Effects are stable and permanent: and if, in some heedless, unguarded Moment, their Virtues should become eclipsed, or obscured, they will soon pierce thro' the Cloud, and appear again with all their Lustre. If Fathers were more careful, to enrich their Children with this invaluable Patrimony, filial Love would be much more prevalent. A virtuous Son would not fail to love his virtuous Father; and when he himself, in his Turn, became a Parent, the same Charm acting upon his Children, would secure their Tenderneſs to him: filial Love, and the Love of Virtue, would mutually assist each other. The Child would follow Virtue, from Love to his Father; and his Love of Virtue, would strengthen his filial Affection.

Periander is astonished, that not any one of his three Children love, or even pretend to love him: "I have neglected nothing, says he, to promote their Interest. For twenty Years have I toiled: I have watched, I have ruined my Health, I have shortened my Life to make theirs happy. I have planted, they will gather. I have suffered the Fatigue of Labour, they will enjoy the Fruits of it.

I was without Wealth, they will be rich. For whom then do these ungrateful Creatures reserve their Affection? What would they have me do else for them? Have I forgot any Thing that can contribute to their Happiness?" You have forgot nothing, *Periander*, but to teach them how to live well; or, in other Words, to inspire them with Virtue. If an Excess of Frugality, or sordid Avarice, be their Fault, you may well be surprized; you have secured them from all Temptations to this Vice, by giving them Wealth: but wonder not, that you cannot find in their Hearts any Relish for Virtue; this you never inculcated, and it was, doubtless, from a Fear lest they should become vicious but by Halves, that you have thus plunged them in Opulence. Blind, deluded Parent! not to know, that to entrust Riches to base and corrupted Minds, is to put a Sword into the Hands of a Madman? What can now oppose the Torrent of their impetuous Passions? As they have no Notions of Honour, nothing could preserve them from the most scandalous Excesses, but an Inability of committing them. Your paternal Care has set them free from this Obstacle, by giving them Riches. Admirable Fruit of your wakeful Hours, and all your boasted Labours! With how much less Trouble, might you have inspired them with Virtue! This you would certainly have done, had you been virtuous yourself: but Gold appeared to you to be the only Source of Happiness, and therefore this you procured for them. They are

not

not less fond of it than you ; and tho' they do not love you, they will, at least, imitate you.

Time changes the Duties of a Son to his Father. Whilst he is in his Infancy, he ought to pay him an unbounded Submission ; for he has no Right to dispute, while he is incapable of a rational Examination. In the Age which follows Infancy, he begins to have a Glimpse of Things, his Understanding opens, and he ought not then to be denied the Liberty of making respectful Remonstrances : but if these Representations should prove fruitless, he has nothing else to do but to shew his Obedience. His becoming, in his Turn, a Man, and a competent Judge of his own Conduct, does not make him cease to be a Son : he still owes to his Father Respect and Deference, tho' not a blind Submission. Our Laws themselves have provided against this : for the Son, being of Age, passes under a new Kind of Government : his Country takes Cognizance of his Manners and Behaviour ; he begins to be enrolled amongst the Citizens : and if he is under a monarchical Government, the King is then become his Father.

But the Distinction of three Ages has no Existence under the Reign of this absolute Father. All the Subjects of his Government, are incessantly under his Tutelage, and are divided only into two different Classes, People and Magistrates. Those who compose the first, are always reputed Children, designed only for Obedience : their Advice is not taken, and it would be esteemed highly criminal, if they should presume to give it. Magistrates,

gistrates, under which Title I comprehend all those, to whom the Prince gives a Share in the Government, are the Youth ; and with these, he will, sometimes, condescend to advise. Their Suffrages are collected, but are regarded by the King, no farther, than as they please him. It is he that makes the Law, and, as soon as it is published, all must be silent and obey. A Father is frequently beloved, only from Instinct, or a Sense of Duty, (if Duty can ever be said to beget Love :) but a King, who loves his Subjects, has much more Reason to be pleased with their Attachment ; for he is never beloved, but from Reason and Choice : this is rather Friendship than filial Love ; or, more properly, it is a Mixture of both : It resembles filial Love, in the Respect and Veneration which accompanies it ; and it partakes of Friendship, as it is free and disinterested, and proceeds from Reflection ; Qualities which, being united, characterize what is called Friendship, as we shall see in the next Chapter.

C H A P. II.

Of Friendship.

I Have established it as a Maxim, in the preceding Chapter, that no *Love* can be solid and permanent, which has not *Virtue* for its Basis ; and the same may be said of *Friendship*. It is cemented not only

only by a Conformity of Taste and Manners, but also by Probity and Sincerity.

It is highly proper, that we should distinguish the Friend from the Companion. A Conformity of Taste for Pleasure, and for any Thing besides Virtue, may constitute a Club, but cannot make a Society of Friends. That Table-companion, who, while he holds his Glass, seems to glow with such cordial Friendship; if trusted with a Secret, on which even your Honour depends, will thence take Occasion to be merry at your Expence, and you will soon, by his Means, be rallied, abused, and affronted: deliver up your Interest to him, he will sacrifice it to his own. After this, you complain that you have been betrayed by a Friend, when it was only by a Man, who frequently eat and drank with you, and partook of the same Diversions.

Neither should we confound the Relation with the Friend: we are connected, with the first, by necessary Ties, which reach not the Heart; whilst the other is united to us, by the stronger Chain of a voluntary Engagement, the Effect of a perfect Sympathy. 'Tis a free and deliberate Choice which conciliates Friends; but Relations are derived from Nature.

Gratitude itself is not Friendship: We are affected with the Generosity of our Benefactor: we take a Pleasure, in letting him see that we are sensible of our Obligations; and we ardently desire to have the Power of proving this, by real Services: yet, at the same Time, it is possible that we may be far from liking, either his Temper,
his

his Character, or his Conduct. Friendship is, indeed, a Source of good Offices; it brings them forth without Pain, and feels the most extatic Delight, whilst it is pouring them out with Profusion: yet, it is not produced by good Offices alone, tho' they sometimes give Rise to it: they insinuate, it is true, a Prejudice in Favour of the Benefactor, and we are, therefore, disposed to love the Person from whom they proceed; and we actually do so, if, after studying his Character, we find nothing in it incompatible with our own: but we should have loved him, in like Manner, had any other less interesting, and less selfish Cause, given us an Opportunity of thoroughly knowing his Value. Gratitude is a Duty. The antient *Persians* enjoined it even by a formal Law; and decreed, that certain Punishments should be inflicted upon the Ungrateful: but, on the contrary, Freedom and Unconstraint are the very Essence of Friendship. It is a disinterested Affection, founded only on Esteem, and, of all the Passions, most nearly resembles Love: nor is there the least Difference, if we suppose this last, independent of the Sex of the Person beloved. If Platonic Love is not a mere Chimera, a Question which I shall not pretend to resolve, it is nothing else but a Friendship, which is neither increased, nor diminished, by the Difference of Sex of the two Friends.

As Man is composed of two Parts, Soul and Body; so Friendship is composed of two also, which, in some Measure, resemble these; the internal Sentiment, and the outward Proofs and Effects

fects of it. I shall lay down no Rules, with regard to the Sentiment itself, or the Degree of its Force: for an Attempt to teach Men to love, would be as great an Absurdity, as an Endeavour to teach them to breathe: these Actions are both equally natural, and it is the Degree of Men's Sensibility, which will regulate the Strength of their Friendship. But that which can more easily be taught, and what most Men are ignorant of, is this, that he but ill serves his Friends, who endeavours to do it by prostituting his Honour and Conscience. A Friend cannot be too dear to us; for an Excess of Friendship never leads us into Guilt: this must ever proceed from a mistaken Affection.

Has that officious Lord, who is generally thought to have made so noble a Use of his Credit and Influence, been of any real Service to *Calais*? Did he act like a Friend, in giving that honourable Post to a Man, who, on Account of his Incapacity, was soon deprived of it? By attempting to serve him, at the Expence of his King and Country, he drew upon him the most mortifying Disgrace. Will *Arideus*, if he should ever be reclaimed from that shameful Debauchery, into which *Lysias* has plunged him, have Reason to thank him for his pernicious Councils, and infamous Services? He that procures for another unlawful Satisfaction, is a base Corrupter, not a Friend.

The first Rule, in the Choice of a Friend, is, not to love him before you know him; and the next, which is not less important, is to chuse him, only, from amongst the Society of the Good, and Vir-

tuous. The most long-lived Plants are not those that grow the fastest: thus it is with Friendship: that is commonly the most firm and durable, which grows up but slowly: while that, which is hastily contracted, is more liable to be dissolved.

In general, They suffer most from pretended Friendship, who least deserve to suffer. It is very rare for the honest Heart to prove distrustful; and more still not to be deceived, if he is not so. There are Men of a Character, so open and generous, that there is no one but would be a Gainer, by making them their Friends: but when these contract a Friendship they risk more than others; for so many Advantages arise from aspiring after their Esteem, that they can never be certain, that it is not courted with a View to Interest; and a self-interested Friend is never a true one. It is to these upright and sincere Hearts, that I, especially, address my Councils on Friendship, (for what matters it if *Deceivers* are *deceived*?) It is to these that I recommend my Advice, of proving the Character, before they place their Affections. Lovers of Virtue should have none but virtuous Men for their Friends; and on this Point the Proof ought principally to turn.

Almost at first Sight, we may know, if a Man be of quick or slow Parts, if he be gay or serious, clownish or polite, talkative or reserved, witty or stupid. We see almost all this in his Eyes, in his Attitude, in his Gestures, and in his Discourse: but we cannot so easily discover whether he has Virtue and Probity. It requires more Time to be certain,

certain, with respect to this last Point, and till we are as well assured of it, as it is possible for us to be, we ought not prodigally to bestow upon him, from equivocal Appearances, the precious Title of Friend. Are we, at last, well convinced, that he deserves it, then there must be no Reserve; we ought to enter, with him, into an Intercourse of Sentiments, of Tastes, Pleasures, and Interests. Friendship is a spiritual Marriage, which establishes, between two Friends, a mutual Intimacy, and perfect Correspondence.

The necessary Appendages of Friendship are, *Confidence*, and *Benevolence*. The Purse and the Heart ought to be ever open to a Friend; and in no Case can we shut them, except in such, as will justify our having no longer any regard for him. And indeed, we run no Hazard in trusting to a well-chosen Friend, either our secret or our strong Box; for we are certain, that he will use them both with Discretion.

I. Confidence produces two Effects. The one is such a perfect Reliance on the Prudence, the Probity, the Constancy, and Affection, of the Person beloved, as prevents every injurious Suspicion. The other Effect, which is, indeed, a natural Consequence of such a Reliance, is that Openness and Unreserve, with which two Friends disclose their most intimate Sentiments, their Thoughts, their Projects, and, in a Word, every Thing in which either the one, or the other, may appear concerned: and this frequently extends even to Trifles; because, between Friends, Trifles themselves be-

come interesting. Nothing ought to be concealed, but the Secret of another Friend. That which we cannot, consistently with Prudence, trust to an indifferent Person, we may, and ought to repose in the Bosom of a Friend. He has a Right to read all that is written on your Heart. You may reveal your Faults to him, without being chargeable with Imprudence ; and enumerate your laudable Qualities, without being guilty of an assuming Pride : for the Good you say of yourself, when talking to an assured Friend, is rather the Overflowing of your Heart, than Vanity and Boasting. A Conversation with your Friend, is almost the same, as the silent Reflection of your own Mind, or a Conversation with yourself.

II. As to the Benevolence, which Friendship inspires, it also produces two Effects ; Indulgence, and good Offices. I. Such Faults as are inconsistent with the Sincerity of Friendship, ought to be deemed unpardonable : overlook, in your Friend, all the Faults in which his Heart is not concerned, all those which do not prove, that his Affection for you is extinguished. An Instance of Neglect, of Forgetfulness, a Mistake, a witty Sarcastm, should be disregarded, and reckoned as nothing : for, to break with a Friend, to betray, or insult him, are the only Faults which Friendship cannot pardon. Take Care, however, of hating a perfidious Friend ; for all the Vengeance, which you can lawfully take of him, is to withdraw your Affection. To continue to live with him, on the Foot of a Friend, would be, indeed, imprudent ;
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but, to hate him, would be a Crime : his having offended you, does not make him cease to be a Man ; and there is no Man whom you are permitted to hate. If Death had snatched him from you, but one Hour before you had discovered his Treachery, you would have lamented his Loss : a base Action has robbed you of him ; lament his having committed it, but do not hate him for it. He has done himself a greater Injury than you ; for, to prejudice your Interest, he has sacrificed his own Honour. 2. Tho' Friendship has nothing in it of a selfish Nature, yet it is pleased with Kindness and good Offices : these are to Friends, what Caresses are to Lovers ; not Reasons for beginning to love, but Motives to love more affectionately : like the Breath of the Wind, which, tho' it produces not the Flame, renders it more ardent. There are so many Ways of obliging a Friend, that in what Situation soever we find him, some one of these are always practicable : seize, therefore, every Opportunity that offers, and, if it be possible, wait not, till he himself tells you, in what Instance it is in your Power to serve him. Endeavour to know his Wants, and provide for them before he himself has perceived them ; and thus he will always be ready to foresee and prevent yours. What an agreeable Contention, what a noble Jealousy, is that of two Friends, who strive to prevent each others Wants and Desires by mutual good Offices. We may, indeed, receive, without Mortification, the Succour of a friendly Hand ; for a Blush would indicate a Doubt, injurious to the Generosity of the Benefactor : but it must be

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confessed, that the Part which he acts, is truly worthy of being envied : it is delightful to receive a Proof of Friendship, but how much more so to give it ! Have a Regard, however, to the Delicacy of your Friend, lest he should be confounded by too great a Profusion on your Part, and the Impossibility of making a Return : for you may, perhaps, disoblige, through a Desire to oblige too much. Cover, therefore, your Services, with Appearances that may seem to dispense with his Gratitude. Put him not to Confusion, by the Excess of your Civilities : who knows but his Gratitude for these Obligations, may be a Burden too painful for him to bear ? There are certain Minds, who are high-spirited, even to Fierceness ; and these seem to imagine, that the Favours, with which they are loaded, degrade them, as much as they enoble him that confers them. We have seen some, and could we search into the secret Recesses of the Heart, we should, perhaps, find many more, who hate a Benefactor, from no other Cause than his Generosity itself. However this be, it is much better to offend by too much Assiduity and Bounty, than to confine yourself, either thro' Avarice or Want of Affection, to barren Protestations of Friendship. But would you give your Friend a Proof of Friendship, as strong as it is rare, be sincere with him in all your Discourse ; let the Advice you give him, the Remonstrances you make him, be the faithful Expressions of your Thoughts and Sentiments. Dare to shew him Truth entirely naked ; or, if thro' Condescension, you adorn her with some Cloathing, let

let it be such as will set off her Beauties, without disguising them.

C H A P. III.

Of Humanity.

BY Humanity, I understand the Concern Men feel for the human Species in general, for this single Reason, that they are Men like themselves, without being united, either by the Ties of Blood, of Love, or Friendship.

It is just that we should have a superior Tenderness for a Father, a Wife, or a Friend; but there is a Sort of Affection, which we owe to all Mankind, as being Members of the same Family, of which GOD is the Creator and Father. Let us illustrate this, by the circular Undulations, which the Fall of a Stone causes on the Surface of a clear and tranquil Water. The Agitation in the Center, by communicating itself a far off, forms a great Number of trembling Circles, the Faintness of whose Impression, is in Proportion to the Largeness of their Circumference; till the last seems to escape from our Sight. Here is an Image of the different Degrees of our Affections. We love, principally, that which touches us the most nearly; and less and less, in Proportion to the Distance. We consider Mankind, with Relation to us, as divided into different Classes, every one of which, increasing

increasing gradually, consists of greater Numbers than the former : we place ourselves in the smallest, which is surrounded by others more extended ; and from thence we distribute to the different Orders of Men, which they contain, different Degrees of Affection, more or less strong, in Proportion to their Distance from us ; in such a Manner, as that the last has hardly any Share of it. These different Classes may be ranked in the following Order : a Wife, Children, Friends, Relations, Men of the same Religion ; but this last Class is nearer or more remote, according to the Degree of Fanaticism, which prevails in the Person who determines its Place : next are those of the same Trade or Profession as ourselves : the other Classes comprehend our Neighbours, Fellow-citizens, Countrymen, the Inhabitants of the same Region : and the last, which incloses all the rest, is the universal Class of Mankind ; but this is most commonly reckoned as nothing. When the *Spaniards*, without the least Colour of Reason, massacred Millions of *Americans*, they, doubtless, never imagined that they ought to make any Account of Men, whom they had met with by Chance, in an unknown Hemisphere ; who were neither their Cousins, nor their Friends, nor *Castilians*, nor Catholics, nor Christians.

To love Men, and to behave towards them with Kindness, only from the single Consideration of their being of the human Race, is properly Humanity. This Sentiment, engraven on the Heart, assures us of the other social Virtues, and proves that

that they also are imprinted there. He who loves another Man, tho' he is in all Respects a Stranger to him, for no other Reason, but because he is a Man, certainly will not fail to love him, to whom he is bound by closer Engagements, and who joins to the Quality of a Man, that of a Friend, a Relation, or a Countryman. This Temper will be an effectual Restraint from any fatal Excess of Resentment, when we break with Persons whom we have loved with a superior Kind of Affection. If we are highly offended by a Wife, or a Son, or by any other, for whom we have a peculiar Tenderness, we may lose that Love we have hitherto felt for them; but we can never cease to love them as our Fellow-Creatures. And thus a Man of the greatest Humanity, may cease to be a Friend; but he will never become an Enemy. Humanity is, with Respect to the other social Affections, what the first Layer of Colouring is to the Picture; it is the Ground on which are painted all the different Kinds of Loves, of Engagements, and Friendships: and, therefore, whoever wants Humanity, will be a bad Father, a bad Son, a bad Husband, and a bad Friend. The Sentiment of Humanity, or the Love of our Fellow-Creatures, may be discovered two Ways; either by real Effects, or by simple Testimonies of Affection. We have not always an Opportunity of being of Service to Mankind; but we have it continually in our Power to let them see, that we love them by exterior Marks of Kindness. Humanity, manifested by real Effects,

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I shall call *Goodness*; and, when it is only discovered by exterior Signs, I call it *Politeness*.

ARTICLE I. Of Goodness.

MORAL Goodness consists of two Parts: the first in doing no Evil to others: the second in serving and doing Good to them.

I. “We must not do that to another, which we would not have him do to us.” This is the Rule which determines what Kind of Treatment is forbidden by Nature, with respect to the rest of Mankind: every Thing, which, were it done to ourselves, would appear hard, barbarous, and cruel, is comprized in the Prohibition. But this Maxim, so extensive in its Use, is very much restrained in our Practice of it: for most Men behave, one to another, as if they were persuaded, that it ought never to take Place, except among Friends. The particular Inclination, which the Members of every Body of Men have for each other, is useful and necessary, as it promotes the common Good of Society. It is proper, that the Inhabitants of the same City, the Subjects of the same Prince, and the Followers of the same Religion, should be united in Interest and Sentiments; but it is inconsistent with Humanity, to confine all their Affection to their Associates, and regard all those, who not are so, as Enemies. I do not wonder, that a *Norman* should love a *Norman*: for who are better suited to each other? A *Parisian* may have an Affection for a *Parisian*: I have no Objection to this: for where will he find Men of more Candor

Candor and Ingenuity? But ought a *Frenchman*, born at *Domfront*, at *Vire*, or at *Caudebec*, to hate another, for no other Reason, but because he was born at *Paris*; or this last have an Aversion to every *Norman*? These hereditary Hatreds of the Inhabitants of one Province or Country, towards those of another, have an infallible Influence on all their Proceedings. We, who are born in *France*, believe ourselves superior to all the Nations upon Earth, in the Perfections of the Heart and Understanding: the most favourable Sentiment we entertain for our Neighbours, is Compassion; we pity them for being so far beneath ourselves. The *French* have a lively Wit, they are bold and courageous, of a gay Humour, of a friendly and beneficent Character. They give Strangers a better Reception, than they meet with themselves in other Countries. But why then do this People, so extremely hospitable, in virtue of, I know not what Right, which their Lawyers call *Aubaine*, seize upon the Effects of a *German*, an *Italian*, or an *Englishman*, whom Death has prevented from returning to their native Country?

Permit me, for a while, to digress from my principal Design, which is the Improvement of Manners, to examine a Practice so contrary to Humanity, in a political Light: it will then, I believe, appear as unprofitable, as it is unjust: for the Benefit, which arises from the Execution of such a Law, is very inconsiderable, compared with that which would accrue from the Abolition of it. The incontestible Advantages, by which *France* excels all

the neighbouring States, are the agreeable Temperature of its Climate, the Fertilty of its Soil, and the Wealth of its Inhabitants. If it was not for this Oppression, which is practised towards Strangers, we should see, without doubt, in consequence of these Advantages, a Concourse from all Parts, of an infinite Number of Artificers, Merchants, and Men of all Conditions : hence the Number of Inhabitants would be considerably increased ; Emulation in Commerce, and in Arts of every Kind, would receive fresh Vigour ; and by this Means the Kingdom become more flourishing. Let it not be imagined, that this Multitude of Strangers, which would flock into our Provinces, would be a Burden to the Natives. In a Country naturally fertile, and where Labour and Industry are in full Vigour, the Number of its Inhabitants must increase its Riches : since one Man is sufficient for the Nourishment of ten, what would then be the Case if all were employed ? The Recruits which would come from Abroad, would be such, whose Interest would not suffer them to be idle, thro' a Necessity of procuring a commodious Establishment : for if we examine, with the least Attention, we shall find, that all the Vagabonds and useless Hands we have amongst us are Natives, whilst the Foreigners, who have settled here, are diligent and industrious.

A blind Attachment to that exterior Worship, in which we are educated, is another Source of Hatred between those of different Professions. This Abuse arises from hence, that the various Religions
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which divide Mankind, are not founded on the Religion of Nature. For Want of having drawn, from this pure Source, those Sentiments of Humanity, which would form the whole Universe into a Society of Friends; the different Religionists make a Pleasure and a Merit of the most cruel Persecutions, covering, with the Name of a holy Zeal, what, most frequently, is nothing else but a Fondness for their own Opinion, Prejudice, Bigotry, Cruelty, and a religious Madness? If we could reasonably hate any Part of Mankind, on Account of Religion, it would be those who make an open Profession of hating God. The declared Enemies of a Monarch are the Enemies of his Subjects. But in what System of Religion shall we find this shocking Sentiment inculcated? All have the Honour of God in View, and all, consequently, honour him. If some mingle, with the Homage which they pay him, prophane, superstitious, or criminal Practices, Reason does not forbid our rejecting this impure Allay: but it will not permit us to hate, but only to pity those who adopt them. Can there be any Thing more ridiculous, than to hate a Person, only because he is deceived, especially when his Intention is right?

There is a Body of Men, whom we make no Scruple of using roughly: these are Malefactors, a Term, by which we commonly understand Robbers and Murderers. As to the last, we never hesitate to judge them worthy of Death, in Virtue of the Law of Retaliation, which we regard, upon I don't know what Foundation, as deducible from

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the Law of Nature; for I cannot believe, that this sacred Law, which, with respect to the Duties of Society, inspires nothing but Sweetness, Goodness, and Indulgence, allows us to suppress Wickedness by Wickedness, and to punish Homicide with Murder. And indeed, I have never yet been convinced, that God has permitted Men to destroy one another. Does a Citizen break in upon the Peace and Order of the Society, you may hinder him from doing it, without hanging him on a Gibbet. As to those Robbers, who do not kill, it is certain, that they do not deserve Death, even if judged by that Law of Retaliation, which is thought of such Weight against Murderers; since there is no Proportion between a Robbery, which is sometimes of a very trifling Nature, and that Life, which is unmercifully taken from them. But it is said, they are sacrificed to the public Safety: employ them, then, as Slaves, in some useful Labour: The Loss of their Liberty will be a Punishment rigorous enough for their Crime, will sufficiently secure the public Tranquility, will redound, at the same Time, to the Good of the State, and will save you the Reproach of Injustice and Inhumanity. But Men have thought fit to make Robbery the most ignominious and unpardonable of all Crimes; for this Reason, doubtless, because Money is the God of this World, and, next to Life, there is commonly nothing more dear. When Passion hurries you on to commit Violence on another, instantly cast your Eyes on him, to see the Impression of the divine Hand, and your own Resemblance; and this will be sufficient to calm your Anger. Say not to God, what we are told *Cain* said
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to him, "Am I my Brother's Keeper?" Yes, without doubt, God has committed him to your Care, and not only forbids your doing him an Injury, but commands you to serve him to the utmost of your Power.

II. A Person, who is friendly and beneficent to his Relations, his Benefactors, or his Friends, may imagine himself generous, tho' he is insensible and indifferent, with respect to the rest of Mankind, and has not even Charity; a Virtue much inferior to that of Generosity, which is the Summit and Completion of all the other social Virtues. For the Practice of these, we need only avoid the Faults which are manifestly contrary to them, but Generosity removes us to a much greater Distance from Vice; since it leaves, in the Interval between that and itself, all the Virtues of mere Precept and Obligation. Generosity is a Degree of Perfection added to Virtue, over and above the indispensable Prescriptions of the Law: unless we go farther than these ordain, we shall be only free from Blame, but not generous.

Charity, or, which is the same Thing, that general Affection, which is due to all Mankind, is not a Virtue of Supererogation. You meet with an unknown Person wounded by Assassins, you draw near and dress his Wounds: but in this you only fulfil the Dictates of Humanity: for, the Need he stands in of your Assistance, is a Law which obliges you to assist him. An indigent Person is pressed by the Calls of Hunger; but the relieving of his Wants, is only the Payment of a Debt: the Poor are committed to the Care of Society,
and

and the Superfluities of the Wealthy are justly appointed for their Subsistence. But complain not of the Succour you lend them, tho' it be the Price of your Sweat and Labour. It costs you something, it is true, but it costs them much more; since to receive it, under the Title of an Alms, is to buy it very dear. But would you learn, in one Word, how far those good Offices, which are due to Mankind, ought to be extended; let this be your Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that Men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

ARTICLE II. *Of Politeness.*

Politeness is that continual Attention, which Humanity inspires in us, both to please others, and to avoid giving them any Offence. The surly Plain-dealer exclaims loudly against this Virtue, and prefers to it his own shocking Bluntness and Gothic Freedom. The Courtier, and the fawning Flatterer, on the contrary, substitute, in its Place, insipid Compliments, Cringings, and a Jargon of unmeaning Sentences. The one blames Politeness, because he takes it for a Vice; and the other is the Occasion of this, because that which he practises is really so.

I address myself to *Arnolphus*: he suffers me to advance, while he sits immoveable in his Chair. I bow: he surveys me from Head to Foot, and then cuts short the Ceremonial, by crying out at a Distance, "Who are you? What do you want?" Your Advice upon an Affair, Sir, says I. "Let us see, says *Arnolphus*; come to the Point; for I am
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in Haſte.” On this I begin : you know *Euphemon*, I believe — “ No : how ſhould I know him ?” He is a Gentleman of the younger Branch of the Family of — “ What ſignifies what Family, and what Branch he is of ? what is your Diſpute with him ?” I have a Piece of Land contiguous to his — “ Well, what of that Land ?” He pretends to appropriate it to himſelf. “ Would he buy it, or exchange with you for it ? He will do neither. “ In one Word then, what would he have ?” He would conſiſcate it to his own Uſe, and pretends upon, I don’t know what Foundation, that I am his Vaſſal ; and that, having failed in doing him Homage, my Fiſe devolves to him. “ Is it my Fault, if you have neglected it ?” But it is falſe that I am his Vaſſal. “ That may be, but don’t imagine that you will be believed on your bare Word.” I have Records to vouch it. “ So much the better for you. Produce them.” There they are. “ I have not Time to look them over now.” You may do it, Sir, when you are at Leiſure. “ Well, I’ll conſider of it.” When may I wait on you, Sir, for your Advice ? “ I can’t tell.” But, Sir, *Euphemon* threatens me with a vigorous Proſecution, and that quickly. “ Does he ſo ? — Well, you muſt both wait then.” *Arnolphus* is a Man of Integrity, and a judicious Lawyer : but of what Service can his Probity and Capacity be to his Fellow-citizens, while he is thus auſtere and inacceſſible.

Biblius is a grave and ſtudious Man : he has the Happineſs of being acquainted with all the ancient

Authors, and is passionately fond of them. He came, one Day, to the lovely *Lucinda's*, whom he finds surrounded by a Circle of Wits and Admirers. He enters with a monstrous Felt-Hat in his Hand, bows with a very ill-Grace, walks awkwardly up to *Lucinda*, treads on her Slipper, rumples her Gown, and then, stepping hastily back, throws himself on a large Couch. The Company smile—this puts him out of Humour: they take no more Notice, but resume the Conversation where it was broke off. It was a Question of Gallantry, of which, upon the Arrival of *Biblius*, they had suspended the Examination. Every one now enters into the Debate, and decides according to his particular Taste; and, at last, they ask *Biblius*, what he thinks of it. “I am not accustomed, says he, bluntly, to employ my Thoughts on such silly Stuff: but, in short, since I am forced to speak, I must own to you, Gentlemen, that none of your Decisions please me: I see, plainly, that you have read but little of *Aristotle*, tho’, I can tell you, he was the finest Genius of Antiquity; and, to confute you, I need only borrow one Syllogism from him.” “No, no, Mr. *Biblius*, for *Lucinda's* Sake, says the young *Clitander*, excuse us from hearing your Syllogism, and speak plain *French*.” *Biblius*, however, pursues his Point, begins a long Argument, and supports it with *Greek* and *Latin* Citations, from *Homer*, *Euripides*, *Cicero*, *Seneca*, and *Lambinus*; quarrels with every one of the Company; laments their Ignorance, and upbraids them with it. But a Burst of Laughter now breaking forth, as in Concert,

Concert, from every Corner of the Room, interrupts our Orator, who was, already, out of Breath. On this he loses all Patience, grows abusive, clinches his Fift, and, shaking his Head, leaves the Room, and runs to shut himself up in his College. But *Arnolphus* and *Biblius* may, perhaps, be unpolite, only for Want of a proper Education: the one has seen nothing but Briefs, Counsellors, Law-Books, and Records; the other, only Classes of Boys, raw Scholars, Masters of Arts, and Grammars.

Let us hear *Ctesiphon*, an Enemy, from Principle, to all the Respect and Complaisance used in Society: he is going to make an ingenuous Apology for his clownish Bluntness, and to expatiate on the Inconveniencies of Politeness. “You may think as you please, says he, of my Address, my Countenance, my Attitude, and all those artificial Rules of Behaviour, which are called *Civility*; I am in no Pain about it: I leave these important Trifles, to our young Senators, or our Court Abbés. I would have People judge of me by my Action, and not by my Gait; for I don’t visit my Friends, to do Honour to my Dancing-master. As to my Manner of living with Mankind, I reduce it to this, to speak the Truth, to be serviceable to my Fellow-creatures, and never to injure them. These being my Principles, I know how to constrain and deny myself, if necessary, to do any useful Services. I give my Advice, when it is asked, in Affairs that come within my Knowledge. I freely employ my Credit and Influence, and sometimes my Purse, to assist my Friends, or whoever has

Need of them. But I think myself justly dispensed from a frivolous *Complaisance*, which can afford no solid Advantage, to those who demand it. I am invited to Dinner, to take a Walk, or, to a Concert; just then I had rather stay at home, and I accordingly stay there. Play is proposed, I don't like it; and therefore I refuse to play. A Poet reads to me his Verses; they tire me, and I yawn without Ceremony. A Ball is proposed; I find myself inclined to sleep, and, therefore, go to Bed. I hate that studied *Complaisance*, that constrained *Respect*, which, if not contrary to Sincerity, are, at least, inconsistent with a frank and open Temper. I seldom praise others, and would never have them praise me; because Praise is a Kind of Poison. I contradict the Man who asserts a false Fact, or advances a false Principle; because he must be a Liar, or a Deceiver, who will not confute a Lie or an Error: and this I do, with a Vehemence, that adds a Weight to my Refutation. The Rank of the Person I attack encourages, instead of intimidating me; because, the more considerable the Adversary is, the more important it is to humble him. *Damon* is vain, I mortify his Pride; *Laura* is a Coquette, I reproach her with her Intrigues; *Leander* is a Hypocrite, I pull off his Mask; *Bertholda* is silly and affected, I rally and mimic her; *Gorgias* loves his Glass, I make him ashamed in public. *Cydalis* delights in Scandal, I lay open and expose her other Faults, in order to cure her of this. *Lyfimon* affects to be thought learned, I examine and disconcert him. These Persons would have been cured
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long ago, had every one behaved like me ; but the Diffimulation of the World renders them blind to their Vices, and prevents their becoming virtuous, by making them believe that they are already so."

Ctesiphon, in this Portrait, has not belied the Frankness of his Character : but is not this Frankness, for which he professes such a Value, -carried too far ? Any other, except a Cynic or a Flatterer, knows how to join Frankness with Politeness, and, without abandoning the one, to account the other, as it truly is, a Duty. But, in proving this, let us, for the Sake of Method, follow the Plan which *Ctesiphon* himself has pointed out to us, and divide Politeness, as he has done, into three Branches ; *Civility, Complaisance, and Respect.*

S E C T. I. Of Civility.

Civility is a Ceremonial agreed upon, and established amongst Mankind, with a View to give each other external Testimonies of Friendship, Esteem, and Regard ; yet this Ceremonial varies with the different Customs of Nations : but all have one, of some Kind or other. And it may reasonably be presumed, from this universal Practice, that it has its Foundation in Nature. From whence I conclude, that Civility is a Duty prescribed by the Law of Reason. It is, with respect to Men, what external Worship is with regard to the Deity : a public Testimony of our internal Sentiments ; the Form of which is, in its own Nature, indifferent : for, the Manner of addressing ourselves to Persons in various Stations, of saluting them,

them, of expressing our Respect, the Terms we make Use of in speaking to them, the Titles which are to be given them, are all, originally, mere arbitrary Formalities, which Custom only has established. These two Things then are certain : the one, that every Kind of Civility, to which we are obliged to submit, must be conformable to the Dictates of right Reason and good Sense : the other, that neither good Sense nor right Reason decide, in what particular Acts they ought to consist. The best Manner of shewing our Friendship and Regard to Mankind, as well as the least liable to Suspicion, is that of serving them by all the good Offices in our Power ; but an Opportunity for doing this does not always offer : it was, therefore, necessary, that certain Signs should be agreed upon, certain Demonstrations, by which we might let them see, that we habitually love, esteem, and honour them ; and every Nation has chosen those, which are most conformable to the Ideas and Taste of the People : and, therefore, as all are originally indifferent, our Choice must be determined by the various Customs of the Countries we inhabit. The *Frenchman*, the *Turk*, and the *Persian*, ought all to be civil : but there is one Kind of Civility for the *Frenchman*, another for the *Turk*, and another for the *Persian*. If Men were pure Spirits, capable of communicating their Thoughts and Sentiments, without exterior Signs, there is no Question but Civility would be superfluous : what renders this necessary, is, their not having this Power. In vain do the Cynic and the Clown declaim against Civility, in vain do they

they treat it as a false and deceitful Commerce, only proper to mask and disguise our true Sentiments; for if they really had, as they ought, that Affection, which well-bred Persons express by reciprocal Signs, their Civility would not be imposture. It is true, there are more Men who observe the Rules of Civility, than who pay a proper Regard to the Duties of Society; but their Civility itself, tho' it be deceitful, is, in spite of themselves, an Argument in Favour of the social Virtues: for, to affect an outward Appearance of having virtuous Dispositions, is to confess, that they ought to have them in their Hearts. Nay, they, who openly declare against Civility, do not deny that we should feel, for our Fellow-creatures, Friendship, Benevolence and Respect: how unaccountable then is it in them, to desire, that we should conceal Sentiments so just and indispensable.

Hermocrates is, nevertheless, of this Character. You may live ten Years with him, before he favours you with a Bow, an obliging Word or Look. You would judge, by the seeming Indifference, of his Air, that he believes himself the only human Creature upon Earth: however, dare but to encounter his forbidding Temper, do but ask him to do you a Piece of Service, and you will, to your great Astonishment, find him truly generous: but the Favour being done, he will continue to live with you upon the same footing as before; always cold, constantly reserved, ever alone. Penetrated with a Sense of your Obligation, you break out into Professions of your Attachment,
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Esteem, and Gratitude ; but these are all lost, for he sees nothing, hears nothing, and answers to nothing. In short, *Hermodactylus* would have been a complete Misanthropist, had he not been naturally beneficent.

S E C T. II. Of Complaisance.

Complaisance is an honest Condescension, by which we bend our Wills, to render them conformable to those of others. I say an *honest* Condescension: for basely to give Way to the Will of another, in criminal Instances, would be rather becoming an Accomplice, than complaisant.

The Complaisance, of which I here speak, consists then, only in not contradicting the Taste and Sentiments of any Person, when we can forbear with Innocence ; in complying with the Inclinations of others, and even anticipating them as far as we are able. This is not, perhaps, the most excellent of all the Virtues ; but it is, at least, extremely useful, and very agreeable in Society.

See how greatly *Alcidamas* is beloved, courted, and caressed. Is it for his Probity ? This Virtue only raises our Esteem, without engaging our Affection. Is it for his Beneficence, and Readiness to do Service to others ? Those who are fond of his Company, have not all been in Want of his good Offices. Is it because he is sprightly, humorous, and diverting ? This could only make him agreeable, in those Moments, when Gaity is seasonable.

No ;

No; he is beloved on Account of that easy, engaging Disposition, which makes his Will not his own, while he bends, turns, and fashions it, so as to oblige all his Friends. As he discovers what will give you Pleasure, he, almost, prevents your Desires; and does this, with such a graceful Ease, that, in the very Moment when he has no other End in View than your Delight, you would imagine that he only followed his own Choice and Inclinations.

We may give Pleasure to Mankind by a courteous Behaviour, by a Gaiety of Temper, or by ingenious Sallies of Wit, and Humour; but not any of these Ways of pleasing, is of such universal Use as Complaisance. You can be courteous only to Equals or Inferiors: there are a thousand Occasions, in which your Gaiety would be ill-placed: Points and Repartees, do not always present themselves so readily to the Mind as you could wish, nor are they always relished; but if you are of a good-natured and yielding Temper, if you take a Pleasure in contributing to the Pleasure of others, I can answer for the Friendship of those about you: for this is a Perfection that will be valued at all Times, in all Places, and on all Occasions.

Rhodolphus is a Man of Merit, and both a Poet and a Philosopher, and would not fail of being supportable in all Companies, in spite of these two Qualities, could he descend so far as to become complaisant. But how can he do this? Complaisance supposes Esteem: now whoever cannot make Verses, or has never read *Newton* or *Descartes*, is, in his

Opinion, no better than a Piece of Clock-work, an Idiot, of which, at most, we can only make a Labourer, a Monk, or a Farmer of the public Revenues. He imagines himself of a Species superior to other Men, and glories that he is distinguished from them, by the Peculiarity of his Maxims, Sentiments, and Inclinations. To condescend to humour them, would be to enter into their Society, it would be mixing with them, whom he regards as prophane.

Aglaura has an amiable Person, she has Wit, Understanding, and is naturally formed to please; yet, with all these Accomplishments, she is shunned and hated. But why is this? The Reason is, she has neither Will nor Sentiment of her own: before she can determine what to do or say, she must wait till some one has declared his Thoughts or Wishes; as soon as ever this is done, she is of a contrary Opinion, and will act in a quite opposite Manner.

S E C T. III. Of Respect*.

BY Respect I here mean that Regard and Deference which is founded on the Circumstances, Genius and Quality of Persons. We ought not, for Example, to satirize Lawyers in the Presence of a Gentleman of the Law; especially if his Probity is sufficient to protect him from Reproach. And even, supposing he deserves it, it is

* The French Word *Egards* has no one Word to answer it in our Language. The proper Meaning of it is sufficiently explained at the Beginning of this Section.

not always sufficient that a Charge be well founded, to justify him that makes it, since it may be done at an improper Time, and with a malicious Bitterness: for, tho' Truth is commonly painted naked, she has, nevertheless, disagreeable Nudities, which it is sometimes proper to conceal.

You are in the Presence of a great Man, and every one is assiduous in shewing him Marks of Respect: conform yourself to the Rules of Custom; honour him like the rest, and behave not with the Confidence of a Quaker, who would address him with *thee* and *thou*, and speak to him with his Head covered. But you will revere him only in Proportion to his Virtues, his Abilities, and personal Merit; for all the Pomp and Lustre which surrounds him, you consider only as Smoke and Wind. I grant it; but what are the Honours that I desire you to bestow on him, but Wind and Smoke. I desire you not to praise him, if he is only worthy of Contempt; to flatter his Taste, if he has none; to applaud his Wit, if he is a Fool; to extol his Knowledge, if he is ignorant. You will run no Hazard of forfeiting your Sincerity, by bestowing upon him only a mute Kind of Homage. This is absolutely necessary; for that Subordination, which is so requisite for the Government of the State, would soon be destroyed, if People, especially in public, were to honour the Great only in Proportion to their real Merit.

Hippias is, you say, a stupid Wretch, without either Genius, Probity, or Discernment. Cloath'd in a poor Monkish Frock, he crept into an obscure Cloister,

Cloister, where he was justly confounded in the Throng of the Recluse : at last the Government of the Monastery became vacant by the Death of their Chief ; when an imprudent Female Devotee, of whose Conscience he was become the Director, undertook to decorate him with this poor Pre-eminence : but her Scheme failed, *Hippias* was not thought worthy to govern, even a Society of Monks. The humble Penitent, piqued at this provoking Disappointment, contrived to avenge herself in a very singular Manner ; and that was by procuring for him a Bishopric. Take away from *Hippias*, you may say, his Crofiar and his Mitre, and he will then be a finish'd Blockhead, unworthy of the least Attention from a Man of Sense. This I readily confess : but as he is now actually in Possession of this Crofiar and Mitre, he deserves, at least, a respectful Bow. Do not dispute such a Trifle, I give you Liberty enough, when I dispense with your giving him your Esteem.

Affect not an Air of Content before the Afflicted, who are lamenting over their Losses or Disasters. Or, if you groan, yourself, under some dreadful Calamity, go not to fatigue, with your sad Lamentations, those Favourites of Fortune, who cannot remove the Cause of your Distress. It would be insulting over the Grief of an afflicted Widow, drowned in Tears, and lamenting the Loss of a Husband tenderly beloved, to come and tell her, with an Air of Satisfaction, that

that your Love will soon be crowned, and, that speedily you shall be the happiest of Husbands. You are running to inform *Menalcas* of the Favour the King has done you, in presenting you the Ribbon of a certain Order of Knighthood: turn back; this Favour has just been refused to him, and he will not be in a Humour to partake of your Joy. Some Degree of Wit, or rather of Judgment is necessary to render us capable of this Manner of shewing our Respect: we may become civil, by observing the Customs and Usages of the World; the Goodness of a Man's Heart may make him friendly and complaisant; but a Fool will be always a Novice in the Science of *Respect*.

Death snatched from the Arms of *Fanny* a most amiable Infant, the precious Pledge of the Love of her deceased Husband. A Crowd of Friends endeavoured to comfort her, or, at least, to give some Diversion to her Grief. *Alicia*, a more fortunate Mother, in her Turn, came to visit her Friend, and brought with her the living Fruits of her happy Fertility, dear precious Objects of her Tenderness and Complacency! and, unhappily for *Fanny*, the only Subject of her Discourse. She entered immediately upon a tedious Recital of their pretended Perfections, the Sallies of their Imagination, the Penetration of their little Minds, the Sweetness of their Tempers, and the Regularity of their Features; she was still going on, and seemed as if she would never make an End, when *Fanny*, possessed with Grief, interrupted her with these Words,

Words, pronounced with some Emotion ; " You would be an admirable Creature, my dear *Alicia*, if you had as much Regard for your Friends, as you discover Tenderness for your Children. You are a good Mother ; but, I must say it, you are a bad Comforter."

The E N D.



